THE

McGILL COLLEGE SONG BOOK

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES.

J. L. LAMPLOUGH,
PUBLISHER,
MONTREAL.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1885, by J. L. LAMPLOUGH, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

To the Graduates and Undergraduates of McGill College :—

We have been engaged on the compilation, revision and publication of The McGill College Song Book since the beginning of last Session.

About three hundred songs have been examined, and this collection contains the larger portion of such as were finally chosen. After the selected material had been placed in the hands of the printer, it was found that exigencies of spacing and other technical details rendered further diminution absolutely necessary, so that The McGill College Song Book does not exhibit the fullness of our choice; it also happened that circumstances beyond our immediate control prevented us from deciding, in every case, what songs should be omitted in order to comply with the conditions enforced upon us.

While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have, at the same time, been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered this collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched, harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

The shortcomings of The McGill College Song Book, of which we are fully conscious, will, we venture to hope, be viewed leniently, when it is remembered that we could devote to our task only such hours as could be spared from other and more pressing duties.

The thanks of all interested in The McGill College Song Book are due to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer for their kindness in allowing the publication of songs of which they hold the copyright. It was our intention to trace to its true source and to acknowledge every instance of indebtedness, but the limited time at our disposal must be held an excuse for a fault which the publisher, [if notified of infringement,] will be glad to rectify in future editions.

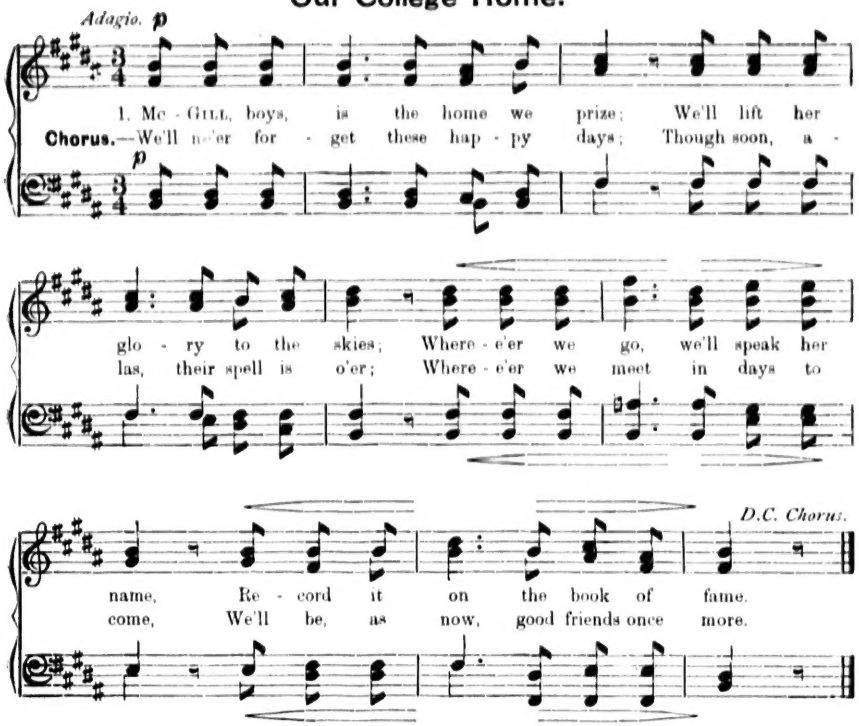
THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

Montreal, October, 1885.

The

McGILL COLLEGE SONG BOOK.

Our College Home.



II.

We love her walls, we love her halls,
Though oft we've met with funks and falls;
The road to learning, well we know,
Is hard, and must be travelled slow.—*Chorus.*

III.

We love our grave and generous profs.,
For them no bitter taunts or scoffs;
But patience as a virtue rare,
We sometimes give a chance to air.—*Chorus.*

IV.

Long may our *Alma Mater* stand,
Her worth be known in every land;
And may her sons remember still,
To love and honor old McGill.—*Chorus*

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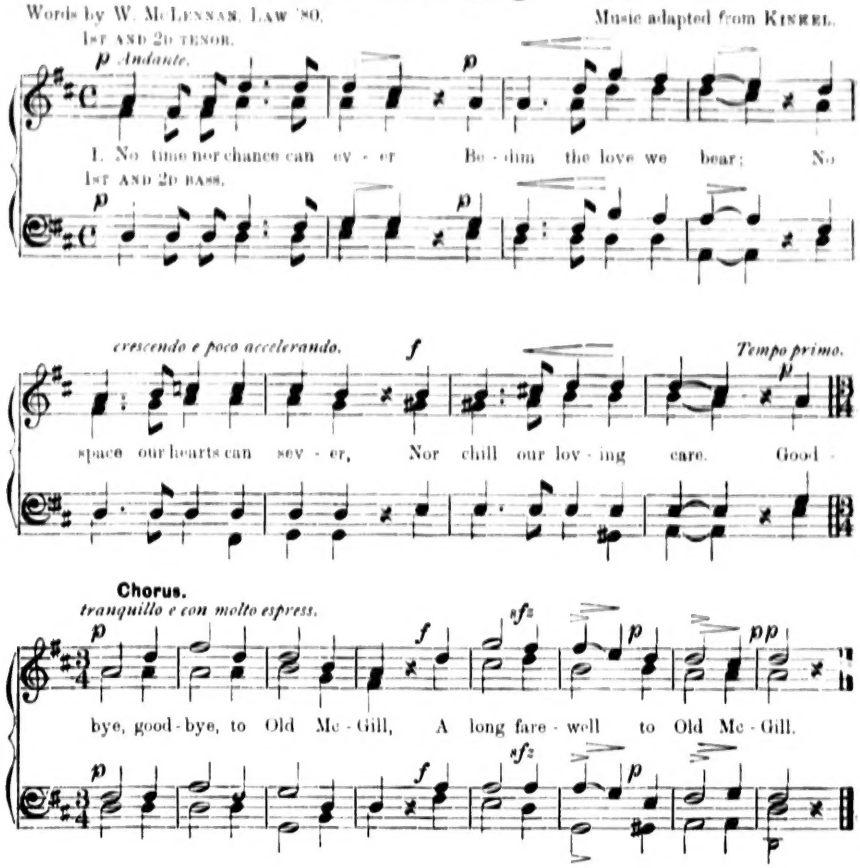
Farewell Song.

Words by W. McLennan, Law '80. Music adapted from Kinkel.



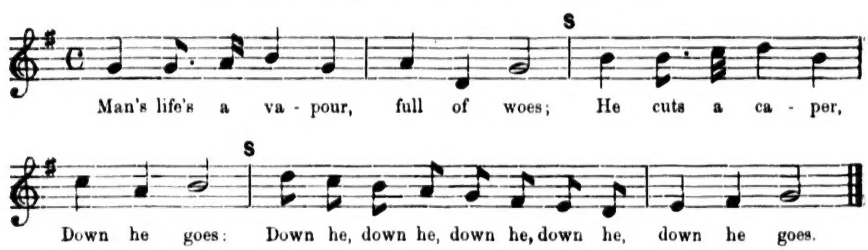
II.

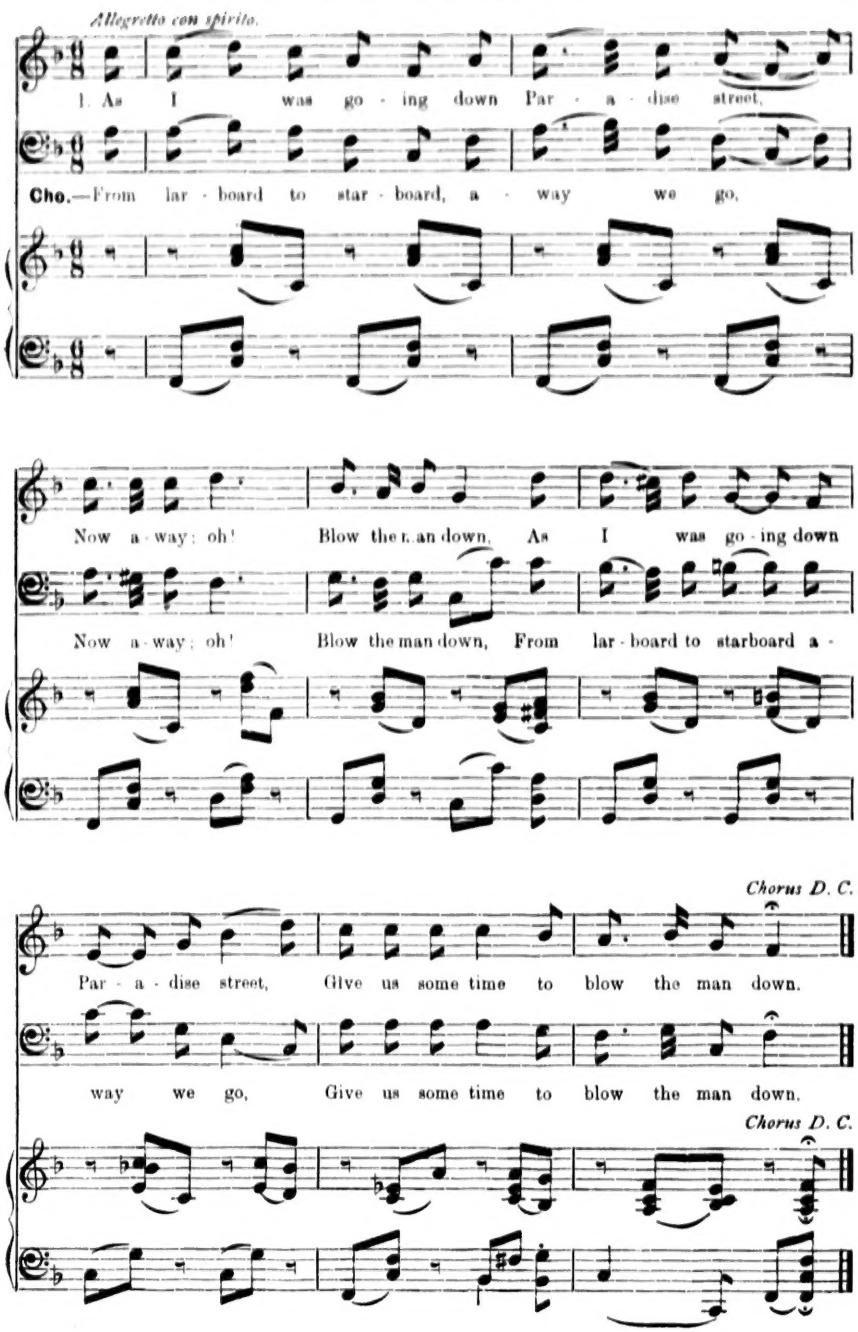
Should Fortune, so beguiling,
Lead us o'er land and sea,
We'll coax her into smiling,
Whene'er she looks on Thee.—*Chorus.*

III.

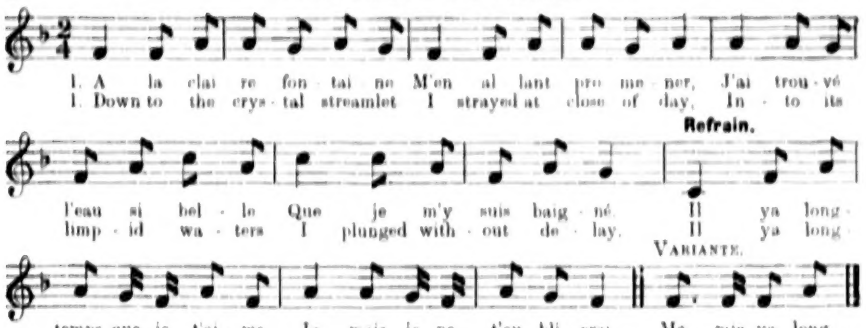
When Fate's keen blast is blowing,
And withered lie our bays,
Our hearts shall still be glowing
In the light of College days.—*Chorus.*

Man's Life's a Vapour. (Round.)




Allegretto con spirito.
1. As I was go - ing down Par - a - dise street,
Cho.—From lar - board to star - board, a - way we go,
Now a - way; oh! Blow the man down, As I was go - ing down
Now a - way; oh! Blow the man down, From lar - board to starboard a -
Chorus D. C.
Par - a - dise street, Give us some time to blow the man down.
way we go, Give us some time to blow the man down.
Chorus D. C.

A la Claire Fontaine.



II.
J'ai trouvé l'eau, si belle
Que je me suis baigné,
Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'suis reposé.
Refrain.

III.
Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'suis reposé,
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait;
Refrain.

IV.
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait,
Chante, rossignol chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Refrain.

V.
Chante, rossignol chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer;
Refrain.

VI.
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver;
Refrain.

VII.
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver!
Pour un bouquet de rose,
Que je lui refusai.
Refrain.

VIII.
Pour un bouquet de rose,
Que je lui refusai;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier;
Refrain.

IX.
Je voudrais que la rose,
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que le rosier même,
Fût dans la mer jeté.
Refrain.

English Version, by W. McLennan, Law '80.

II.
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay,
Then'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

III.
Then'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay;
Sweet the nightingale was singing
High on the topmost spray.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

IV.
Sweet the nightingale was singing
High on the topmost spray;
Sweet bird! keep ever ringing
Thy song with heart so gay.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

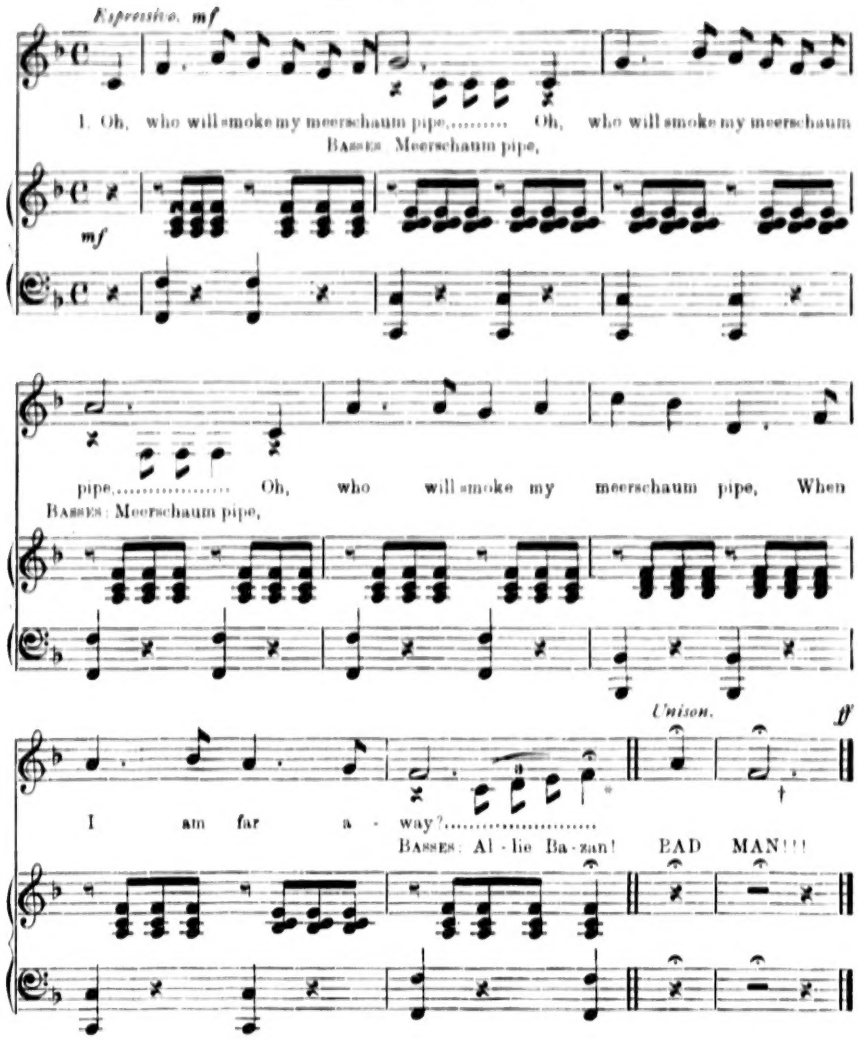
V.
Sing on, keep ever ringing
Thy song with heart so gay;
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

VI.
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day—
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

VII.
In tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away,
All for a bunch of roses
Which I refused in play.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

VIII.
All for a bunch of roses
Which I refused in play;
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay!
Il y a longtemps, etc.

IX.
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay;
Would that the fatal rose-tree
Deep in the ocean lay.
Il y a longtemps, etc.



2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!

4 Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan!

5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

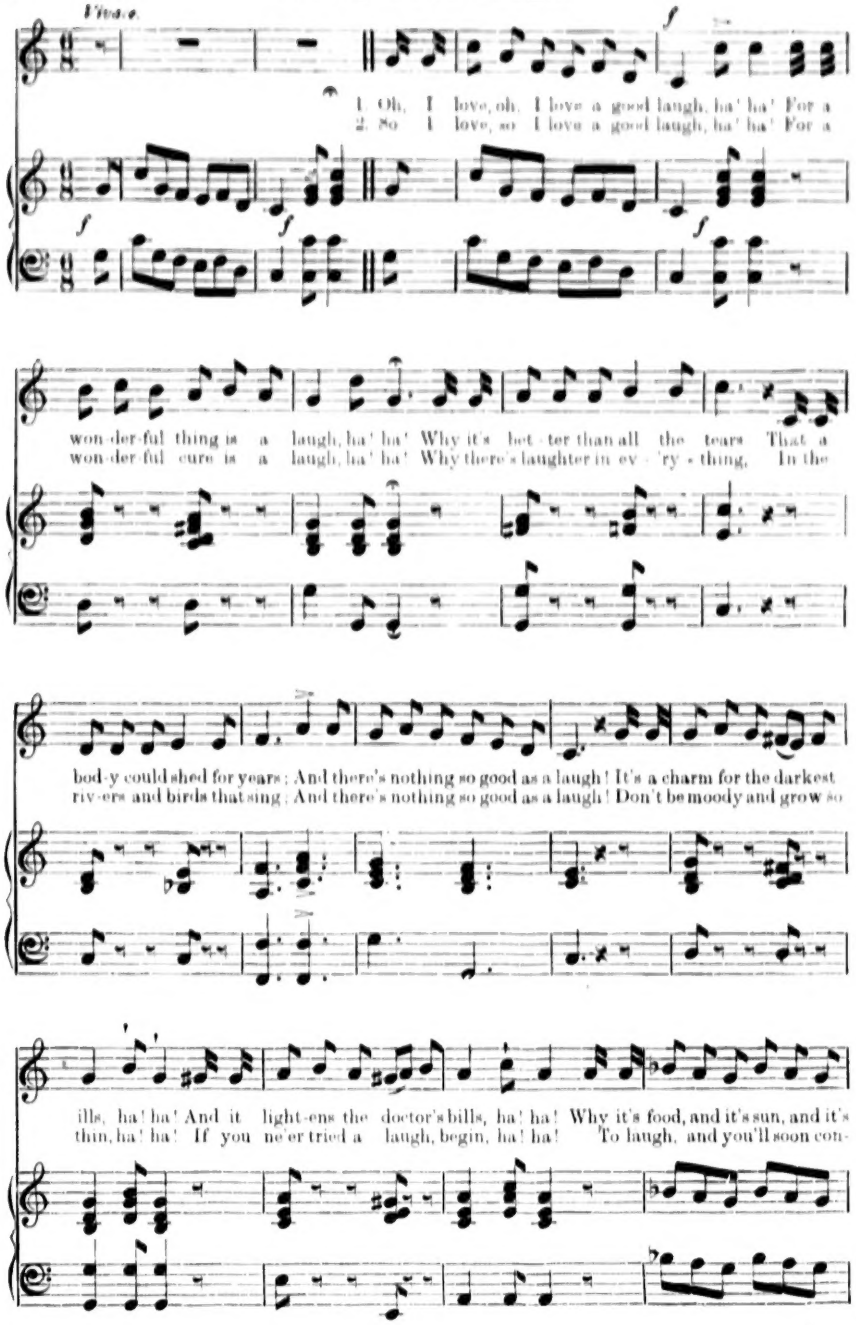
7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

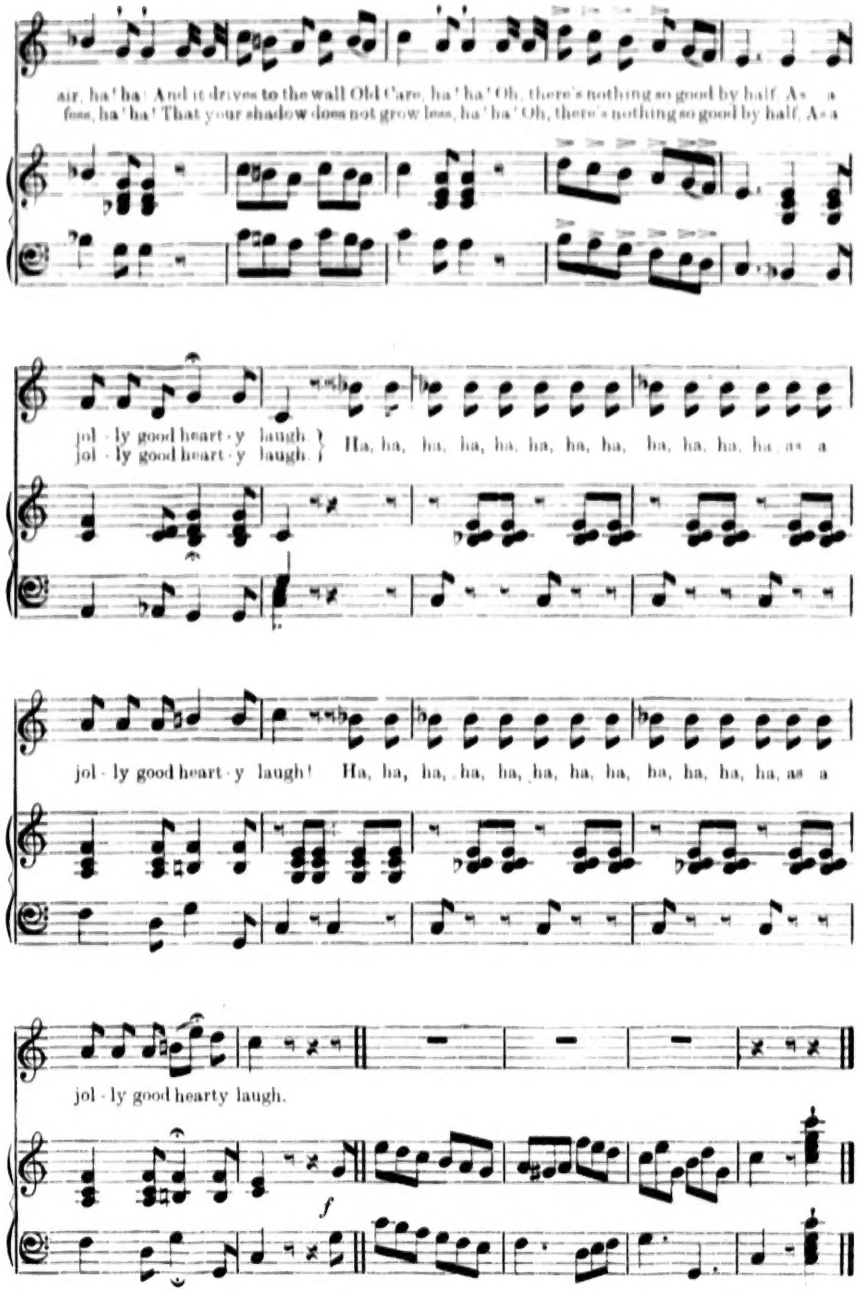
8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only.

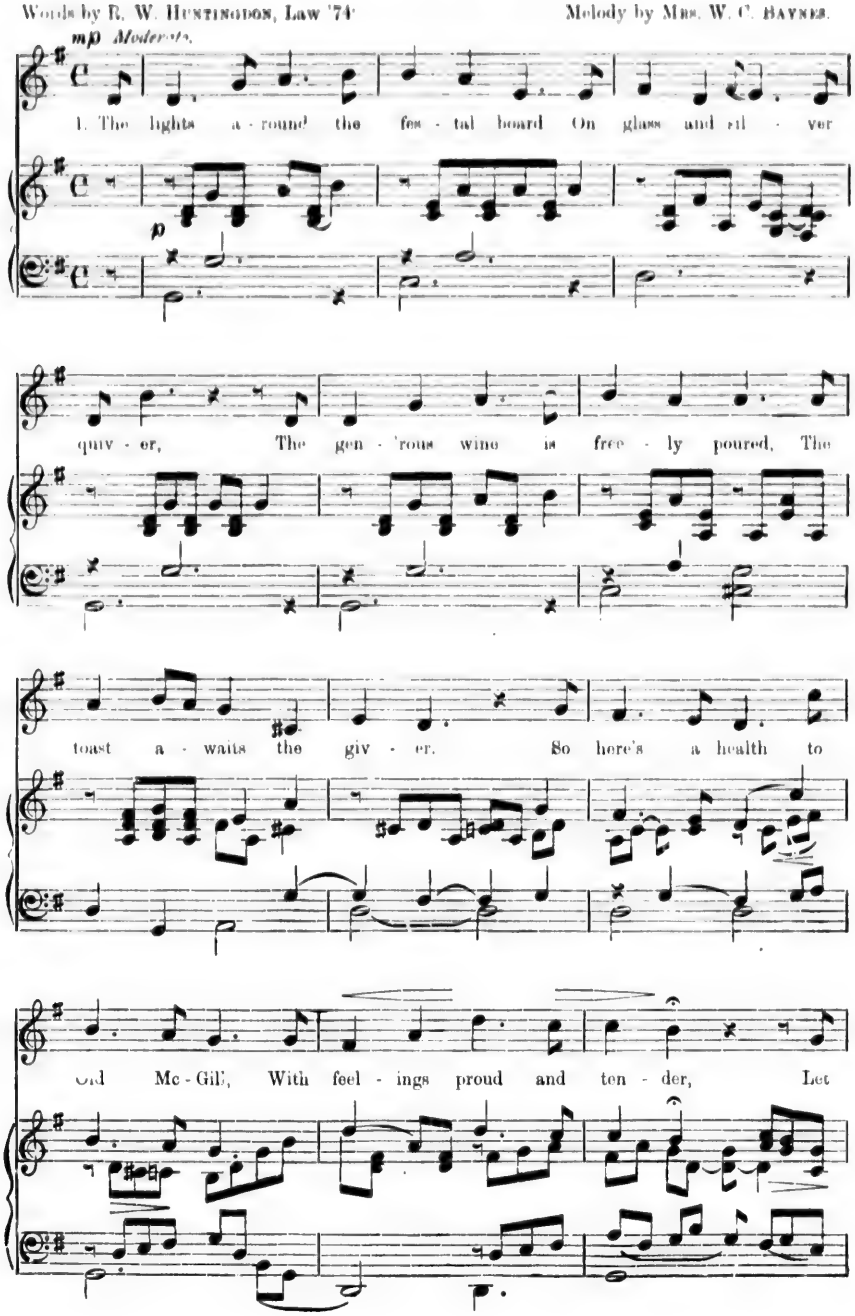
A Jolly Good Laugh.

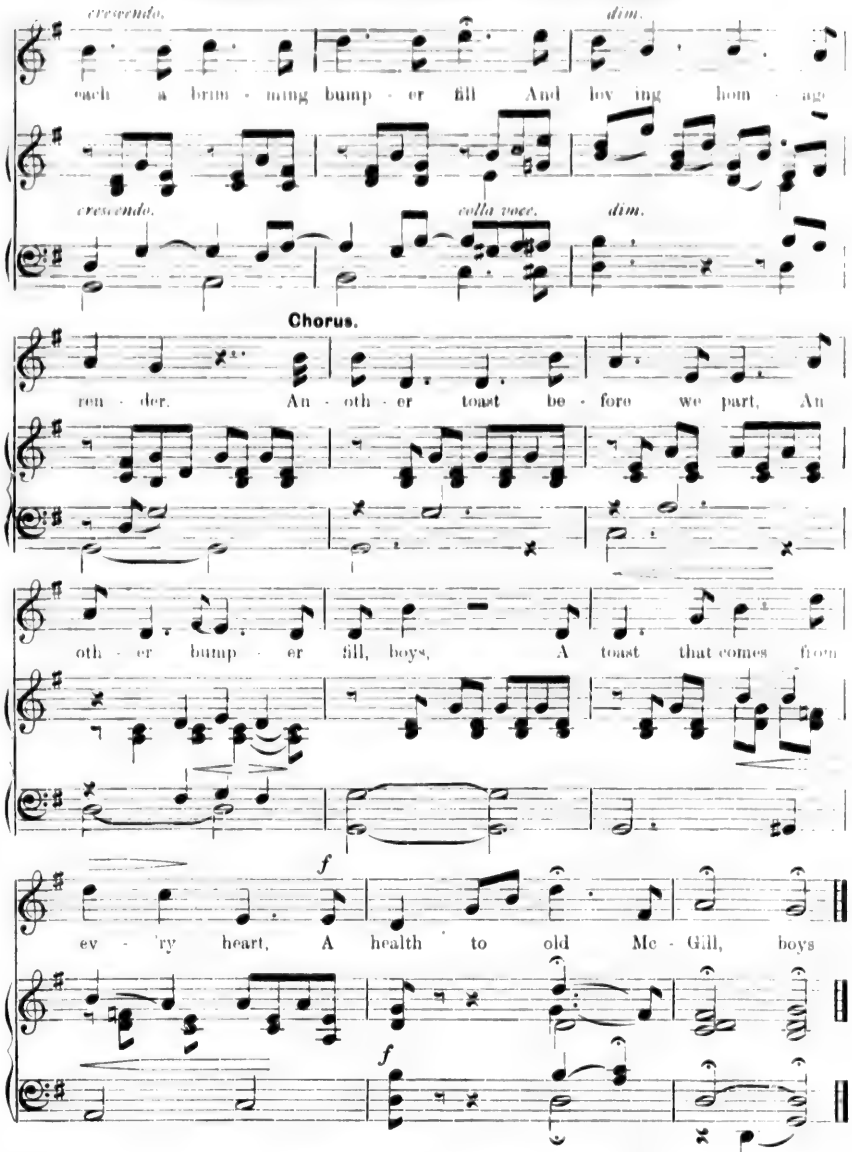



air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall Old Care, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half. As a
fess, ha! ha! That your shadow does not grow less, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half. As a
jol - ly good heart - y laugh
jol - ly good heart - y laugh
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, as a
jol - ly good heart - y laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, as a
jol - ly good hearty laugh.
f

A Health to Old McGill.

Words by R. W. Huntington, Law '74 — Melody by Mrs. W. C. Baynes.





II.

For what more fitting than that we,
The night before we sever,
Met here once more in company,
To part, perchance, for ever,
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days,
Us to our dear old college?—*Chorus.*

III.

Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station;
Yet each to each we still are bound
By ties time cannot sever;
So, as the wine-cup circles round,
McGill! McGill, forever!—*Chorus.*

Alma Mater.

Andante con expressione.

Words and Music by FRED. HARRIS, MED. '85

1. Old Al - ma Ma - ter, ev - er dear, Let us thy prais - es
2. For years with - in thy hal - low'd halls, We learn our no - ble
3. When Time has bleached us with his hand, And chang'd us to old

sing, Thou par - ent of our ev - ery hope, To thee we fond - ly
art, While dear com-pan - ions form the tie That binds thee to the
men, In hap - py thought our minds will oft To thee re - vert a

rit.

a tempo.

cling. Fount of wis - dom, home of bliss, Our trust is all in
heart. Our old Professors, one and all, De - serve their meed of
gain; And when forced to say farewell, Our earn - est prayer will

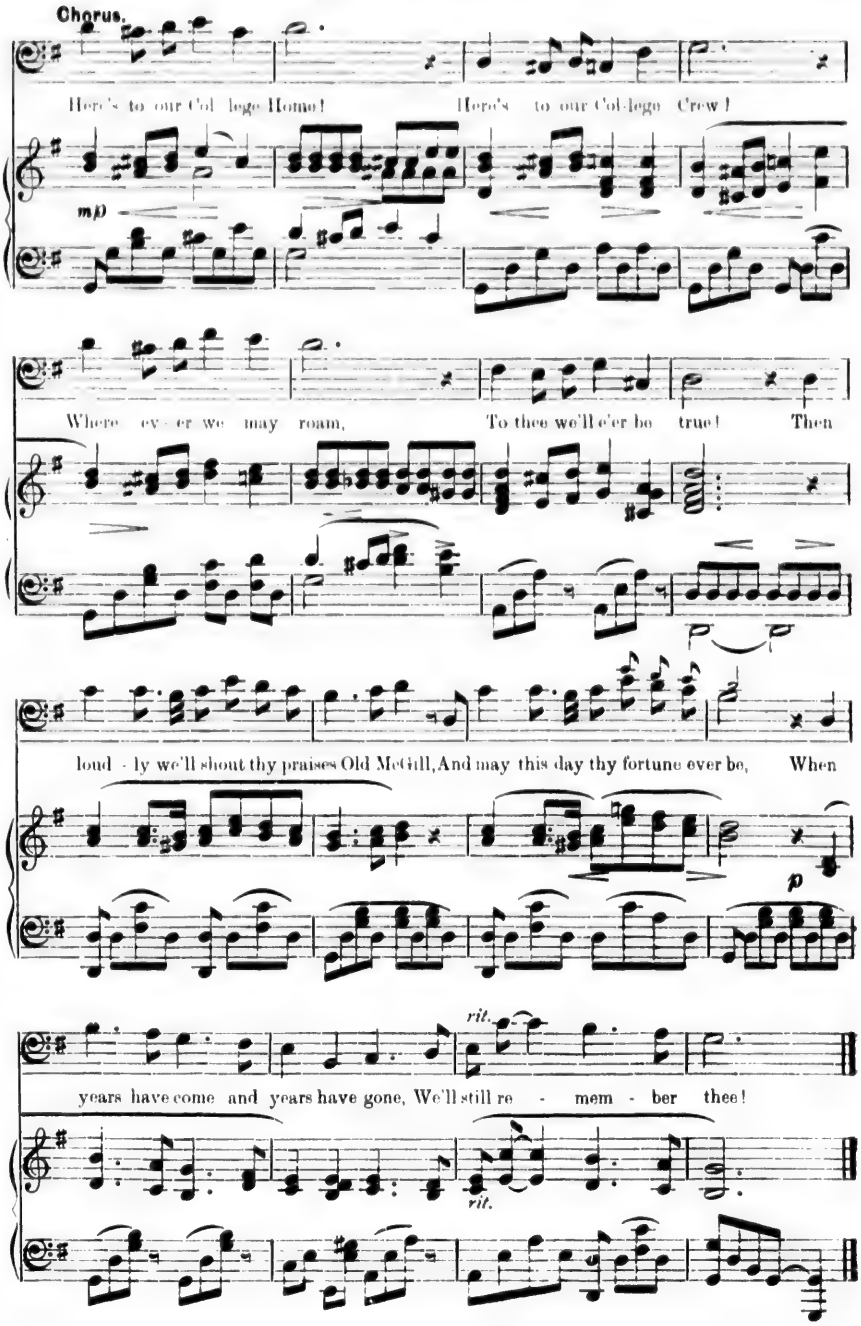
mp

a tempo. *cres.*

p

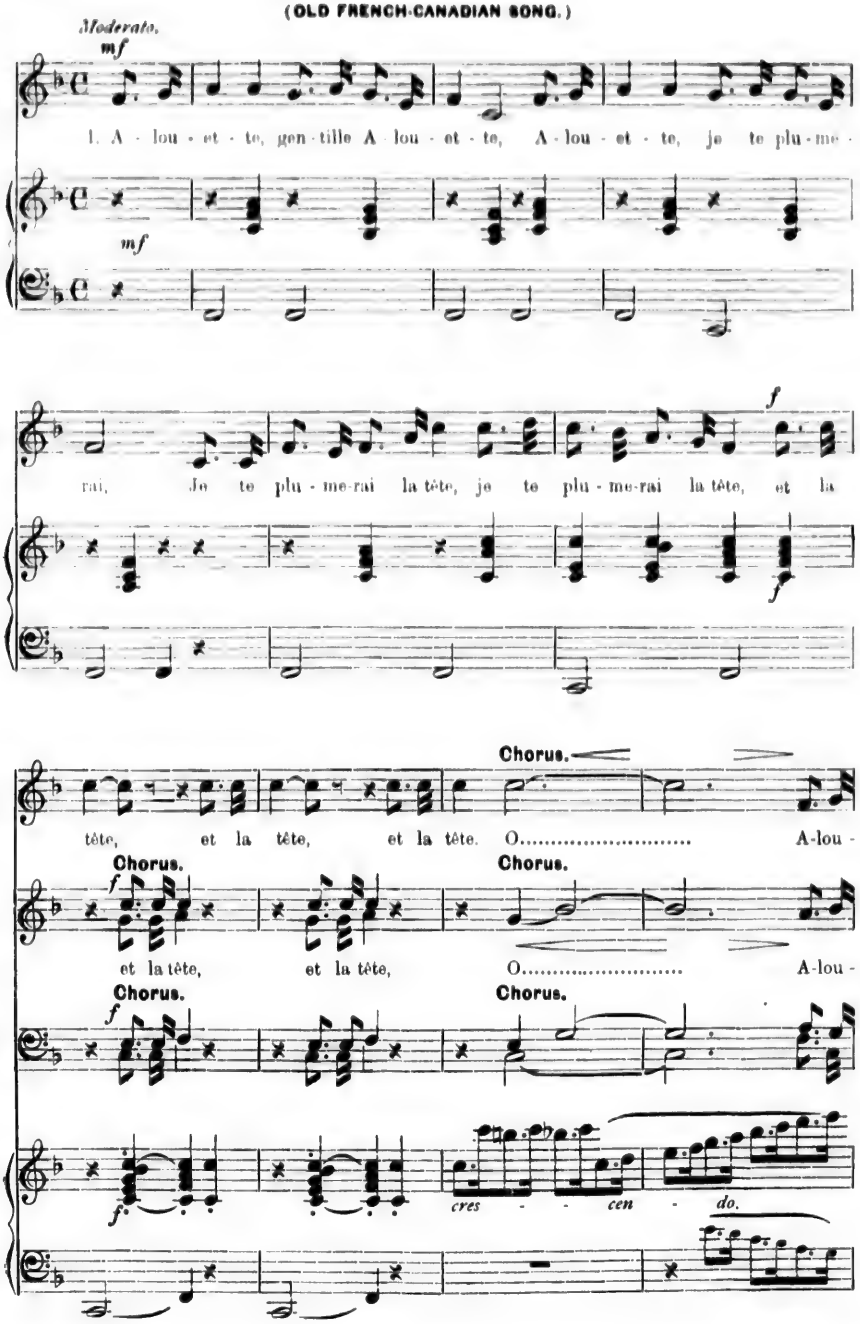
thee; And "La-bour all things conquers," Shall our motto ev - er be.
praise; May Virtue's wreath and Honour's crown Be with them all their days.
be That Sci - ence shall for - ev - er find Her sweetest child in thee.

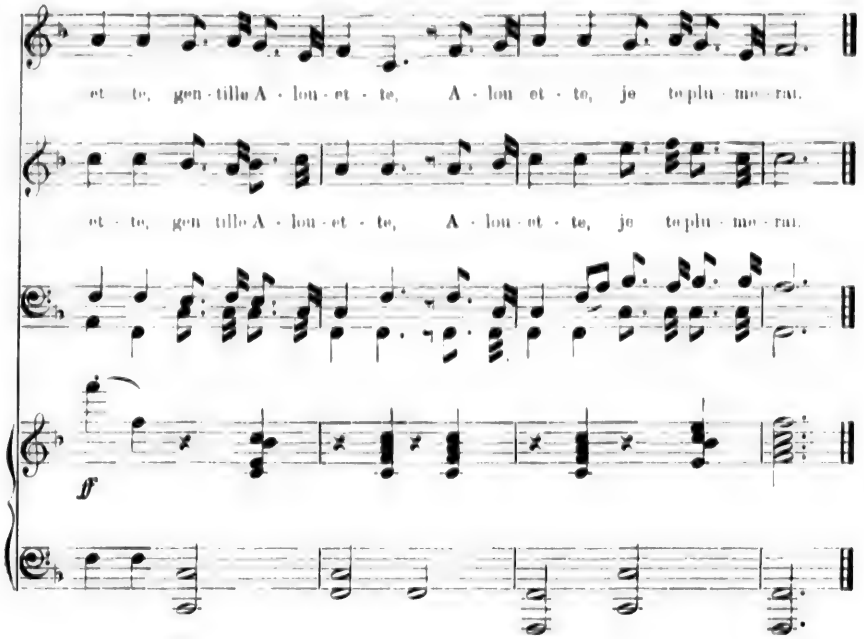
p


Chorus.
Here's to our Col - lege Home! Here's to our Col-lege Crew!
mp
Where ev - er we may roam, To thee we'll e'er be true! Then
loud - ly we'll shout thy praises Old McGill, And may this day thy fortune ever be, When
p
rit.
years have come and years have gone, We'll still re - mem - ber thee!
rit.

Alouette.

(OLD FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG.)





II.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, etc.—*Chorus.*

III.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, etc.—*Chorus.*

IV.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, etc.—*Chorus.*

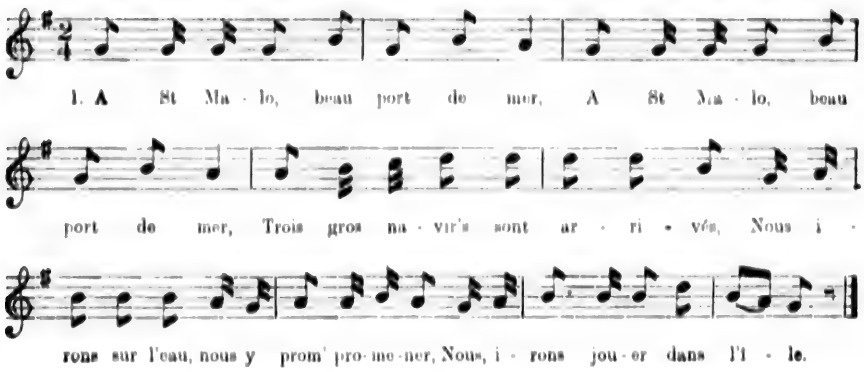
V.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, etc.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, etc.—*Chorus.*

A Saint Malo, Beau Port de Mer.



II.

Trois gros navir's sont arrivés, (*bis.*)
Chargés d'avoin', chargés de bled.—*Chorus.*

III.

Chargés d'avoin', chargés de bled, (*bis.*)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.—*Chorus.*

IV.

Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander, (*bis.*)
Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled?—*Chorus.*

V.

Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled? (*bis.*)
Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled, (*bis.*)
C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié.—*Chorus*

VII.

C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié (*bis.*)
Montez, Mesdam's, vous le verrez.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

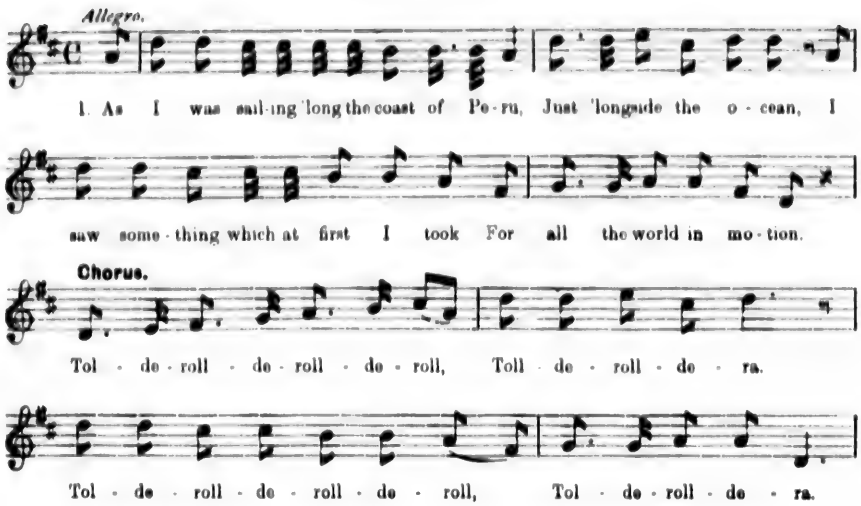
Montez, Mesdames, vous le verrez. (*bis.*)
Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled.—*Chorus.*

IX.

Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled. (*bis.*)
Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai.—*Chorus.*

X.

Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai. (*bis.*)
A c'prix-là, on va s'arranger.—*Chorus.*



II.

I steered as near as I could get,
It must have been twenty mile—
I found this thing was nothing else
Than a great big crocodile.—*Chorus.*

III.

This crocodile's snout reached to the sky,
Whenever he tried to smile;
From the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail
He measured five hundred mile.—*Chorus.*

IV.

I landed then and climbed a tree,
The wind blew from the South—
I lost my hold and down I fell
Slap into that crocodile's mouth.—*Chorus.*

V.

The crocodile smiled a wicked smile,
For he thought he'd got a victim;
But I ran down the animal's throat,
And that is the way I tricked him.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Inside I found to my surprise
Good things piled up in store;
I found of pork-barrels not a few,
And a thousand sheep or more.—*Chorus.*

VII.

And there I lived for many a year,
And lived in the best of style—
This crocodile travelled over the seas,
And carried me many a mile.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

This crocodile grew very, very old,
Till at last one day he died;
He took six months or more getting cold,
He was so long and wide.—*Chorus.*

IX.

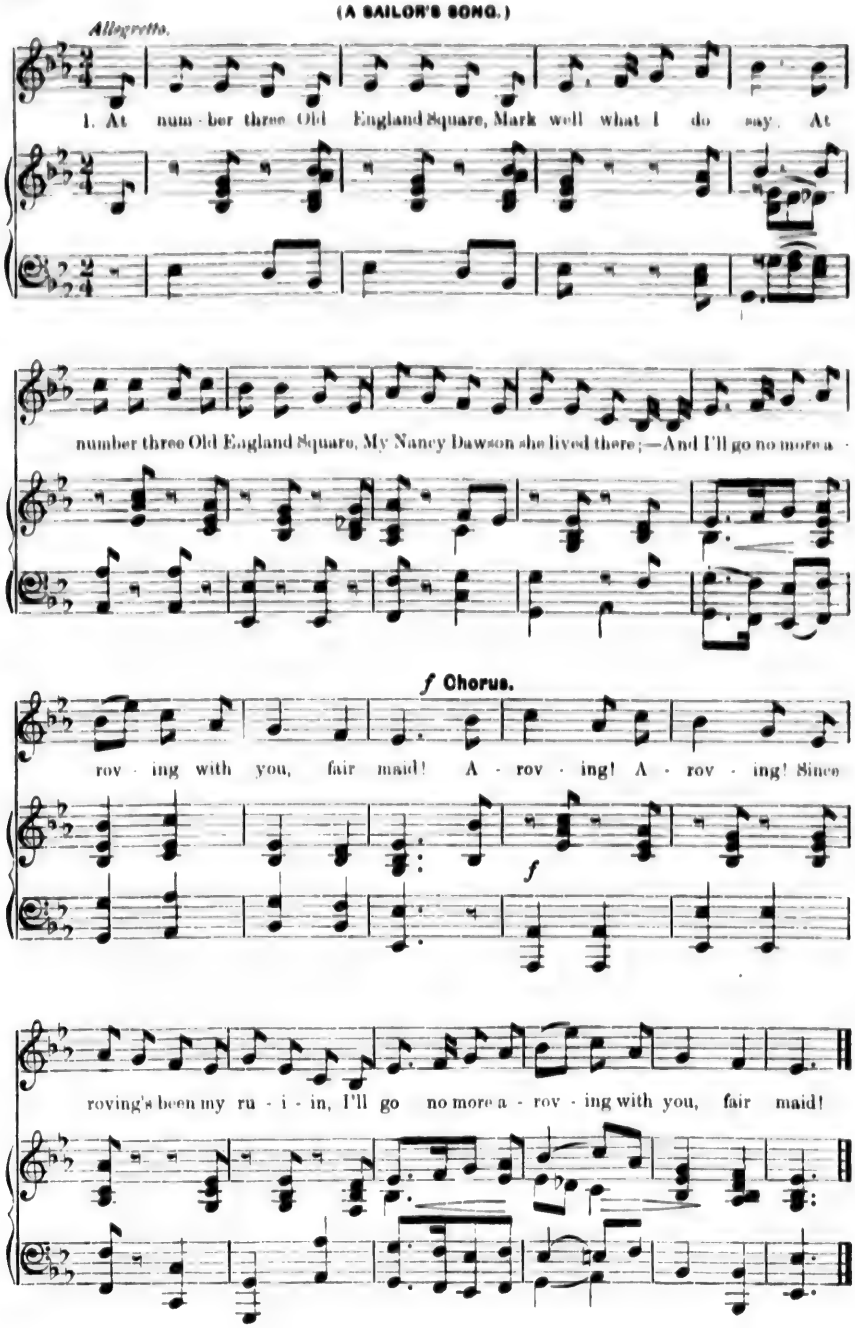
This crocodile was broad and high,
In fact he was very stout;
It took me ten long months or more
In digging to get out.—*Chorus.*

X.

Now if my story you should doubt,
If ever you cross the Nile,
Just where he fell, you'll find the shell
Of this wonderful crocodile.—*Chorus.*

A-Roving.

(A SAILOR'S SONG.)



II

My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say,
Oh, she was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Chorus.*

III.

I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the Coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Chorus.*

IV

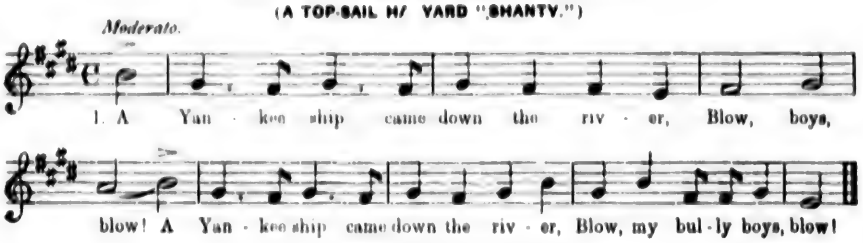
O, didn't I tell her stories true!
Mark well what I do say.
And didn't I tell her whoppers, too,
Of the gold we'd found in Timbuctoo!—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Chorus.*

V.

But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Chorus.*

Blow, My Bully Boys, Blow!

(A TOP-SAIL H/ YARD "SHANTY.")



II.

And who do you think was captain of her?
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

III.

O! Reuben Ranzo was her captain.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

IV.

And what do you think they had for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow, etc.

V.

O! pork and beans they had for dinner.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

VI.

And what do you think was cargo in her?
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

VII.

O! wooden hams and Yankee notions.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

VIII.

O! where do you think this ship was bound to?
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

IX.

O! she was away for Antofugasta.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

X.

Where Spanish girls come down to greet you.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

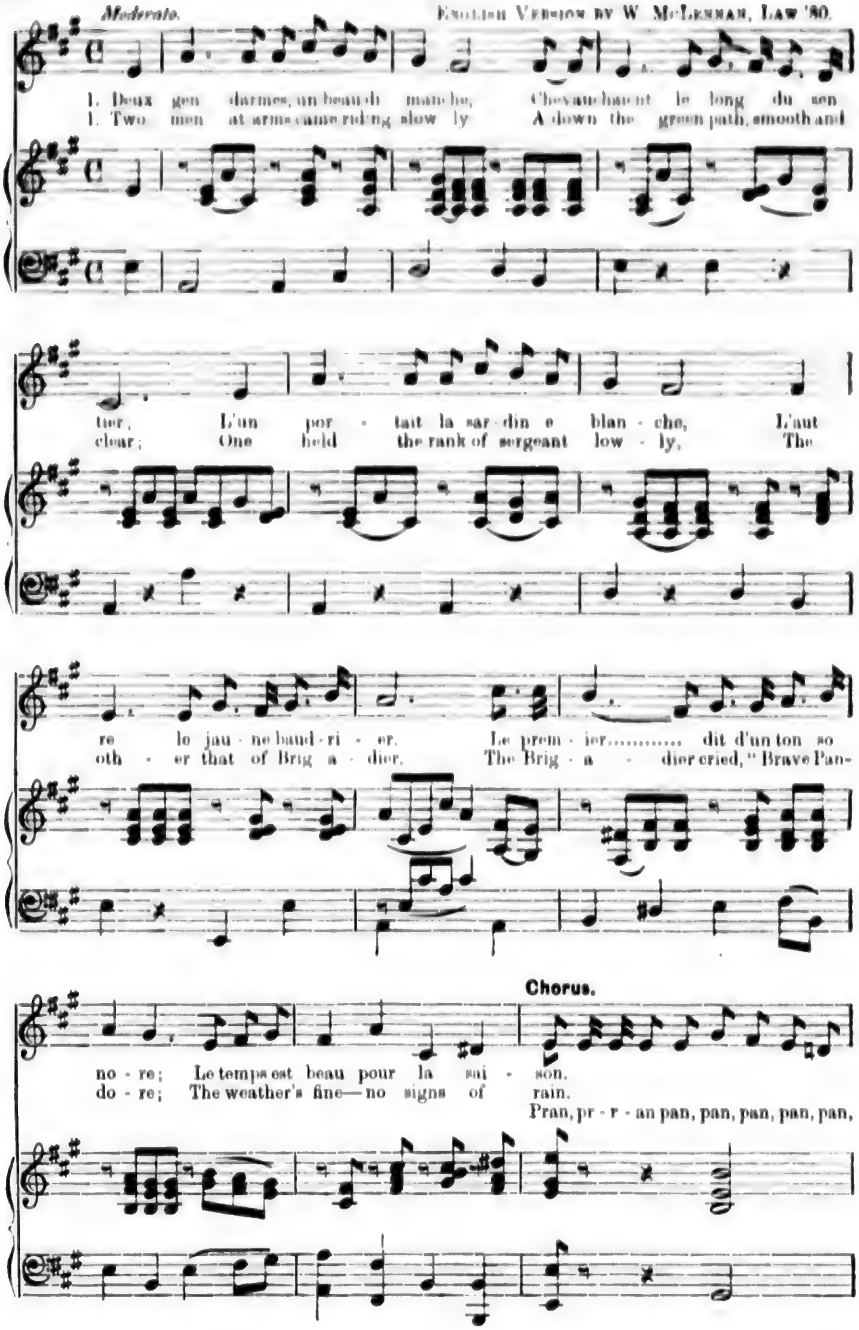
XI.

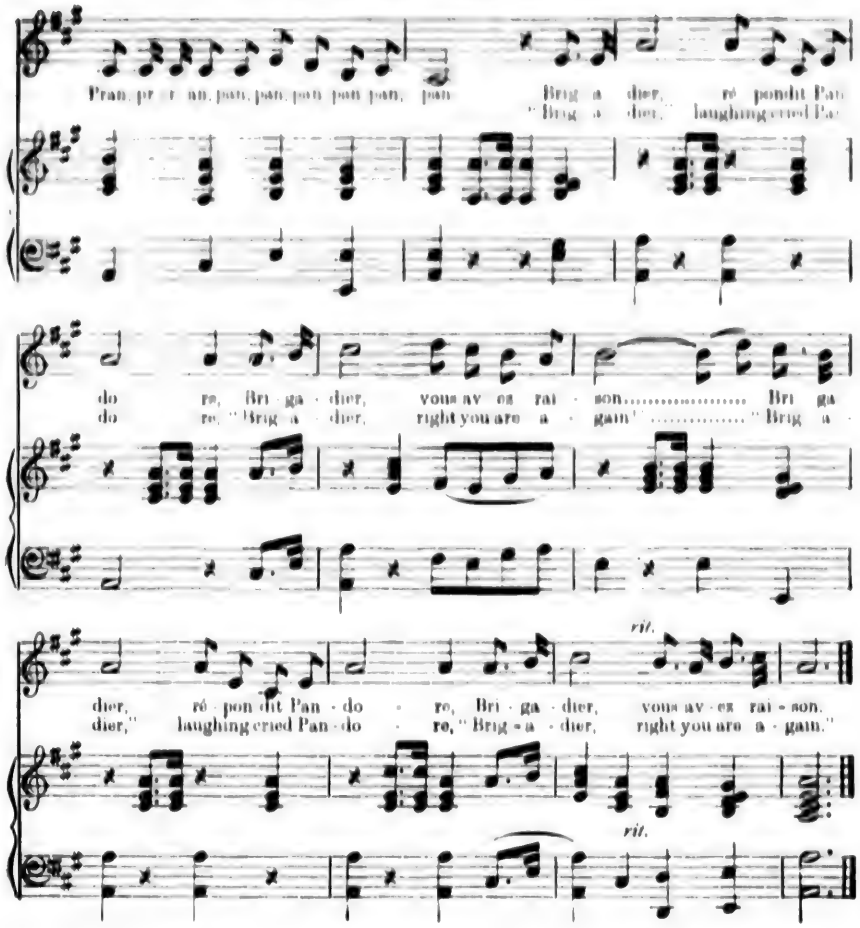
With flashing eyes and long black lashes.
Blow, boys, blow! etc.

Le Brigadier.

Moderato.

English Version by W. McLennan, Law '80.





II.

Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
Garantir la propriété,
Défendre les champs et la ville
Du vol et de l'iniquité.
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore
Repose seul à la maison.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

III.

La gloire c'est une courone
Faite de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos, guida Jason.
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

IV.

Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encor les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horizon.
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

V.

Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison. } bis.

Le Brigadier. Concluded.

II

"It is no easy matter surely
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cattle so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while Love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

III

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined,
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind
The power that Jason led of yore
I chase and trust the prize to gain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

IV

"It brings bright days of youth before me,
That Past now gone beyond recall,
When Beauty flung her fetters o'er me
I came submissive to her call
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er
The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

V

As Phœbus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest
"Farewell!" he cried, "on distant shore
Your light will gild both hill and plain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

VI

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yielding ground,
And save their iron bridles champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more
One still might hear the faint refrain:—
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

Les Deux Avocats.

E. Lafleur, Law, '80. Air.—"*Brigadier.*"

I.

Deux avocats avant l'audience
Causaient pour abréger le temps;
L'un, conseiller plein d'expérience,
L'autre, bachelier de vingt ans,
Le premier dit:—"Jeune confrère
"Pour les procès le temps est bon.
"Conseiller, mon savant confrère, } *bis.*
"Conseiller, vous avez raison." }

II.

"Ah! c'est une noble science
"Distinguer le mal et le bien;
"Faire éloquemment la défense
"De la veuve et de l'orphelin.
"Ou bien d'une riche héritière
"Procurer la séparation."
"Conseiller, etc.

III.

Ecoute, si tu veux entendre
De tout succès les conditions
"Il faut savoir comment s'y prendre
"Pour accrocher les successions.
"Tu verras la morale austère
"Qui distingue la profession."
"Conseiller, etc.

IV.

"Il me souvient de ma jeunesse,
"La gloire seule me tentait;
"La plus exigeante maîtresse,
"Thémis, alors me gouvernait.
"Mais qui désire être prospère
Doit surtout adorer Mammon."
"Conseiller, etc.

V.

"Prends donc pour ta grande maxime,
"De ne rien faire sans argent;
"Défends le plus horrible crime
"Mais fais toujours payer comptant.
"Car l'argent c'est ce qu'on révère
"Du juge jusqu' au marmiton."
"Conseiller, etc.

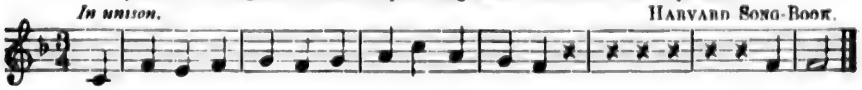
VI.

Le conseiller parlait encore
Quand tout-à-coup le juge entra;
L'huissier cria d'un ton sonore;
"Oyez, Oyez!" *et cetera,*
Mais malgré cette voix sévère
On entendit un faible son:—
"Conseiller, etc.

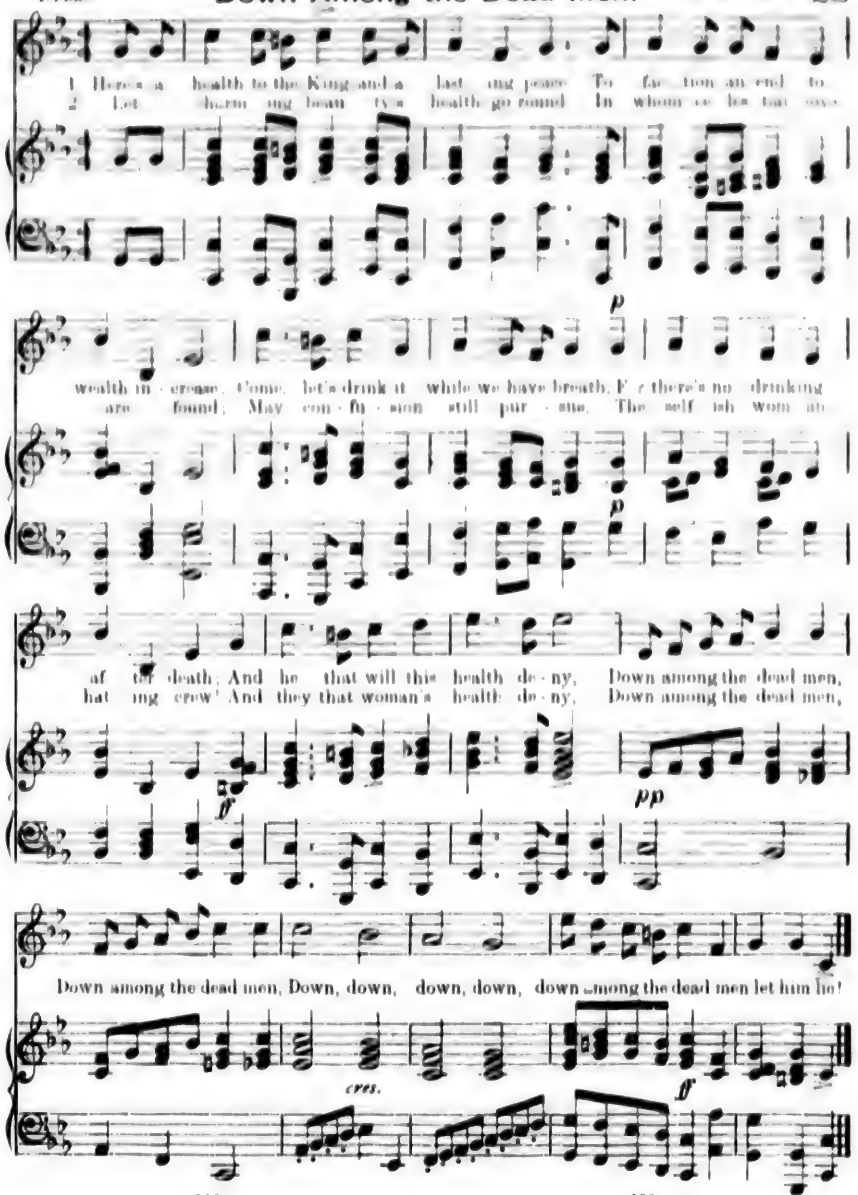
Clotilda. A Serenade.

[This is to be sung over and over, the pitch being raised a whole tone at each repetition.]

In unison. Harvard Song-Book.



* Acted. † Shouted.



III.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health still briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

IV.

May Love and Wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign!
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

Cockles and Mussels.

Andante. mf ADAPTED.

1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y where the girls are so pret ty, 'Twas
2. She was a fish - mon ger, and that was the won - der, Her
3. She died of the fa - ver, and noth - ing could save her, And

mf

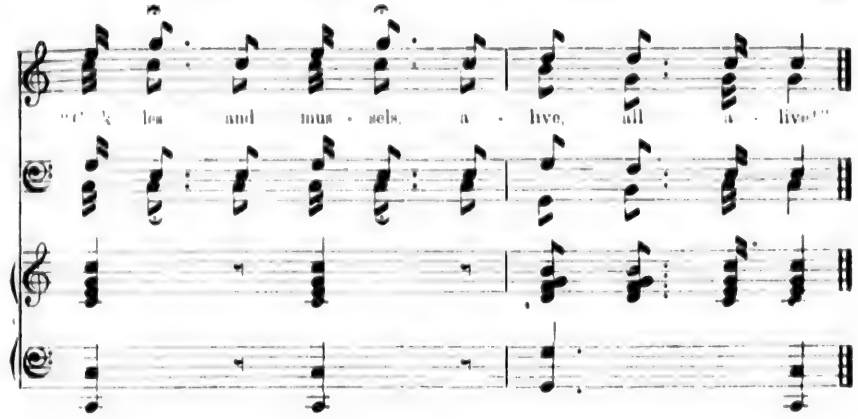
there I first met with sweet Mol-ly Ma - lone; She drove a wheelbarrow thro'
fa - ther and moth - er were fishmon - gers too; They drove wheelbarrows thro'
that was the end of sweet Mol-ly Ma - lone; But her ghost drives a barrow thro'

rit.

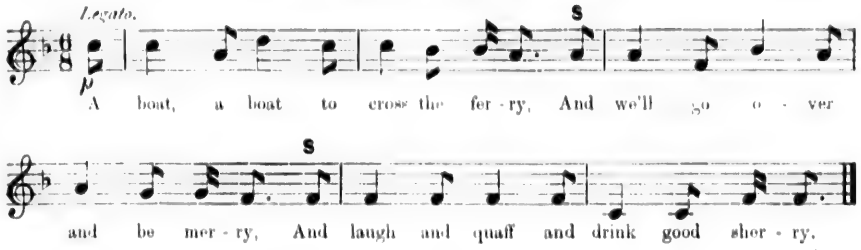
streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"
streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"
streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a - live, all a - live!"

Chorus.

A - live, a - live - o! A - live, a - live - o! Cry - ing,

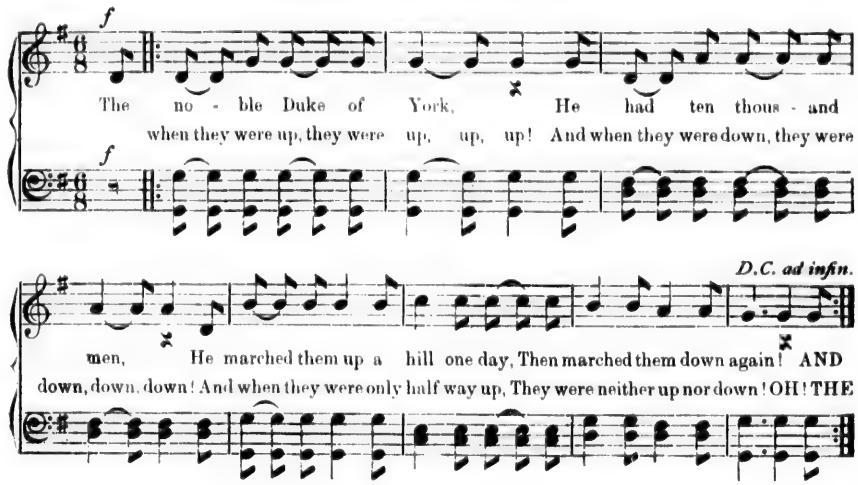


A Boat, A Boat. (Round.)

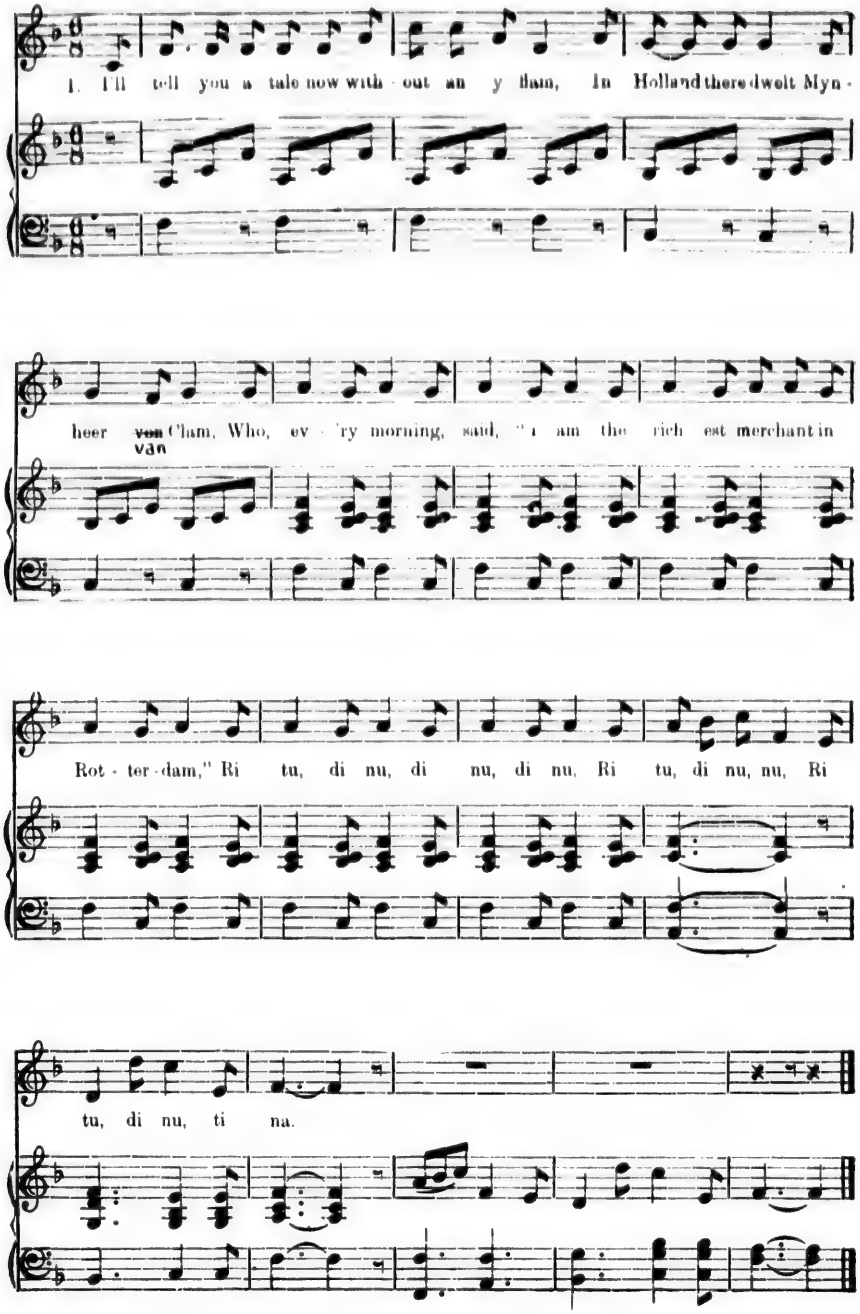


The Duke of York. March.

[May be sung as a two-part round by shouting in the words "And," and "Oh! the."]



The Cork Leg.


1. I'll tell you a tale now with - out an y flam, In Holland there dwelt Myn -
heer ~~van~~ van Cham, Who, ev - 'ry morning, said, "I am the rich est merchant in
Rot - ter - dam," Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu, Ri tu, di nu, nu, Ri
tu, di nu, ti na.

II.

One day when he had stuffed him as full as an egg,
A poor relation came to beg,
But he kicked him out without broaching a peg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

III.

A surgeon, the first of his vocation,
Came and made a long relation,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finished his jaw by amputation.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

IV.

"Mr. Doctor," says he, when he'd done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lose one fork;
"But on two crutches I never will stalk,
"For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

V.

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam.
And the springs were a compound of clock-work and steam.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

VI.

The leg was made and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite;
Its fine shape gave my heart delight,
As he fixed it on and screwed it tight.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

VII.

He walked through squares, passed each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top:
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he could not stop!
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

VIII.

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race;
He clung to a lamp-post to stop his pace,
But the leg wouldn't stay, but kept on the chase.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

IX.

Then he called to some men with all his might:
"Oh, stop this leg, or I'm murdered quite!
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

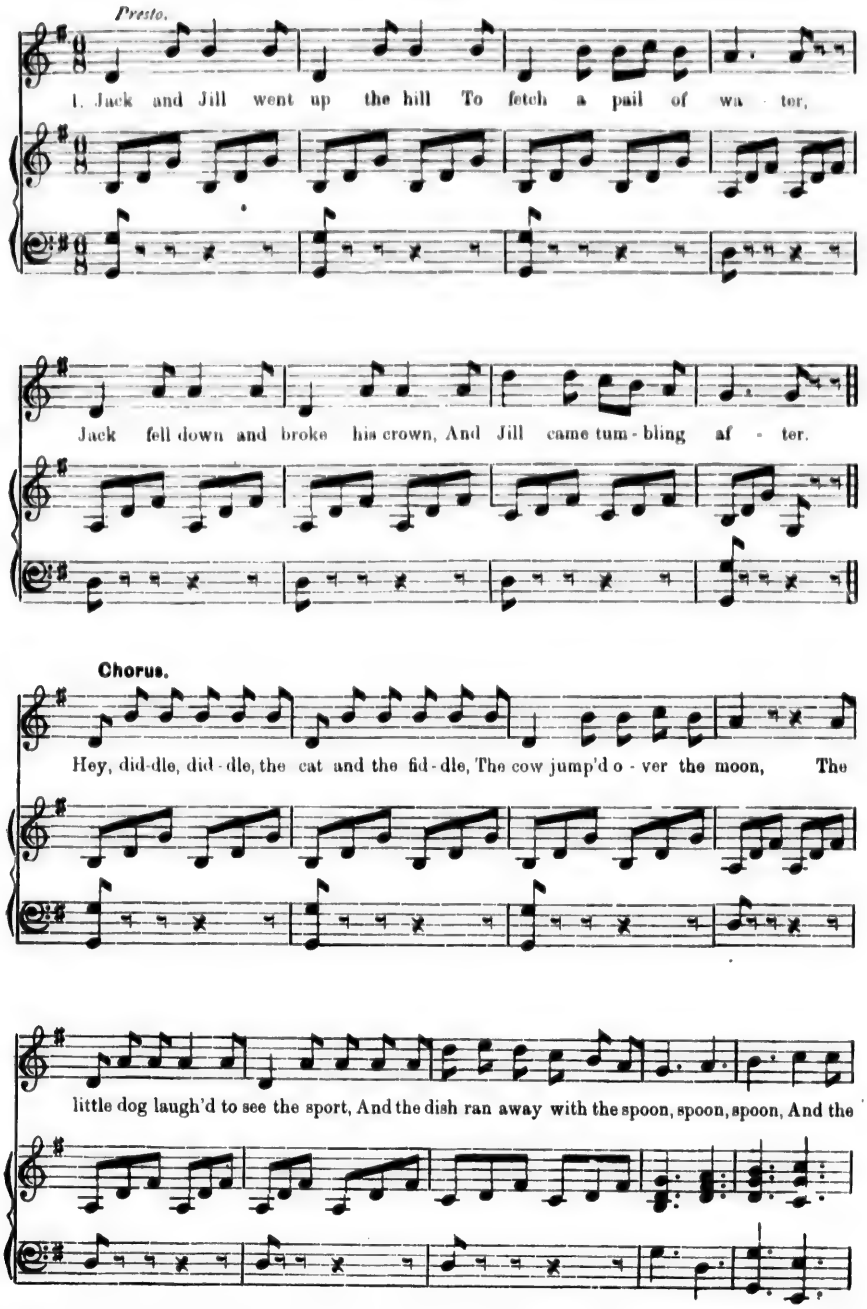
X.

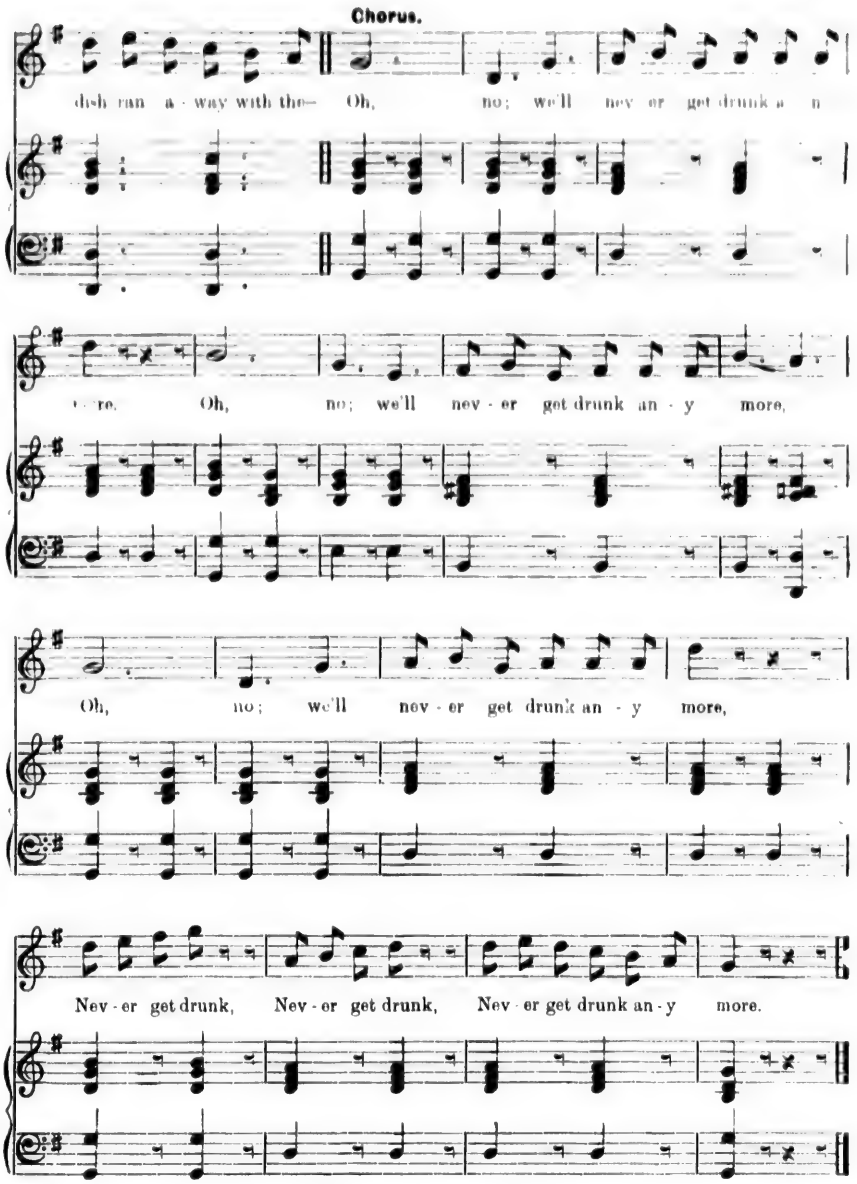
He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
To ease his weary bones he'd fain,
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

XI.

He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died,—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.
Chorus.—Rit tu, di nu, etc.

Jack and Jill.



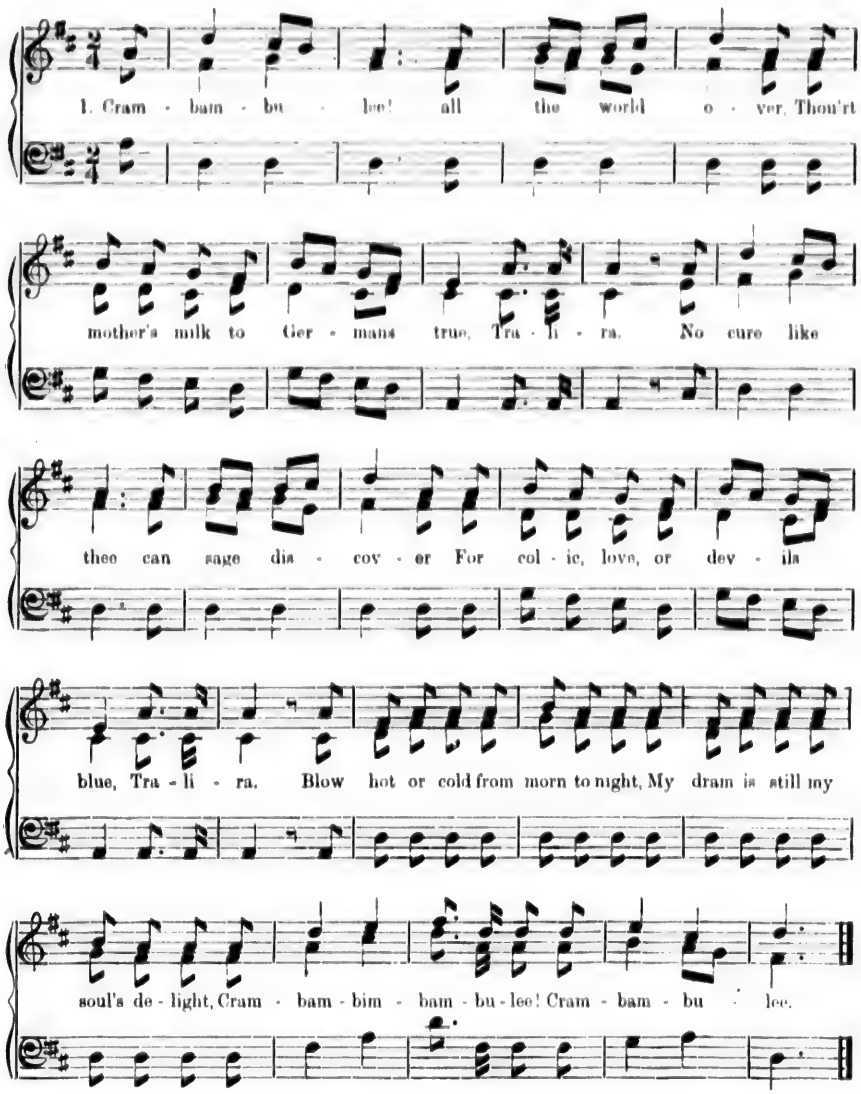


II.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.—*Chorus.*

III.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes, my darling daughter:
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.—*Chorus.*



II.

Hungry and chill'd by midnight study,
We rise ere song of earliest bird.
Tra li ra.
The toil has blanched our cheeks once ruddy,
And lexicon, crib and note book's the word.
Tra li ra.
Ars longa est. Our watchword this—
The way of knowledge is that of bliss.
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

III.

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of my own I'll found.
Tra li ra.
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound.
Tra li ra.
"Toujours fidèle et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de crambambulee!"
Cram-bam-bim-bam bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

I.

Crambambuli, it is the title,
Of that song we love the best,
It is the means of health most vital,
When evil fortunes us molest.
From evening late till morning free
I'll drink my glass, crambambuli,
Cram-bim-bam, bam-bu-li, crambambuli.

II.

Were I into an inn ascended,
Like some most noble cavalier,
I'd leave the bread and roast untended,
And bid them bring the corkscrew here.
When blows the coachman tran tan te,
Then to my glass, crambambuli,
Cram-bim-bam, bam-bu-li, crambambuli.

III.

Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian, —
For me were there an order founded,
'Tis this device I'd hang thereon.
"Toujours fidèle et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de crambambuli,"
Cram-bim-bam, bam-bu-li, crambambuli.

IV.

Crambambuli, it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past;
When o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me,
To mar my pleasure at the last.
'Tis then we'll drink in company,
The last glass of crambambuli,
Cram-bim-bam, bam-bu-li, crambambuli.

A Professor's Lot.

Words by W. McLennan, Law '80. Air.—"*Policemen's Chorus, Pirates of Penzance.*"

I.

When we see a lazy student overworking,
When he only talks of "Honors in the Fall,"
In our breast a grave suspicion is a-lurking,
And we feel it's mostly gammon, after all.
If you want to raise the whirlwind, only tax him
With what he most improperly calls "fun,"
And then you'll feel the full force of the maxim—
"A Professor's lot is not a happy one."

Chorus.

When any cribbing duty's to be done,
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.

II.

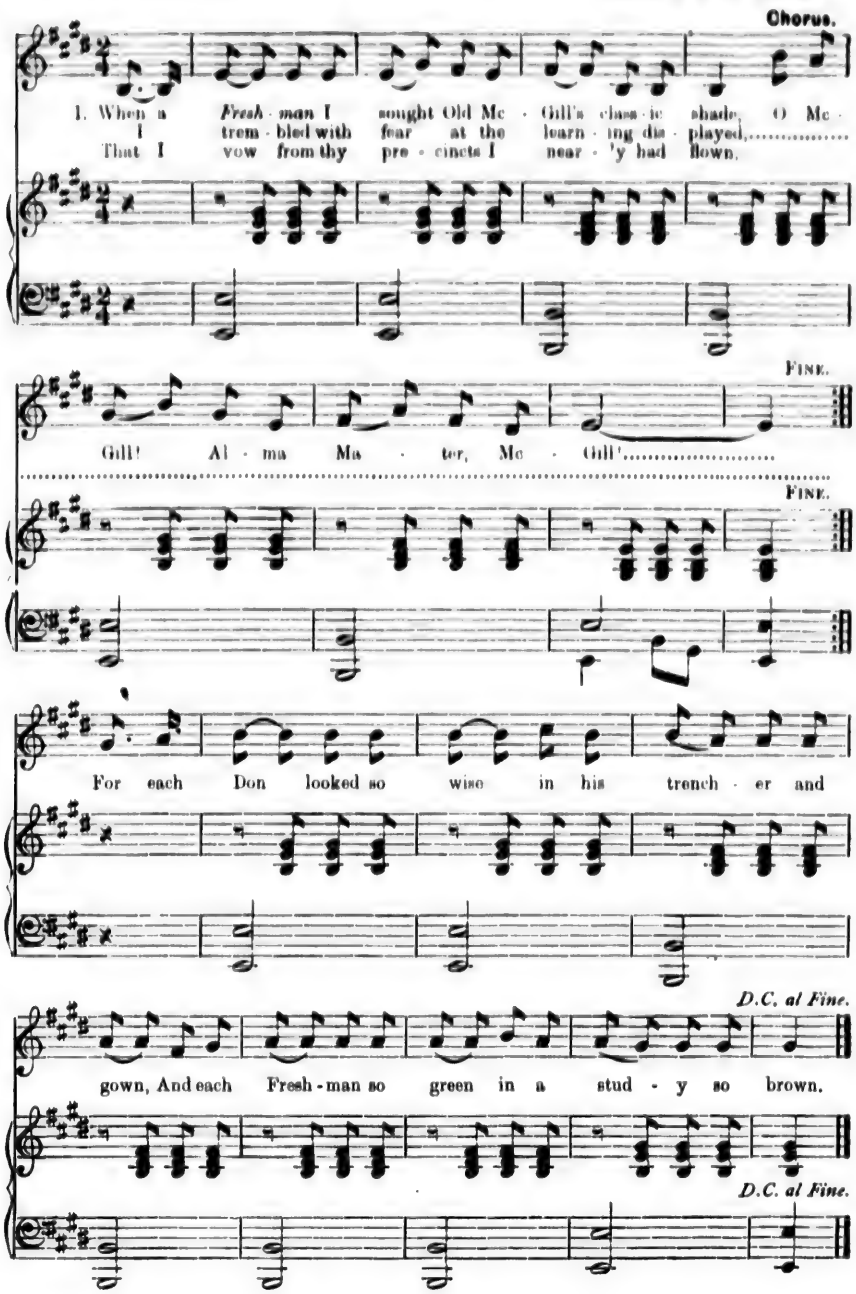
When he's finished with his wild and foolish courses,
Some say the hardest studies he'll affect,
And seek the stream Pierian at its sources,
But we hardly think the statement is correct.
And as for "overpressure," all that croaking
Is the greatest fraud that's underneath the sun,
And they all make with their wooden-headed joking
A Professor's lot a most unhappy one.—*Chorus.*

III.

Still, bless their hearts! we don't bear any malice,
And, when they're playing foot-ball on the "grig,"
We say, "Well Old McGill is not a pa'ace,
And we'd sooner have a student than a "prig."
In the holidays from May until September,
When we "loaf" and take it easy in the sun,
Who would or could at such a time remember
A Professor's lot is not a happy one.—*Chorus.*

McGill Students' Song.

Words by W. N. Evans.



II

In due time behold me a bold *Sophomore*,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
When I chaffed all the Freshmen who envied my lore,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
Then I tried to forget that I'd e'er been a boy,
But manhood came slowly my pride to annoy,
And I lounged through thy halls a great hobble-de-hoy;—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

III

Next a *Junior*, I learned that for each undergrad.,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
By hard work alone true success can be had,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
So with ardour supreme I at last "buckled to,"
And the true sweets of learning came clearly in view,
And I quaffed the rich nectar that's furnished by you,—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

IV.

Can I tell all the pride of my *Senior* year?
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
How I dangled so long between hope and great fear?
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
But exam.'s soon all over, and shortly I see
That I've passed with due honor and gained my degree;
Then I say as the fair sex look smiling on me,
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!—

V

Here's a song for the *Founder*, who'll ne'er be forgot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! live for ever, McGill!
Here's the *Chancellor* and *Gov'nors*, the whole jolly lot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, McGill!
Here's our good *Benefactors*—benevolent elves,
Here's the *Deans* and *Professors* and *Old Grads.* themselves,
And last, but not least, here's *our own noble selves.*—
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!

Founder's Festival.

AIR.—*Slave Chase.*

I.

Come sing we now right merrily the praise of Old McGill,
To the honour of its Founder full bumpers let us fill.
Let all our voices join, his merits to extol,
Who to Academus' shades has left free access to us all;
Nay! let there none be lacking whilst thus our praises ring—
But let each one a loyal heart to *Alma Mater* bring.

Chorus.

For ne'er inside our honoured walls has he a place to fill,
Who brings not fame and credit to the Founder of McGill.

II.

But once a year we gather and celebrate the day,
In song, good cheer and gladness, and hearty student's lay;
Old friends we meet and welcome back with jovial hearts once more,
For they bring to fond remembrance the happy days of yore.
So the day we e'er shall cherish which unites us to the past;
And in the hearts and minds of all long may its memories last!—*Chorus.*

III.

Then in three hearty ringing cheers our voices we'll upraise,
And sound the honour of McGill and our old Founder's praise;
Wide may all our Collegians' fame abound throughout the land;
And may our friends both far and near extend a bounteous hand,
That the students of some future years may richer blessings reap,
And worthier of our Founder his festal d[illegible] may keep!—*Chorus.*

Eliza.

Words by W. McLennan, Law '80. Air.—From *Billee Taylor*.

I

'Tis years ago since I came to McGill,
And 'twas all on account of Eliza,
And in spite of time I'm fixed here still,
And the name of my girl's still Eliza.
I always wished for a high degree,
For a D. C. L. or an LL. D.,
Whichever came first 'twas the same to me,
And precisely the same to Eliza.

Chorus.

Exactly the same, precisely the same, quite, quite the same to Eliza;
Whichever came first 'twas the same to me,
And precisely the same to Eliza.

II.

I flattered myself I was formed for the Law,
Which delighted the charming Eliza;
I'd a fairish head and a strongish jaw,
As I'd often remarked to Eliza.
I attended the Courts where Justice sits,
I stuck to my office and copied the writs,
And ground at the Code, till I muddled my wits—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza;
I ground at the Code, till I muddled my wits—
And all on account of Eliza.

III.

I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza.
So I said——"My love, you must clearly see
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now what do you say to a real M. D.?"
"All right, my dear," said Eliza.

Chorus.

"All right, my dear, all right, my love, all right, my dear, sa'd Eliza."
"M. D. appears much higher than a B."
"C. L.," responded Eliza.

IV.

So I cut and sawed with a hearty will—
And all on account of Eliza;
Although at first I was often ill,
To the great distress of Eliza.
I wore a skull in a black necktie,
I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when 'twas dry,
But at the Exam. I was "plucked on the fly"—
Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

Chorus.

'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly explain,
I couldn't explain to Eliza.
So the reason why I was "plucked on the fly"
Is still unexplained to Eliza.

Eliza. Concluded.

V

Having thus been left by the Meds in the lurch,
To the great disgust of Eliza,
I determined to have a go at the Church,
And was well backed up by Eliza.
I gave up the World and the Flesh and the D.....
Which never had any temptations for me,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza.
For a thorough parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

VI

But I found, alas! that the World was fair—
Which was due somewhat to Eliza,
That linen as a shirt was better than hair—
"And cleaner, too," said Eliza.
So I cut the Church, and now I'm free
To take B. A. or some other degree,
And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
If I leave the choice with Eliza.

Chorus.

"Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl!
Now's your chance, my Eliza!
You've got the choice, you're entirely free—
So put him through, dear Eliza!

In Ancient Times the Pantomimes.

WORDS BY A. WEIR, &c. '86. AIR:—*Yankee Doodle.*

I.

In ancient times the pantomimes
Were played by jolly friars:—
They'd heaven and hell, and earth as well,
As every play requires.

Chorus.

Flutist, toot upon your flute,
Fiddler, swing your bow-ow,
Pianist, play the pianay,
And blow, Trombonist, blow-ow!

II.

They had a Vice which wasn't nice
For such religious persons,
Who plagued the devil and helped the revel,
By causing great diversions.—*Chorus.*

III.

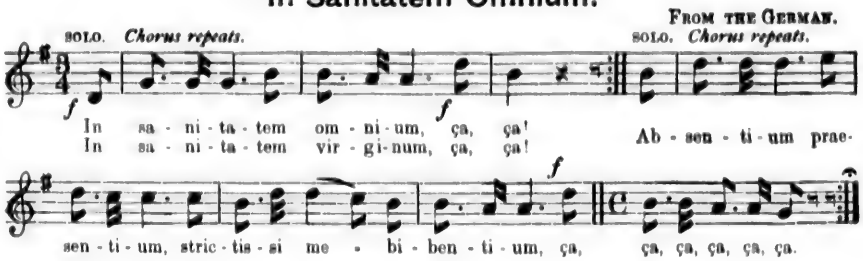
They had a whale on a giant scale,
For Satan's private dwelling,
That worked one jaw and from its maw,
Belched smoke sulphurous smelling.—*Chorus.*

IV.

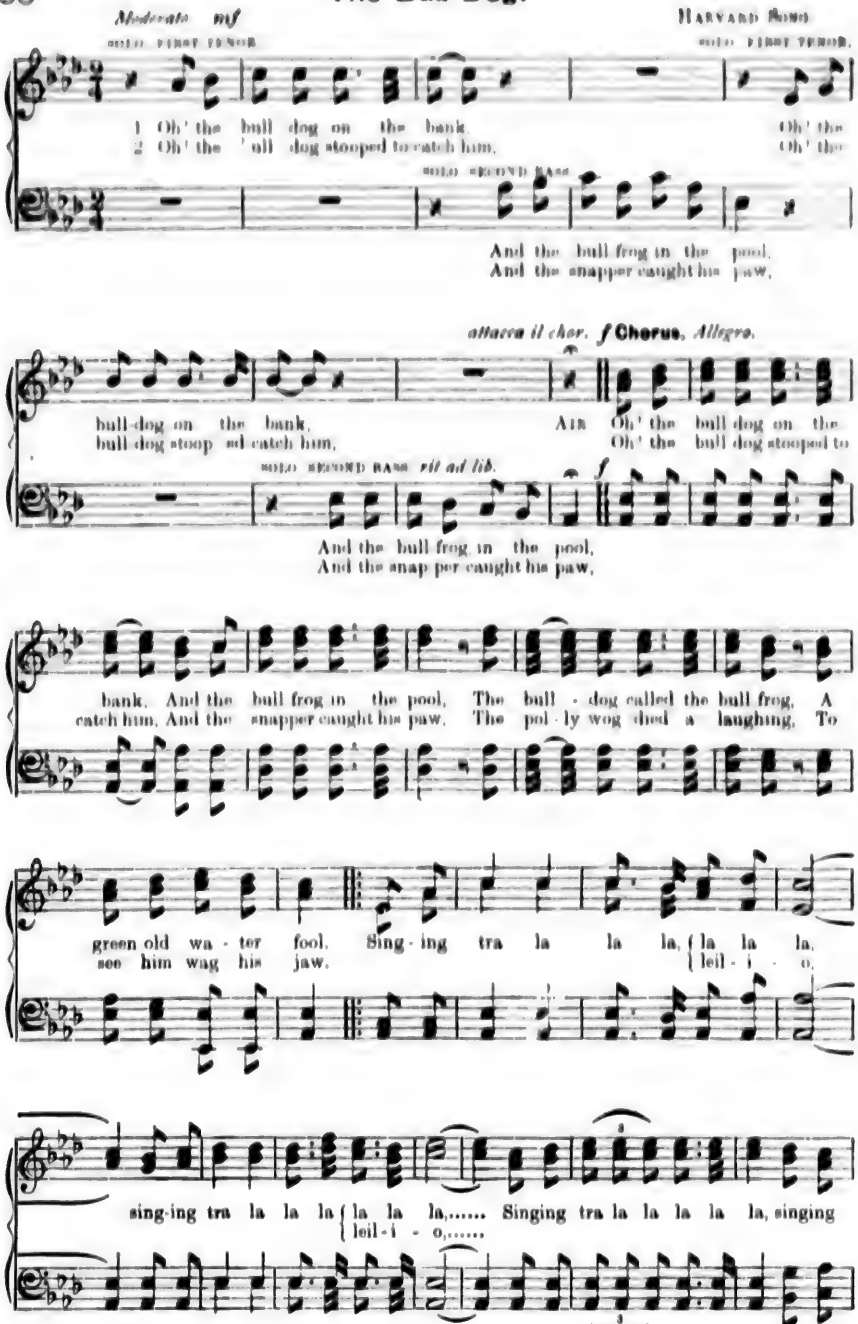
They'd virtues, too, that overthrew
The devil and his legions,
That with a yell in terror fell
Into the nether regions.—*Chorus.*

"In Sanitatem Omnium."

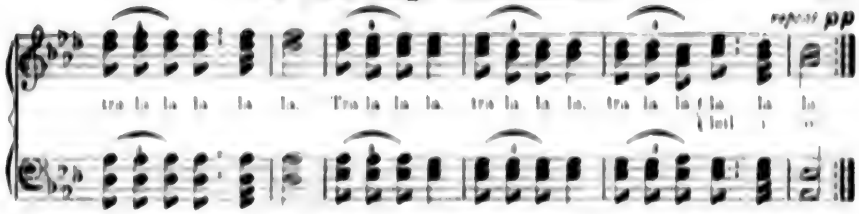
FROM THE GERMAN.



The Bull Dog.


Moderato mf
SOLO FIRST TENOR
HARVARD SONG
SOLO FIRST TENOR.
1 Oh! the bull dog on the bank.
2 Oh! the 'ull dog stooped to catch him.
Oh! the
Oh! the
SOLO SECOND BASS
And the bull frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
attacca il chor. f Chorus. Allegro.
bull-dog on the bank,
bull-dog stoop ed catch him,
AIR
Oh! the bull dog on the
Oh! the bull dog stooped to
SOLO SECOND BASS rit ad lib.
f
And the bull frog in the pool,
And the snap per caught his paw,
bank. And the bull frog in the pool, The bull - dog called the bull frog, A
catch him. And the snapper caught his paw. The pol - ly wog died a laughing, To
green old wa - ter fool. Sing - ing tra la la la, la la la,
see him wag his jaw. leil - i - o,
sing-ing tra la la la la la la,..... Singing tra la la la la la, singing
leil - i - o,.....

The Bull Dog. Concluded.



III

Says the monkey to the owl
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

IV

Oh! the bull dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

V

Says the tom cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Julo's about to têtes à tête
With Romeo, incog."

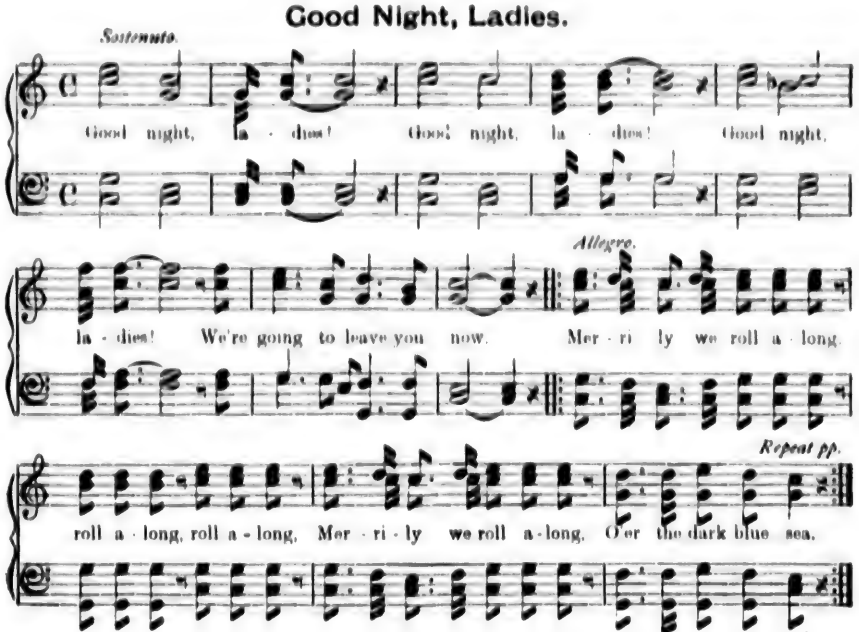
VI

Says the bull dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

VII

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

Good Night, Ladies.



II.

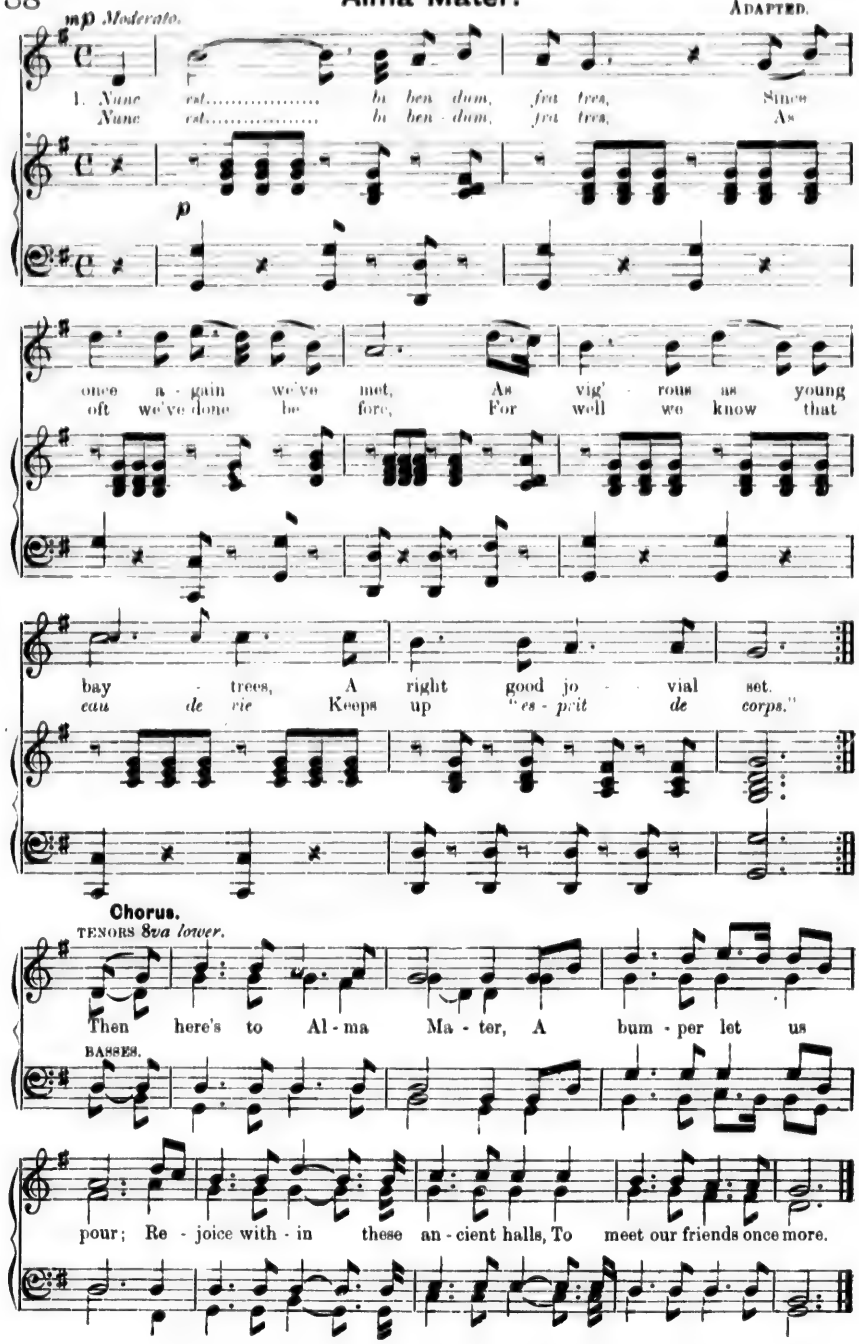
Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

III.

Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

Alma Mater.

ADAPTED.



II.

Our governors so condescending,
Sent us here to store our minds
With heaps of classic learning,
And various other kinds.
But we'll teach them "*Ipsus factus*,"
And what more do they need,
If we but reduce to practice,
And remember what we read?—*Chorus.*

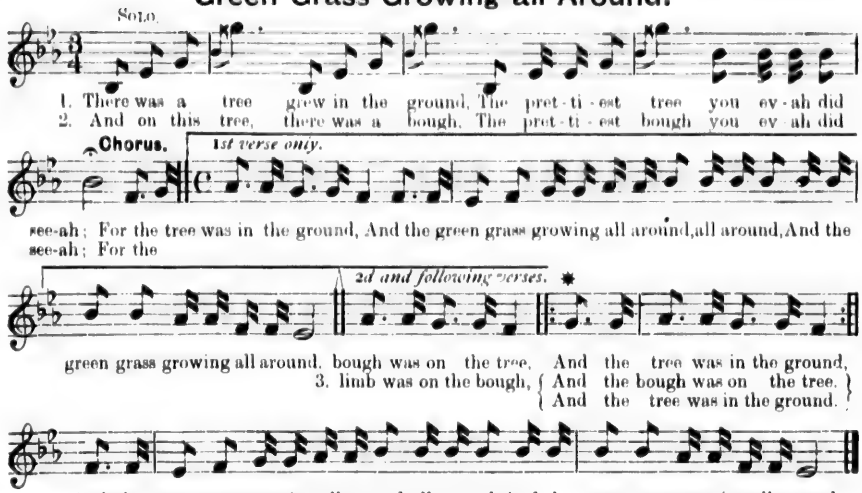
III.

What though we've left our homes, boys,
And all we love so dear?
We ne'er shall spend wherever we roam
Such happy days as here.
What though we've left our darlings,
Won't absence lend its charms,
And months fly by like starlings
To restore them to our arms?—*Chorus.*

IV.

Αμπον μεν ὑδωρ, boys,
Cuspiendum, do you see?
But I'll bet in the days of yore, boys,
Ὑδωρ meant *eau-de-vie*.
For old *Ovidius Naso*—
For so the story goes—
Derived his name and fame, oh!
From his jolly big red nose.—*Chorus.*

Green Grass Growing all Around.



III.

And on this bough there was a limb,
The prettiest limb you evah did see-ah;
For the tree, etc.

IV.

And on this limb there was a branch,
The prettiest branch you evah did see-ah;
For the tree, etc.

V.

And on this branch there was a twig,
The prettiest twig you evah did see-ah;
For the tree was, etc.

VI.

And on this twig there was a leaf,
The prettiest leaf you evah did see-ah;
For the tree, etc.

VII.

And on this leaf there was a nest,
The prettiest nest you evah did see-ah;
For the tree was, etc.

VIII.

And in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you evah did see-ah;
For the tree was, etc.

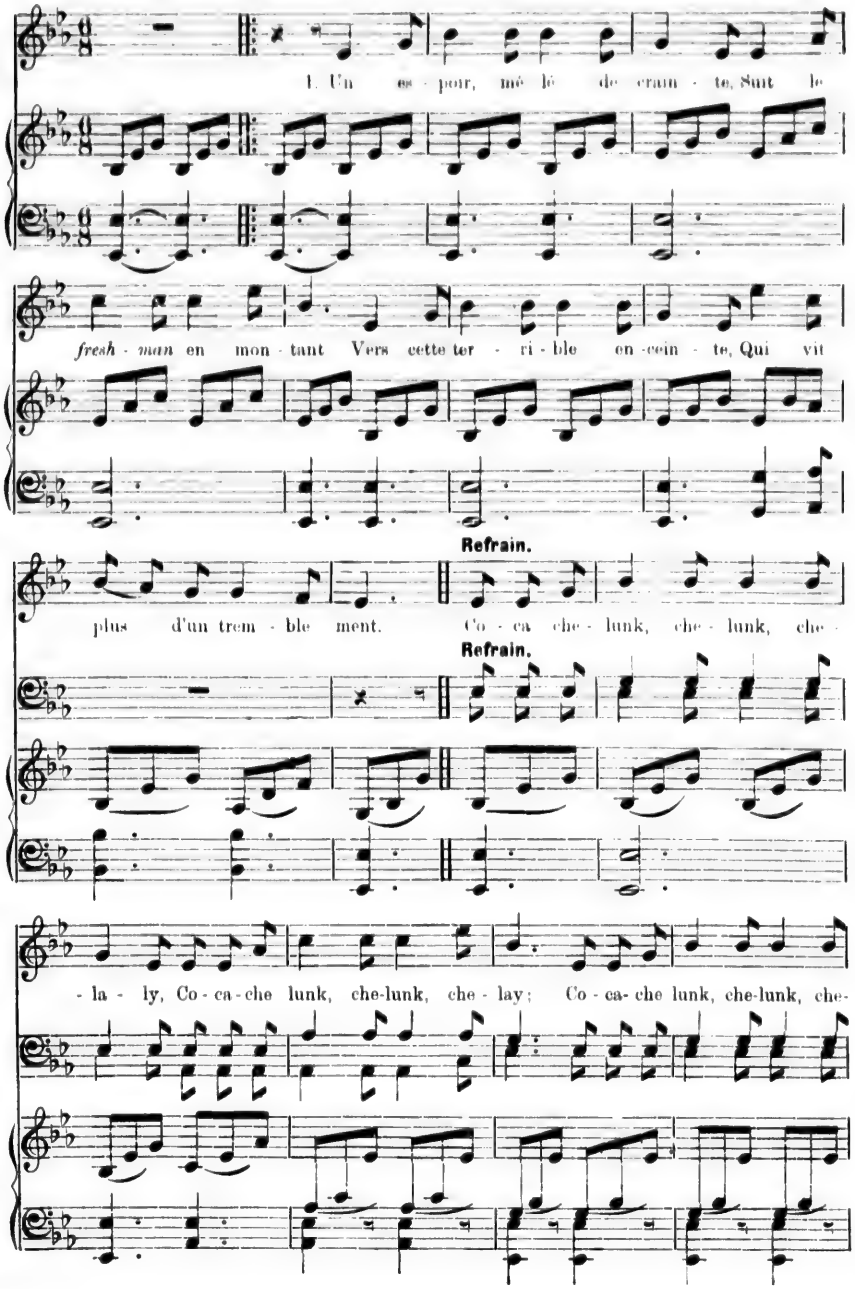
IX.

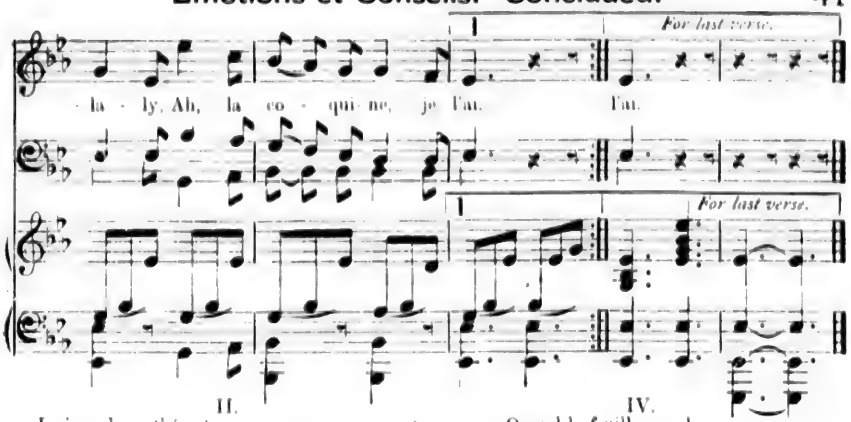
And in these eggs there were some chicks,
The prettiest chicks you evah did see-ah;
For the tree was, etc.

* NOTE.—In proceeding with the song, the notes within the "repeat" should be sung an additional time for each succeeding verse.

Emotions et Conseils.

Words by M. B. PARENT, ARTS, '84. Music adapted from a YALE SONG.





II.

Le jour de mathématiques,
Quelqu'un s'approche en toussant;
Voici les heures critiques
Rêves d'amour s'envolant.—*Refrain.*

III.

Nul soutien de sa patrie
Ne fut aussi glorieux
Qu'en retournant voir sa mie,
Le *freshman* victorieux.—*Refrain.*

IV.

Quand la feuille se colore,
Encore troubles nouveaux;
Car le nom de *sophomore*
N'allège pas nos travaux.—*Refrain.*

V.

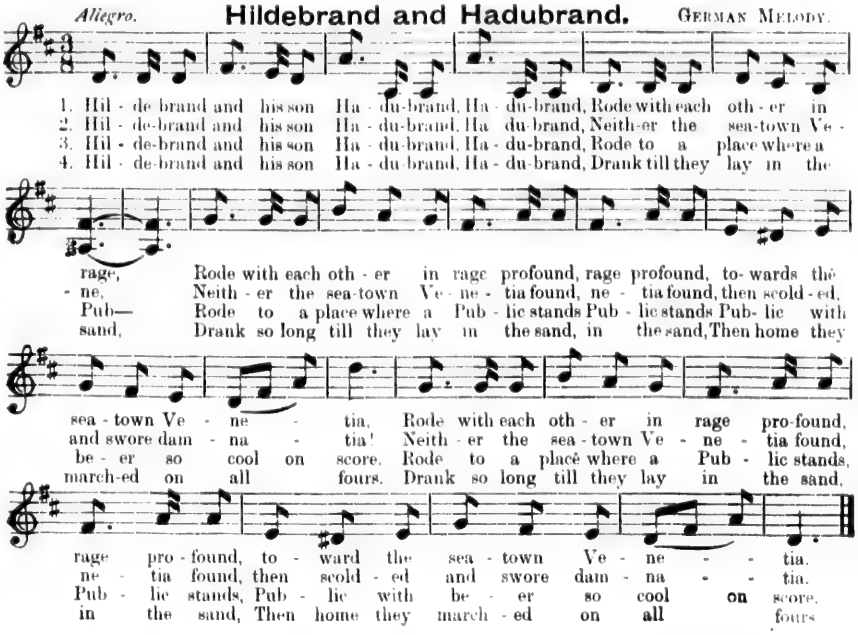
Il faut prendre avec courage
Nos travaux et nos soucis,
Ecouter la voix du sage,
Et des professeurs l'avis.—*Refrain.*

VI.

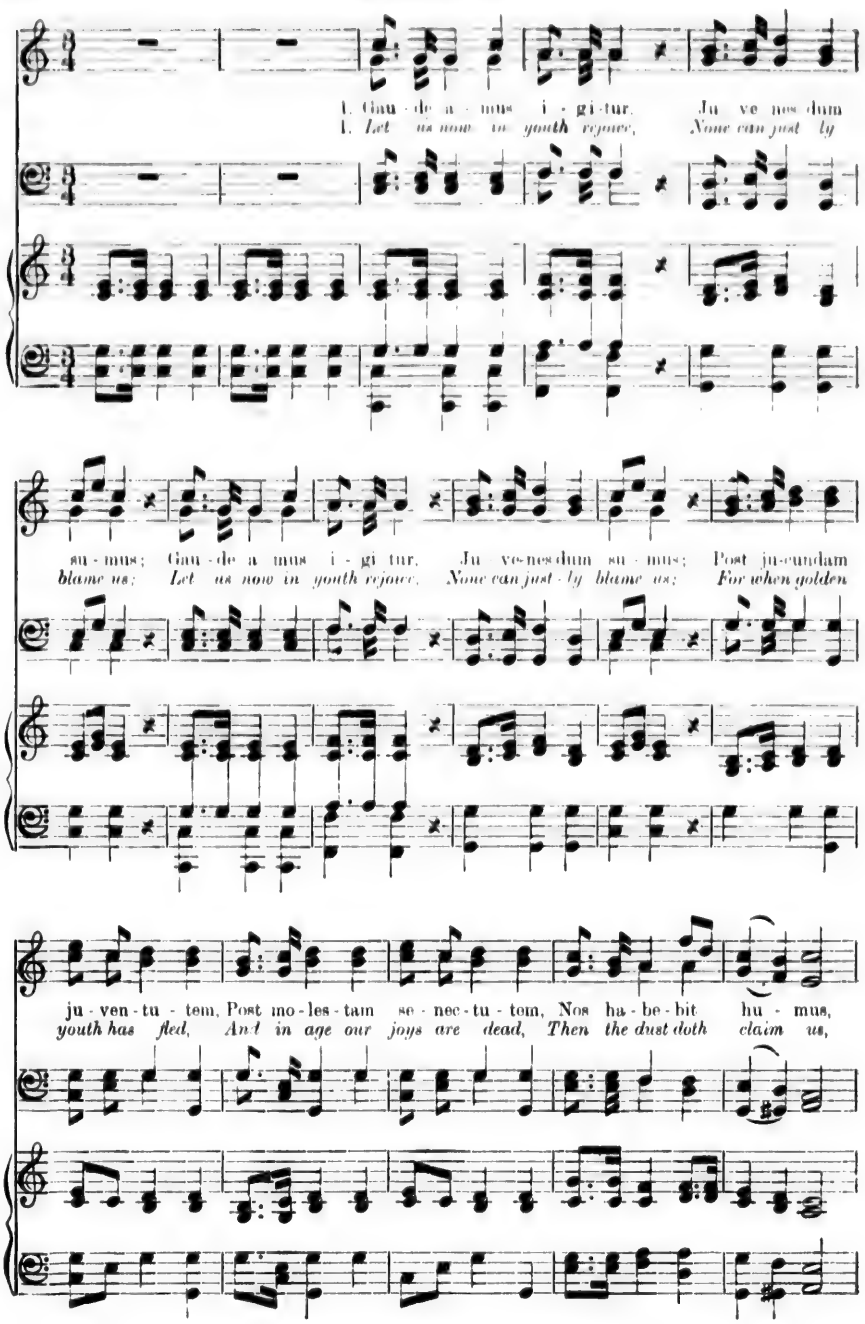
Si poursuivant la sagesse
Leur crâne s'est dénudé
Leur esprit dan la vieillesse
Croyez-moi ils l'ont gardé.—*Refrain.*

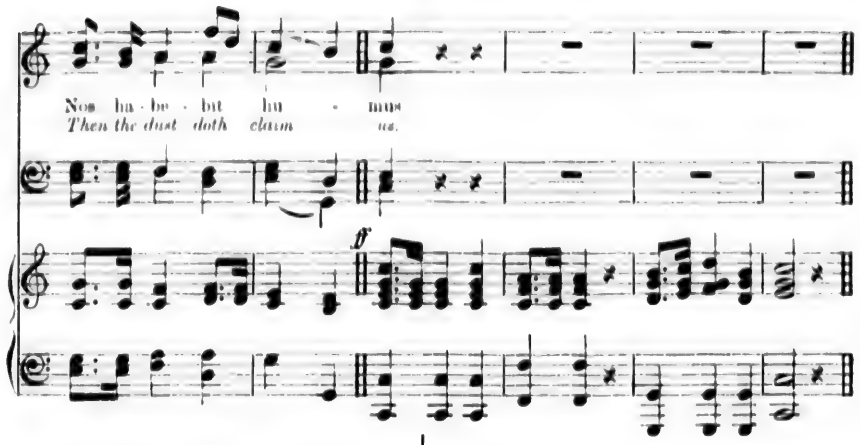
Hildebrand and Hadubrand.

Allegro. GERMAN MELODY.



Gaudeamus.


1. Gau - de a - mus i - gi - tur. Ju ve nes dum
1. Let us now in youth rejoice, None can just ly
su - mus; Gau - de a mus i - gi tur. Ju ve-nes dum su - mus; Post ju-cundam
blame us; Let us now in youth rejoice. None can just - ly blame us; For when golden
ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus,
youth has fled, And in age our joys are dead, Then the dust doth claim us,



II.
Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

III.
Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

IV.
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet
Semper sint in flore.

V.
Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

VI.
Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

VII.
Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

VII.
Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

IX.
Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

"Gaudeamus." TRANSLATED.

II.
Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never;
Seek the gods' serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

III.
Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief—nor will it tarry—
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

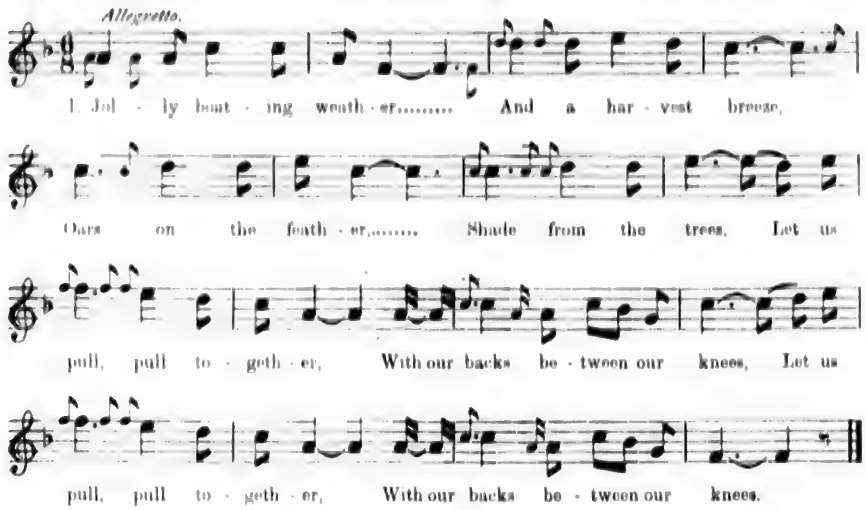
IV.
Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each Professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear
May they leave us never.

V.
Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

VI.
May our land forever bloom
Und'er wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground,
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

VII.
Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too
That would fain deceive us.

Eton Boat Song.



II.

Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row,
But we'll pull on together,
Steady from stern to bow;
And nothing on earth shall sever
The chain that unites us now. } *bis.*

III.

Others may fill our places,
Dressed in the old Light-blue,
But we'll recollect our races,
And to our flag prove true,
And youth will beam in our faces,
As we cheer on our Eton crew. } *bis.*

IV.

Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools,
And we'll be slow on the feather;
And seem to the boys old fools;
But we'll pull, pull together,
And swear by the best of schools. } *bis.*

V.

Skirting past the rushes,
Rustling o'er the leas,
Where the lock-stream gushes,
Where the cygnet feeds,
Let us see how the wine-glass flushes
At supper on Boveney Meads. } *bis.*

To the Past Now Turn Your Faces.

Words by W. McLennan, Law, '80. Air,—*Eton Boat Song.*

I.

To the past now turn your faces,
To the dead your glasses fill,
While a reverent hand now traces
The name we honour still.
Let us all rise up in our places,
As we drink to "Old McGill."

II.

We'll sing of our gracious Mother,
Let "McGill! McGill!" resound,
May she e'er have sons to love her,
May her name and fame redound,
With a future bright above her,
And her faithful sons around.

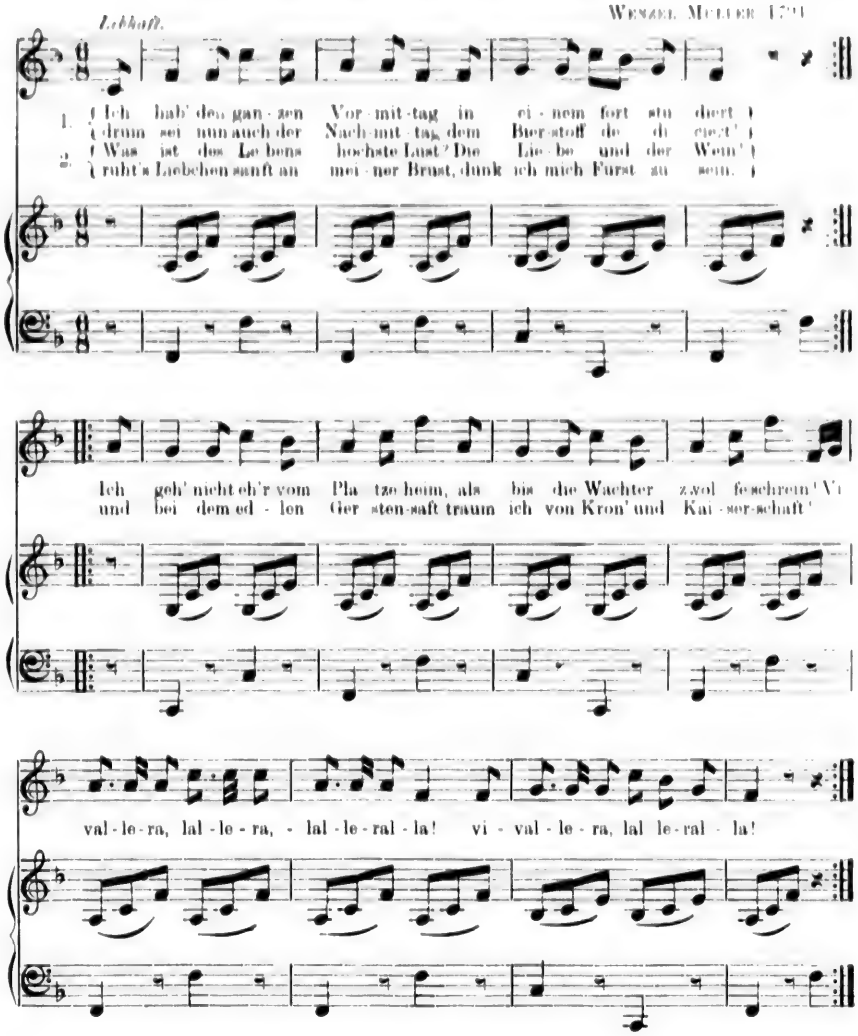
III.

And now that our song has crown'd her,
We'll sing of the well-tried few,
Who, when troubles have gathered round her,
Have borne her safely through;
And we join with the praise of the Founder,
One name that is ever true.

This song was written for a dinner given by Sir William (then Dr.) Dawson, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, 2nd April, 1880.

Ich hab' den ganzen Vormittag.

WENZEL MÜLLER 1791



III.

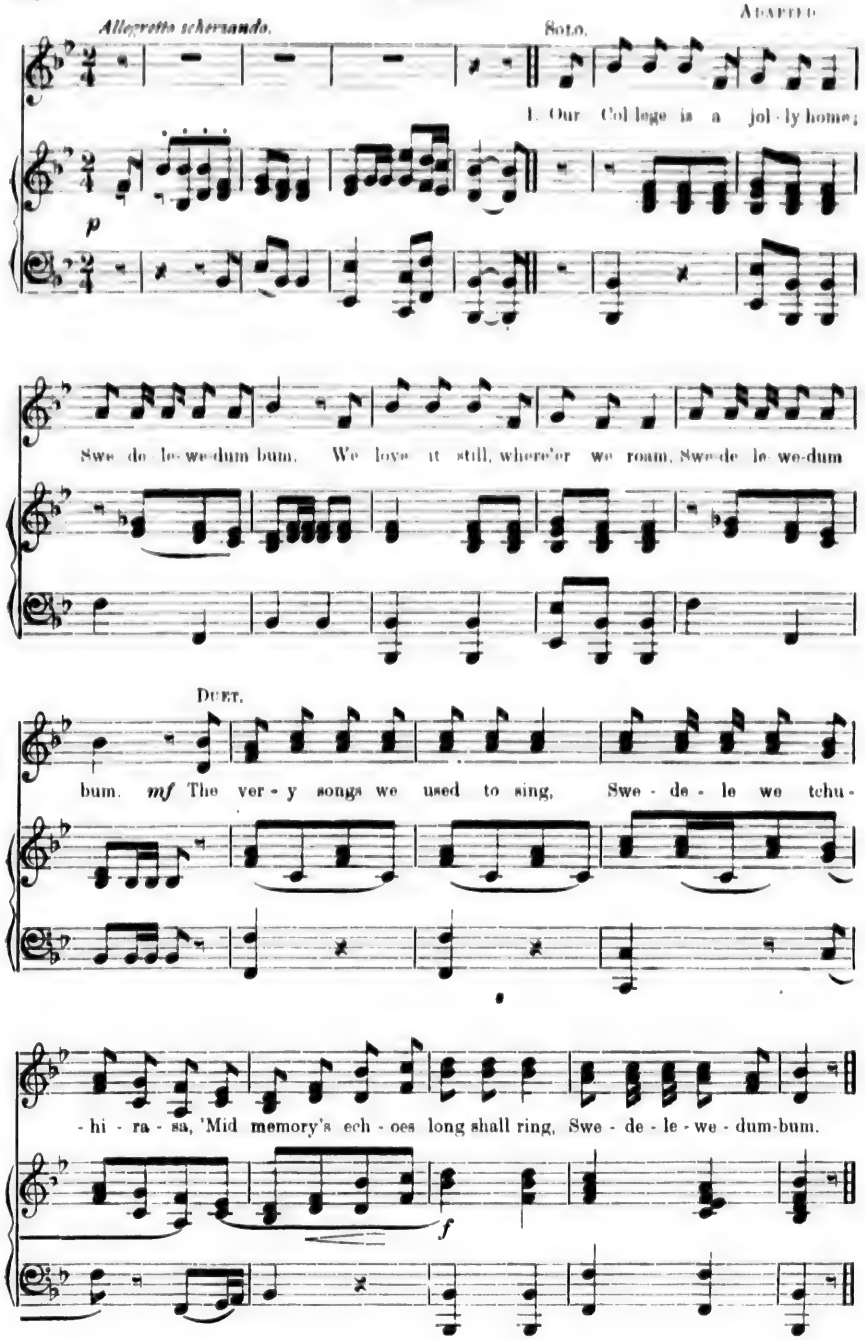
Schon oft hab'ich, bei meiner Seel'! darüber nachgedacht, wie gut's der Schöpfer dem Kameel und wie bequem gemacht; es trägt sein Fass im Leib daher; wenn's nur voll Merseburger wär! Vivallera, etc.

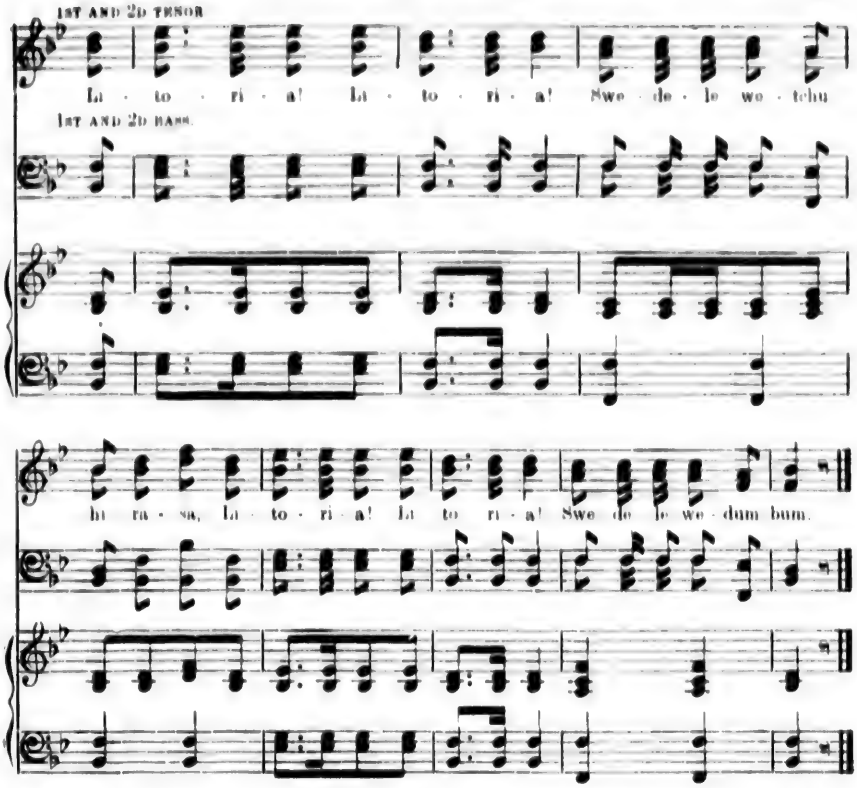
IV.

Wer nie der Schönheit Reiz empfand und sich nicht freut beim Wein, dem reich' ich nicht als Freund die Hand, mag nicht sein Bruder sein; sein Leben gleicht, so wie mich's dünkt, dem Felde das nur Dornen bringt! Vivallera, etc,

V.

Herr Wirth, nehm'er das Glas zur Hand und schenk'er wieder ein! Schreib'er's nur dort an jene Wand, gepumpt muss eben sein! Sei er fidel! ich lass' ihm ja mein Cerevis zum Pfande da! Vivallera, etc.


Allegretto scherzando.
Solo.
Adagio
1. Our Col-lege is a jol-ly home;
p
Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. We love it still, where'er we roam, Swe-de-le-we-dum
Duet.
bum. mf The ver-y songs we used to sing, Swe-de-le we tchu-
-hi-ra-sa, 'Mid memory's ech-oes long shall ring, Swe-de-le-we-dum-bum.
f



II.

As freshmen first we come to McGill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
Examinations make us ill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
But when we reach our Senior year, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
Of such things we have lost our fear, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

III.

As Sophomores we have a task, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
'Tis best performed by torch and mask; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum,
For subjects dead, the students weep, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
And snatch them while the sextons sleep, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

IV.

In Junior year we take our ease, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees; Swe-de-le-we dum bum.
When college life begins to swoon, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
It drinks new life from the wooden spoon, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

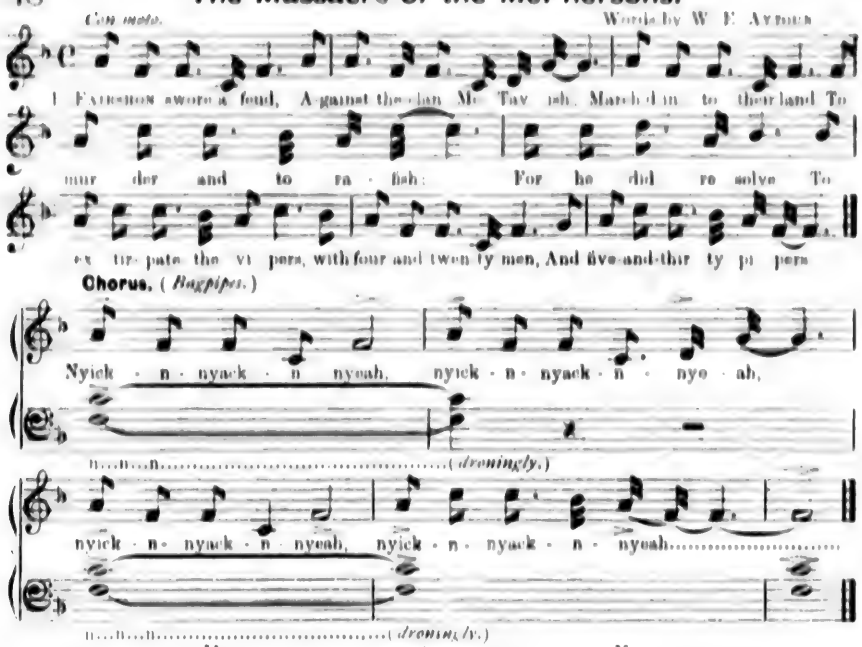
V.

In Senior year we act our parts, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
In making love, and winning hearts; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
The saddest tale we have to tell, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
Is when we bid our friends farewell, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

VI.

And when into the world we come Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
We've made good friends and studied some; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
And while the seasons' moons shall fill Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
We'll love and reverence Old M'Gill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

The Massacre of the McPhersons.



II.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.—*Chorus.*

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight,
Before we touch the peasties,
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails."—*Chorus.*

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."—*Chorus.*

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehavior!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!"—*Chorus.*

VI.

I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his Skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.—*Chorus.*

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood
By drinking up ta water.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale;
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky duty!—*Chorus.*

One Song Before We Part, Boys.

Words and Music by A. Weir

Moderato.

1 One song be fore we part, boys, And let the ech oes
2 An oth - er race is run, boys, On learn - ing's rug ged
3 We'll sail the heel - ing yacht, boys, Or fish in sil very

ring, It comes from ev - ery heart, boys, And that's the way to sing. An
way, And now the rush is done boys, We'll have a lit tle play Good
brooks, Or seek when days are hot, boys, The wood land's sha dy nooks The

1st time Solo, Repeat in Chorus.

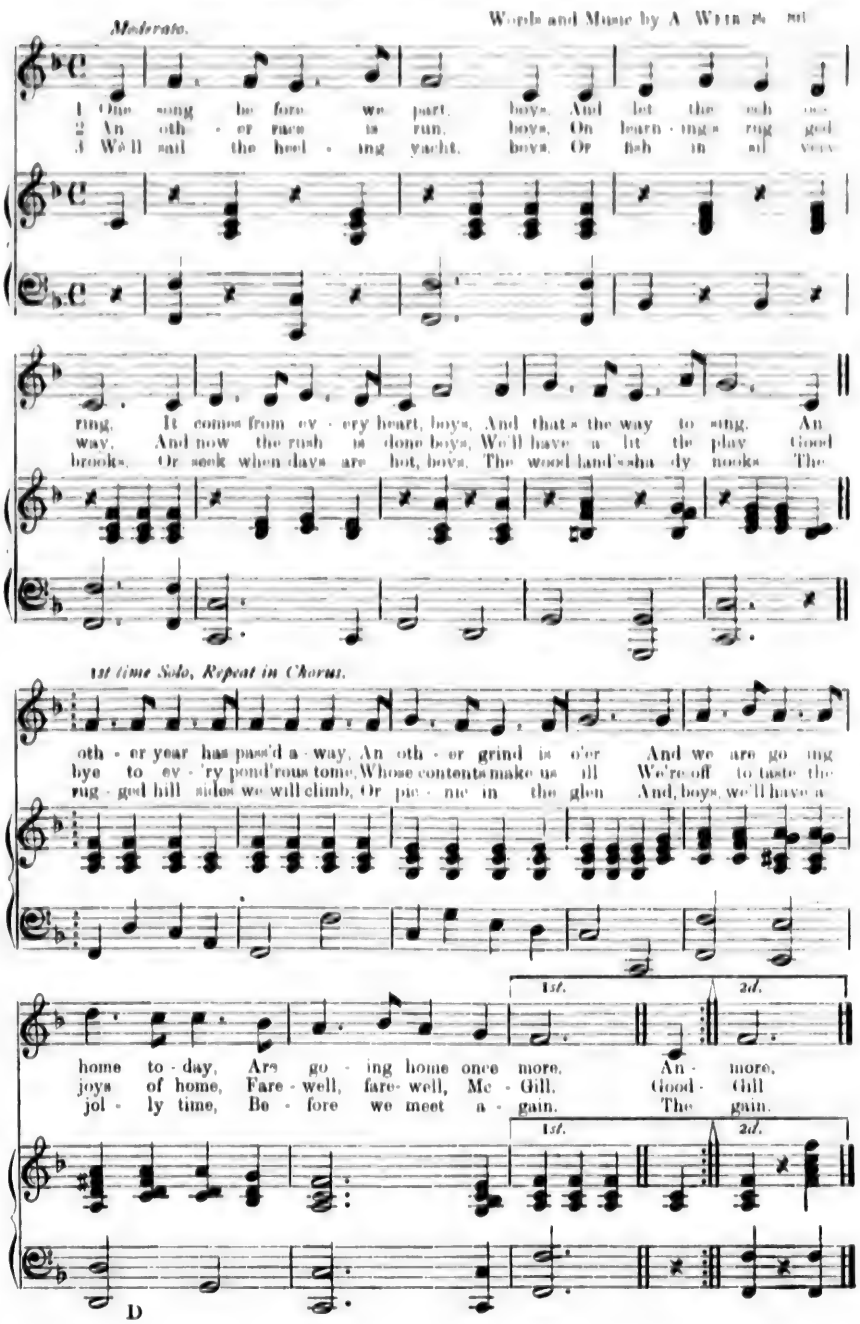
oth - er year has pass'd a - way, An oth - er grind is o'er And we are go ing
bye to ev - 'ry pond'rous tome, Whose contents make us ill We're off to taste the
rug - ged hill sides we will climb, Or pic - nic in the glen And, boys, we'll have a

1st. 2d.

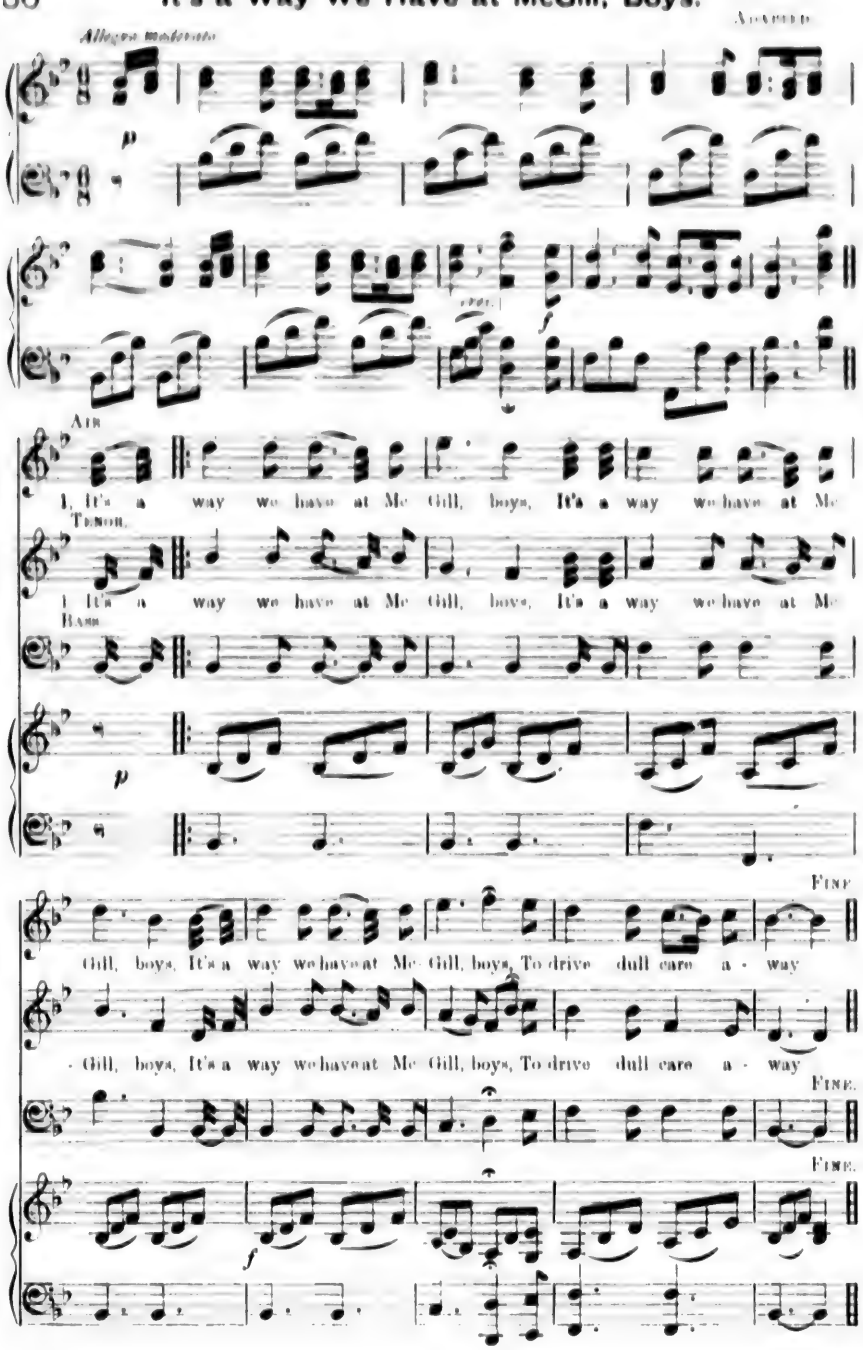
home to - day, Are go - ing home once more. An - more,
joys of home, Fare - well, fare - well, Mc - Gill. Good - Gill
jol - ly time, Be - fore we meet a - gain. The gain.

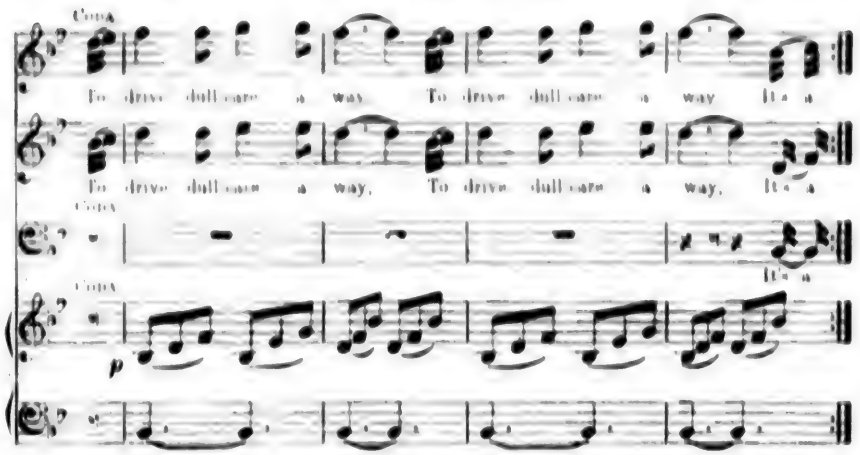
1st. 2d.

D



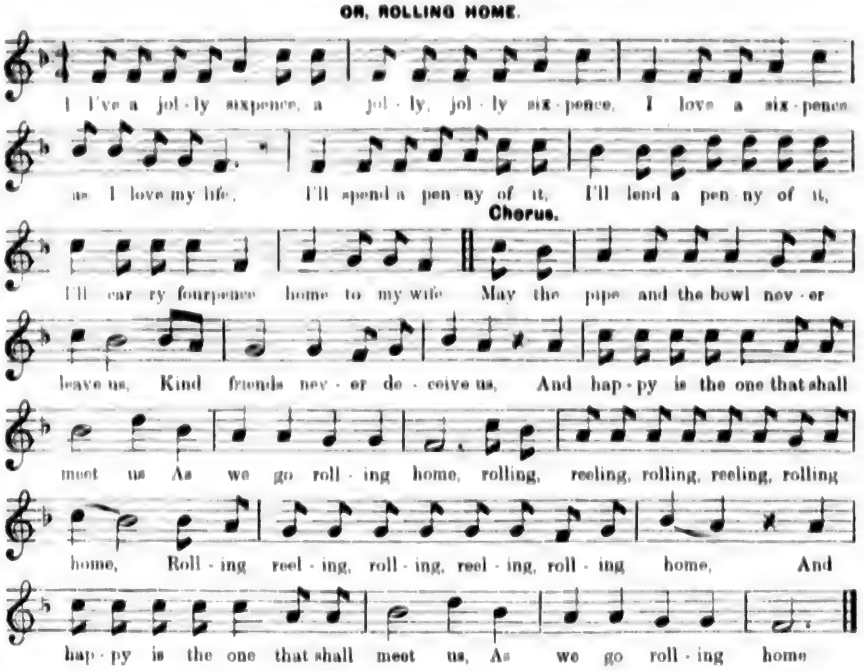
It's a Way We Have at McGill, Boys.





I've a Jolly Sixpence;

OR, ROLLING HOME.



II.

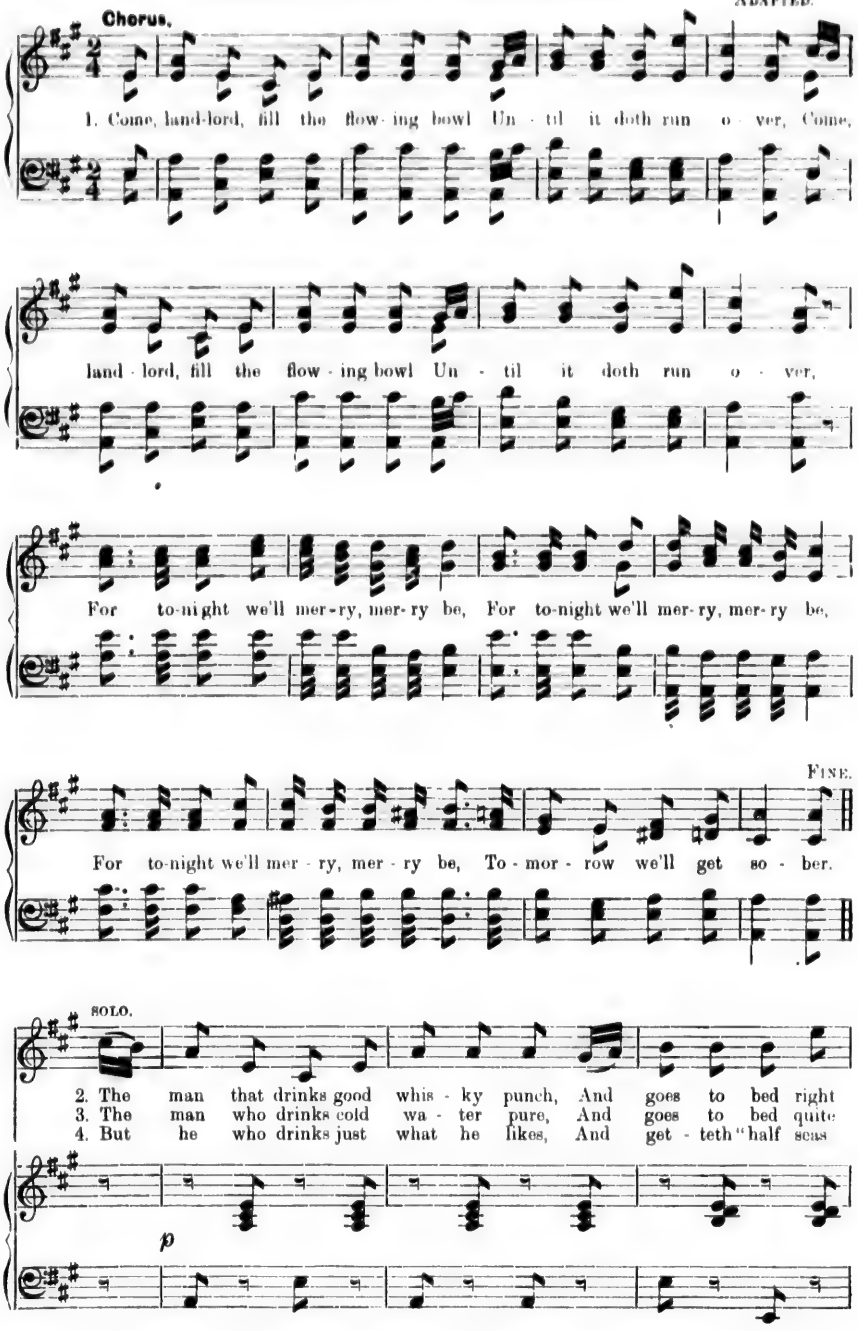
I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
I love a fippence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry threepence home to my wife.—*Chorus.*

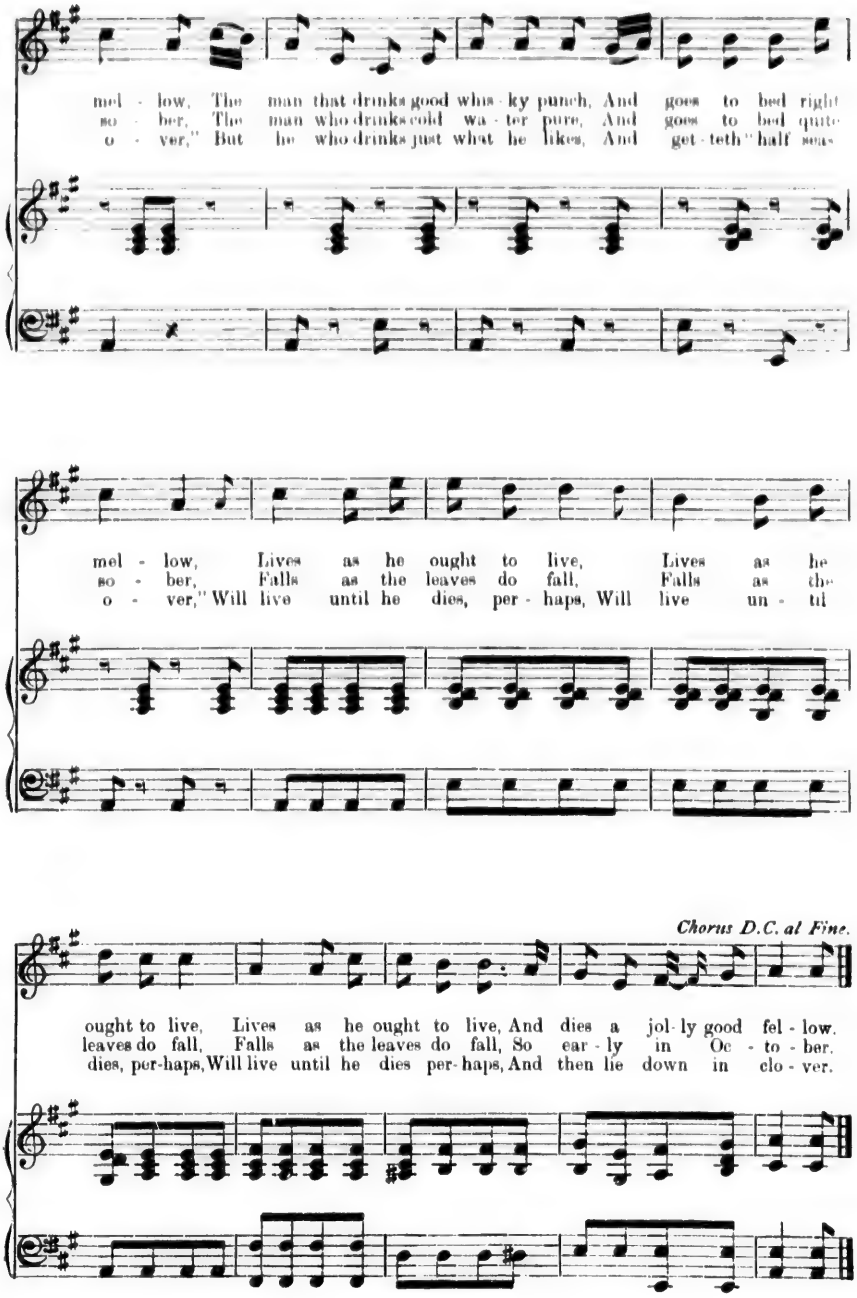
III.

I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love a fourpence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry twopence home to my wife.—*Chorus.*

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.

ADAPTED.

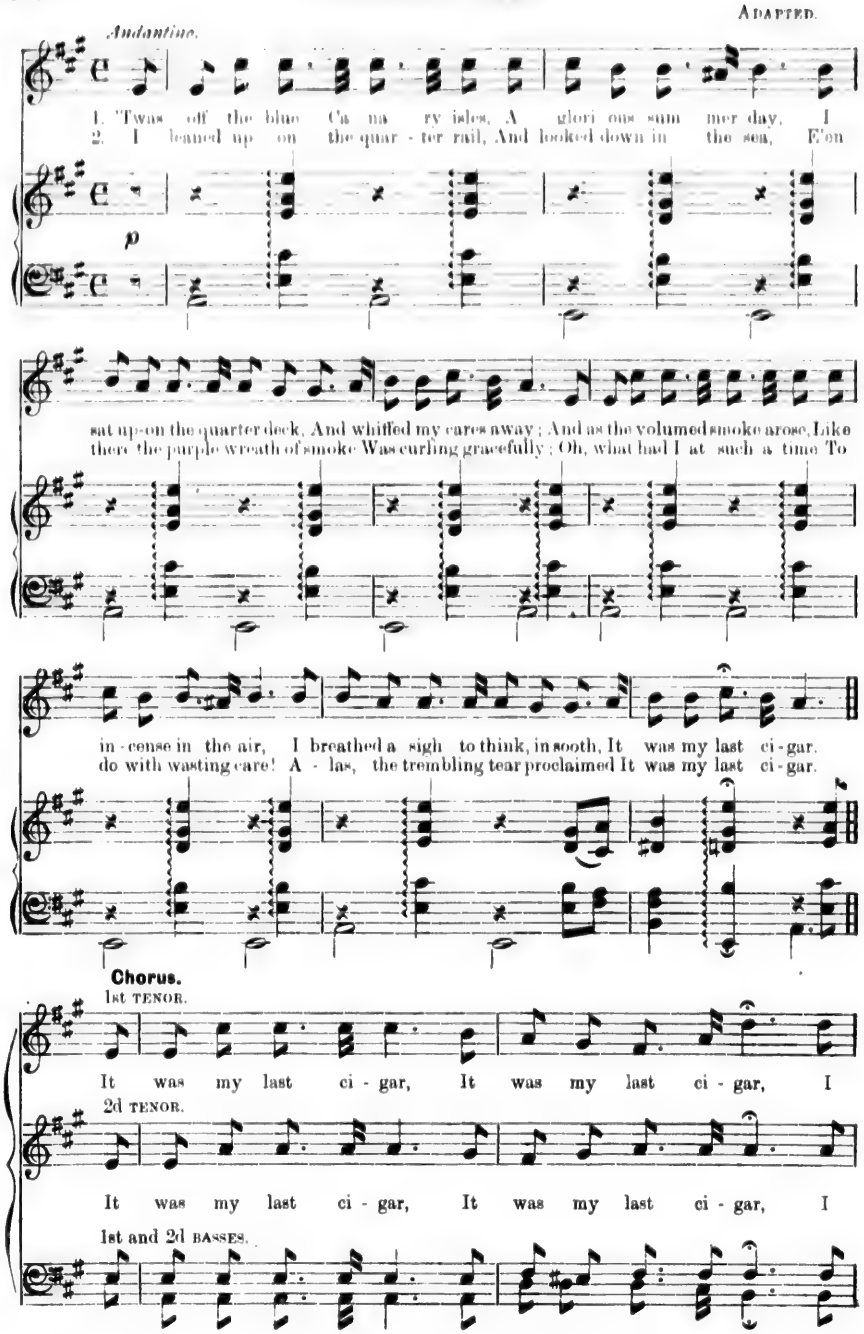



mel - low, The man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right
so - ber, The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite
o - ver," But he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas
mel - low, Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he
so - ber, Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the
o - ver," Will live until he dies, per - haps, Will live un - til
Chorus D.C. al Fine.
ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly good fel - low.
leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall, So ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.
dies, per-haps, Will live until he dies per-haps, And then lie down in clo - ver.

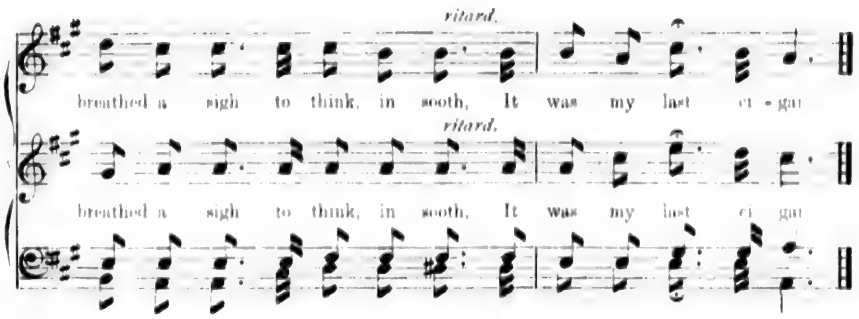
The Last Cigar.

ADAPTED.

Andantino.



The Last Cigar. Concluded.



III.

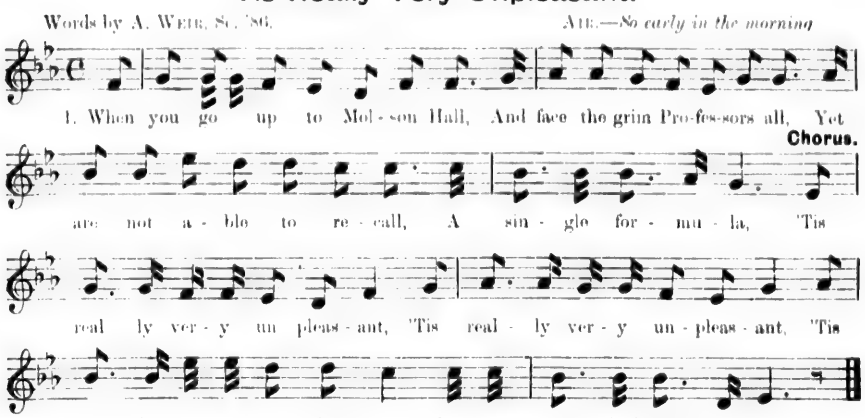
I watched the ashes as it came,
Fast drawing toward the end:
I watched it as a friend, would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on;
It vanished into air:
I threw it from me, spare the tale,—
It was my last cigar.—*Chorus.*

IV.

I've seen the land of all I love,
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar.—*Chorus.*

'Tis Really Very Unpleasant.

Words by A. Weir, Sc. '86. Air.—*So early in the morning*



II.

When we are wandering home at night,
Singing our songs with all our might,
We wake the people who delight
To hear our serenade.—*Chorus.*

III.

And when the policeman leaves his beat,
And dashes wildly down the street,
He'll hear some "freshies" nimble feet
Ring out the wild reply.—*Chorus.*

IV.

When on the frozen pond you skate,
And it gives way beneath your weight,
You'll find—but only when too late—
There's water underneath.—*Chorus.*

V.

And if you see a hornet's nest,
I think you'll find it much the best,
To plot a curve a little west
Of that exciting spot.—*Chorus.*

VI.

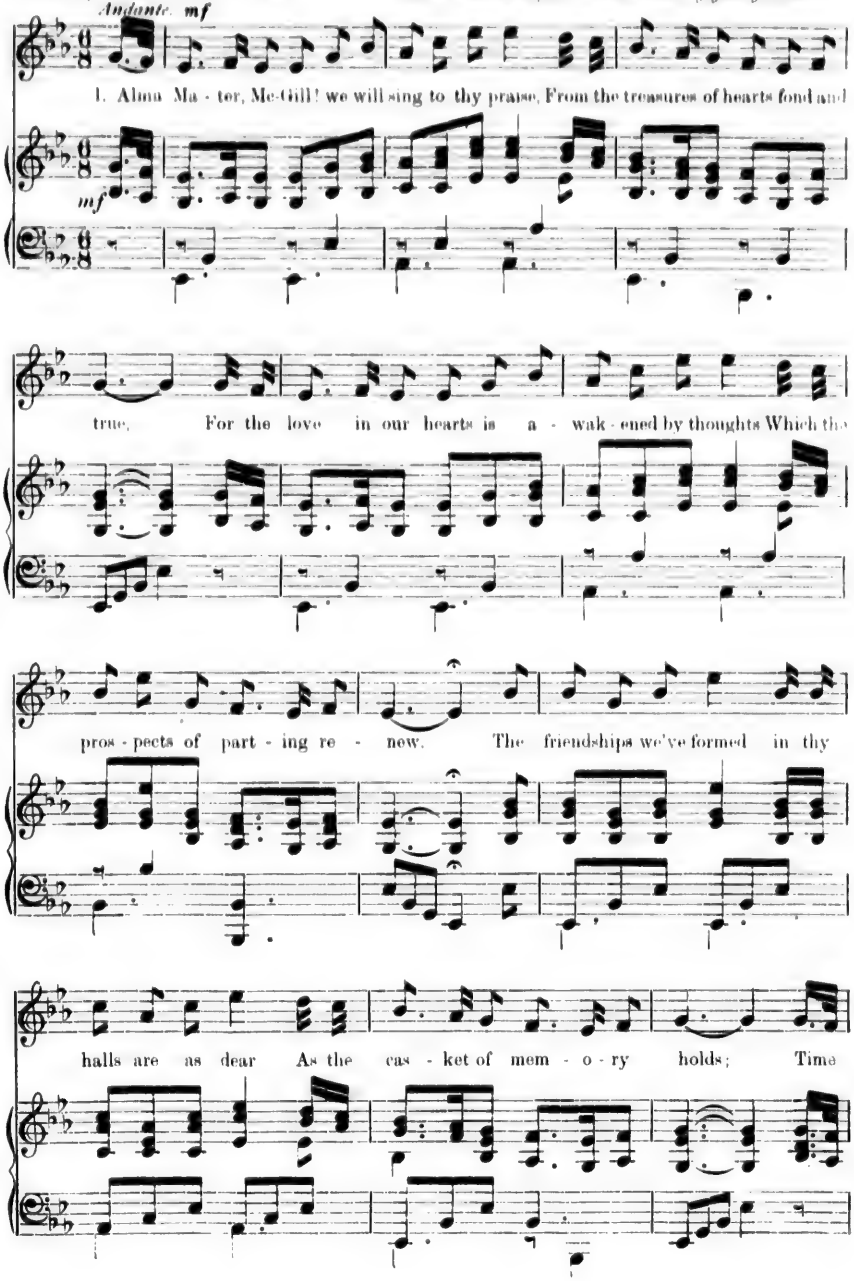
You see a yelling, panting pack,
Tear o'er the ice and poke and whack,
And knock some fellow on his back—
This is a hockey match.—*Chorus.*

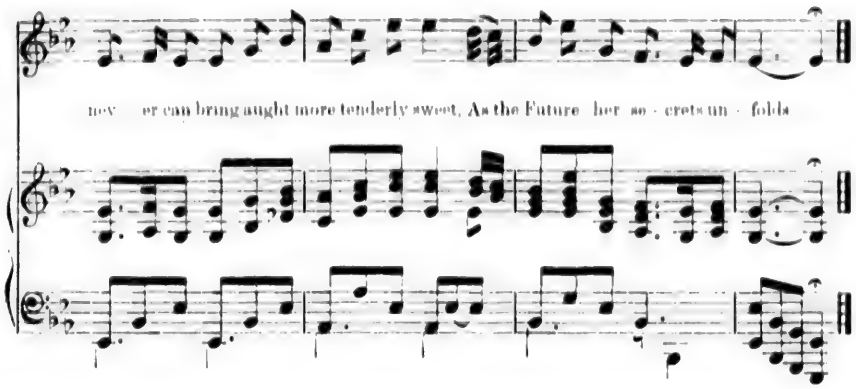
VII.

And if you venture in ungowned
Where P. holds sway, it will be found
That his sweet accents will resound—
"A stranger's in the room."—*Chorus.*

Alma Mater McGill.

Words by J. McDOUGALL, ARTS. AIR.—*Believe me if all those endearing young charms*





II.

Alma Mater, McGill! since we left in our youth,
The loved homes of our earliest years,
Where our fathers had warned, our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blessed through their tears,—
Thou alone wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee;
Till freighted with treasure, thoughts, friendships and hopes,
Thou hast launched us on Destiny's sea.

III.

And you who are taking our places we greet
With warm hearts and with sympathies broad,
We now hail you as brothers pursuing the path
Which we with such pleasure have trod;
Let you.. voices ring blithe as you sing the old songs
That have cheered and blest past College days;
May our loved Alma Mater yet boast of your worth,
May she garland your brows with her bays!

IV.

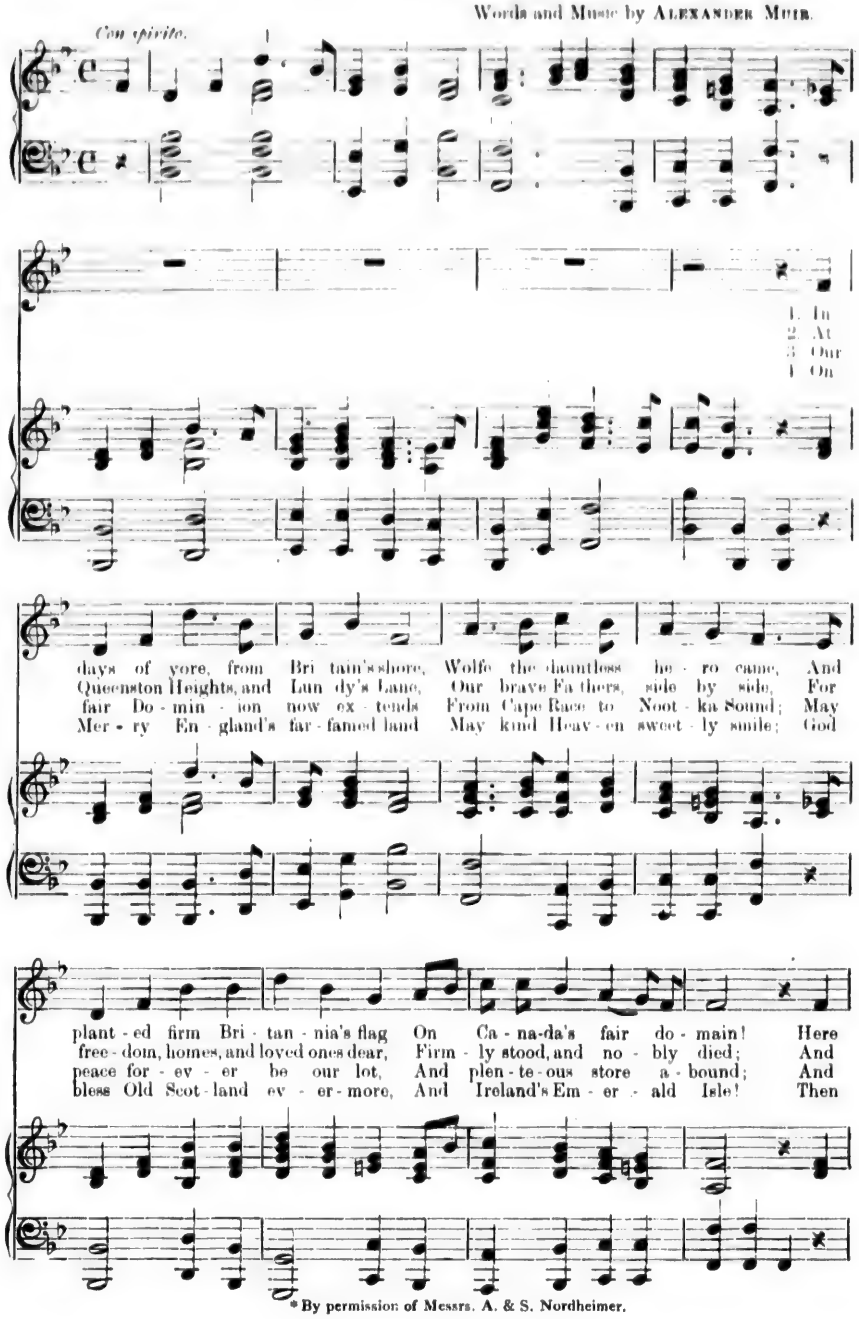
Alma Mater, McGill! thou dost sit as a queen,
On the slopes of Mount Royal, whose crest
Saw the cross and the fleur-de-lis herald the birth
Of an empire—the Queen of the West!
With fair memories crowned thou hast fostered our love
For the country whose name we hold dear;
Thou hast taught us to look to her future with pride,
And her glorious past to revere.

V.

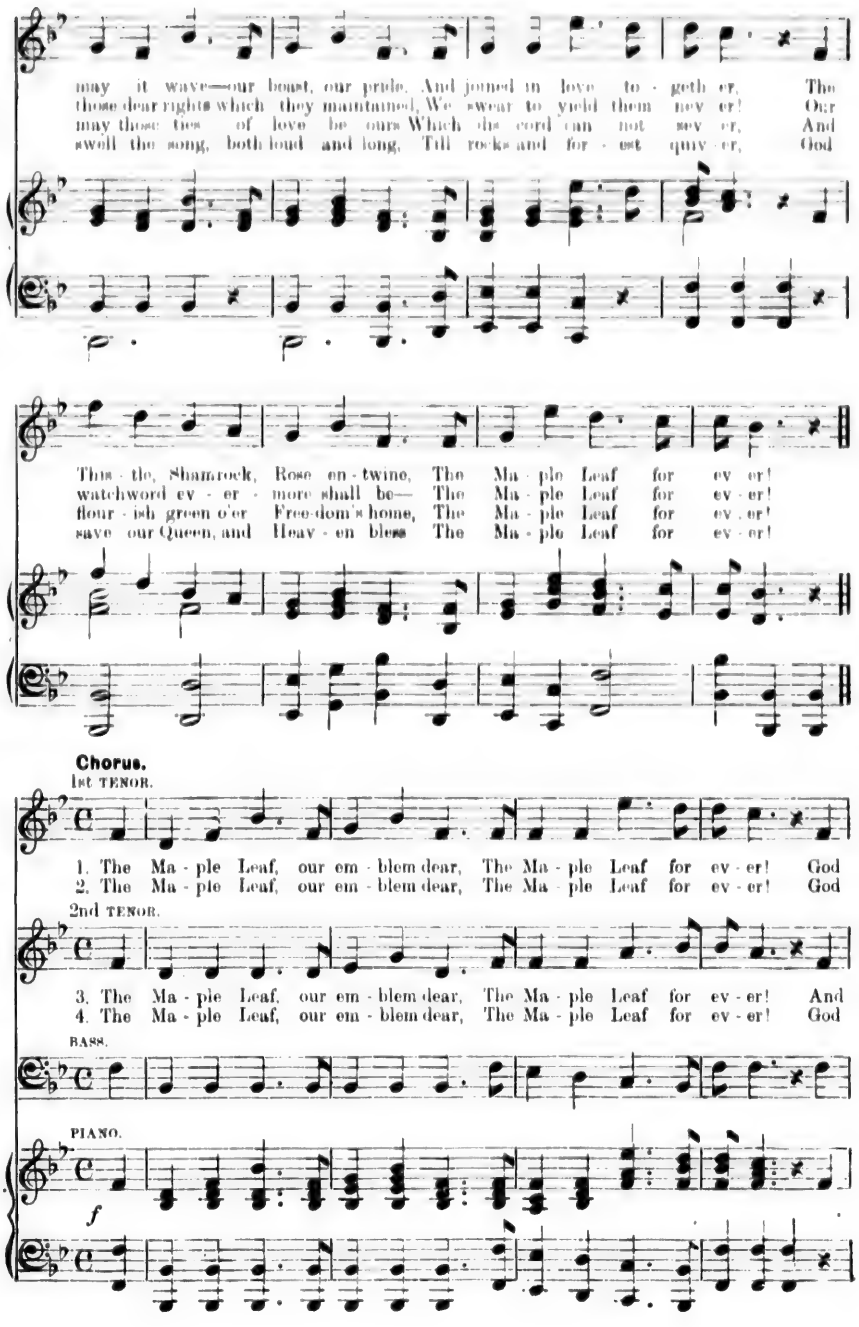
Alma Mater, McGill! thy shades and thy halls,
We shall long to behold them once more,
To revisit old scenes, feel the warm grasp of hands
Of the comrades our hearts loved of yore.
Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright,
Our fond hearts shall follow thee still,
May thy sons and thy daughters all cherish and love
Forever the name of McGill.

The Maple Leaf For Ever.*

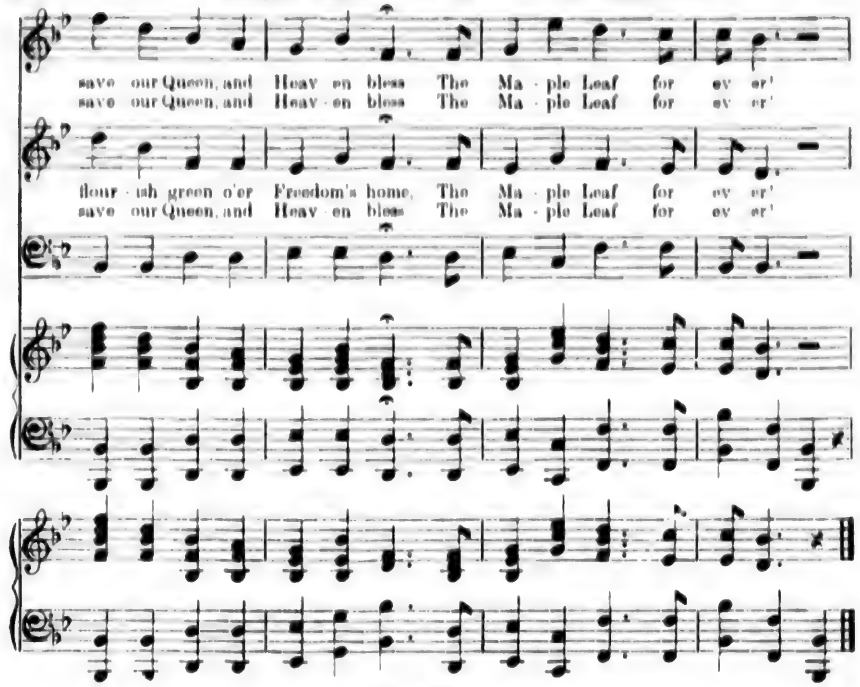
Words and Music by ALEXANDER MUIR.



*By permission of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.


may it wave—our boast, our pride, And joined in love to - geth er, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev er! Our
may those ties of love be ours Which ches cord can not sev er, And
swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv - er, God
This - tle, Shamrock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev er!
watchword ev - er - more shall be— The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
save our Queen, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
Chorus.
1st TENOR.
1. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
2. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
2nd TENOR.
3. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! And
4. The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
BASS.
PIANO.
f

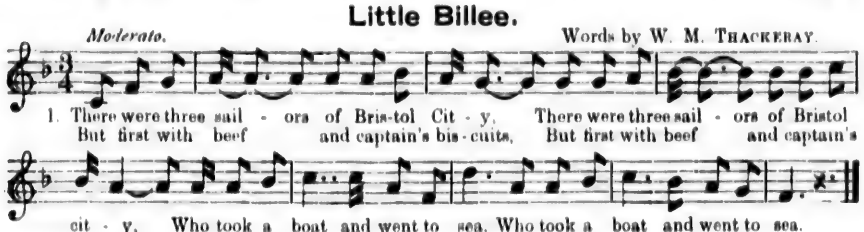
The Maple Leaf For Ever. Concluded.



Little Billee.

Moderato.

Words by W. M. Thackeray.



II.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee,
Now when they got as far as the equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

III.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

IV.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

V.

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

VI.

"First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

VII.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee;
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
When up he jumps—"There's land I see."

VIII.

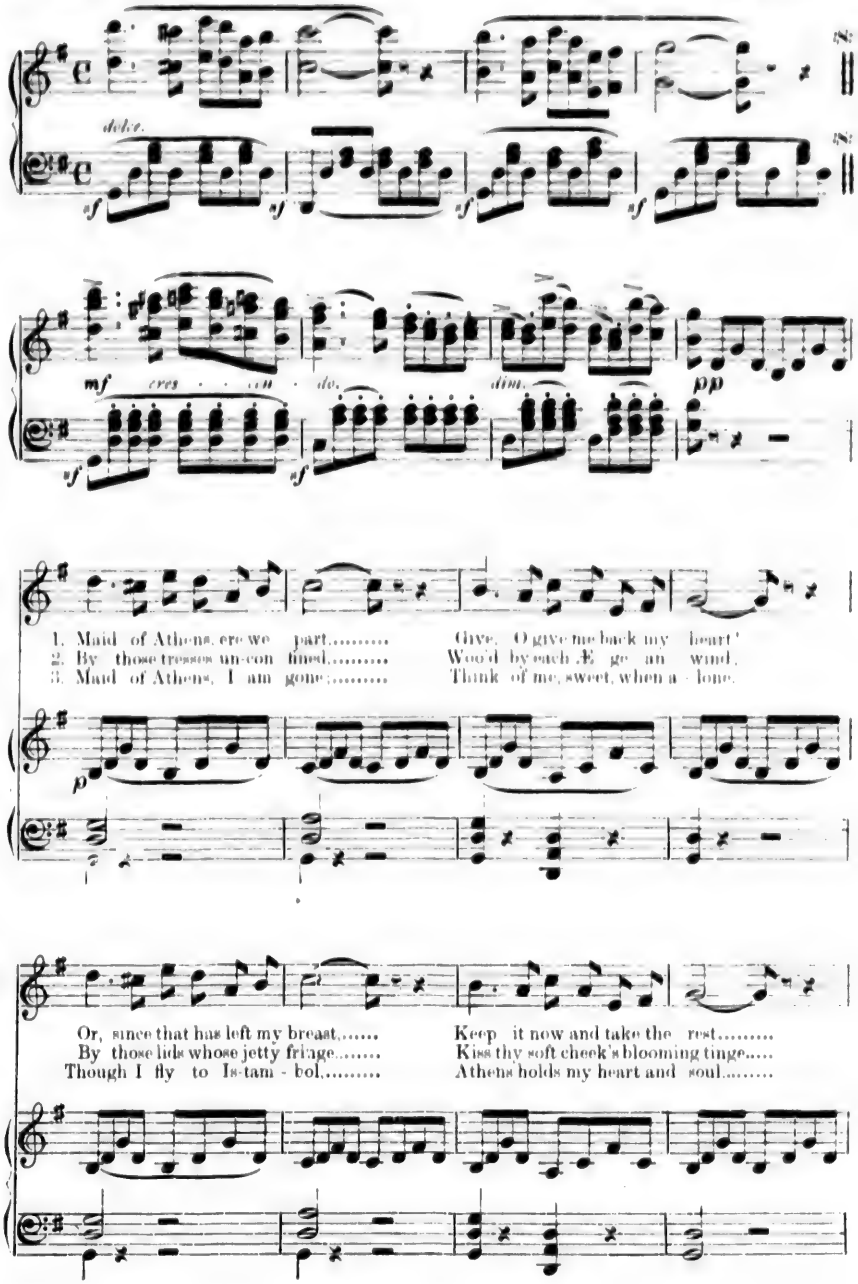
"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
There's the British flag a rlding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

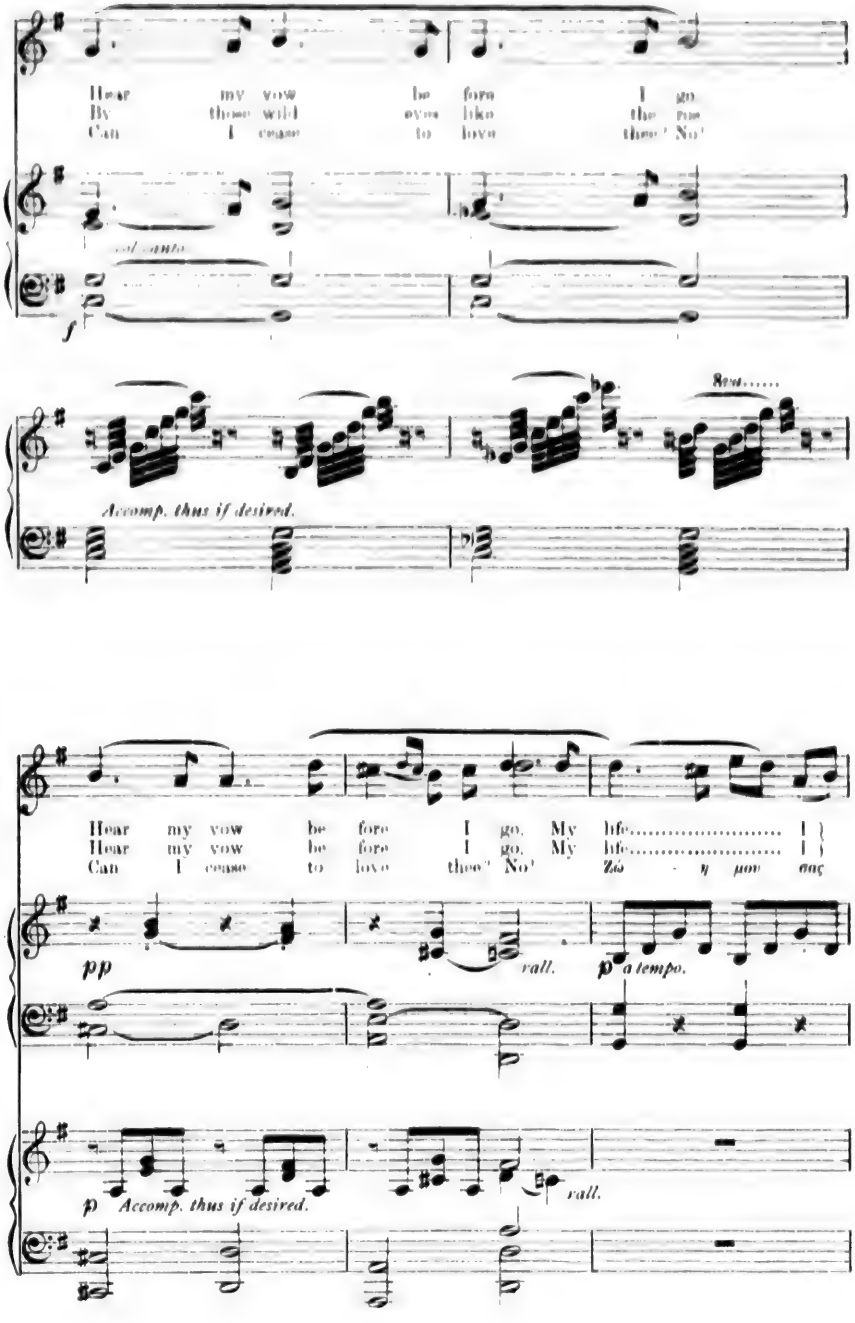
IX.

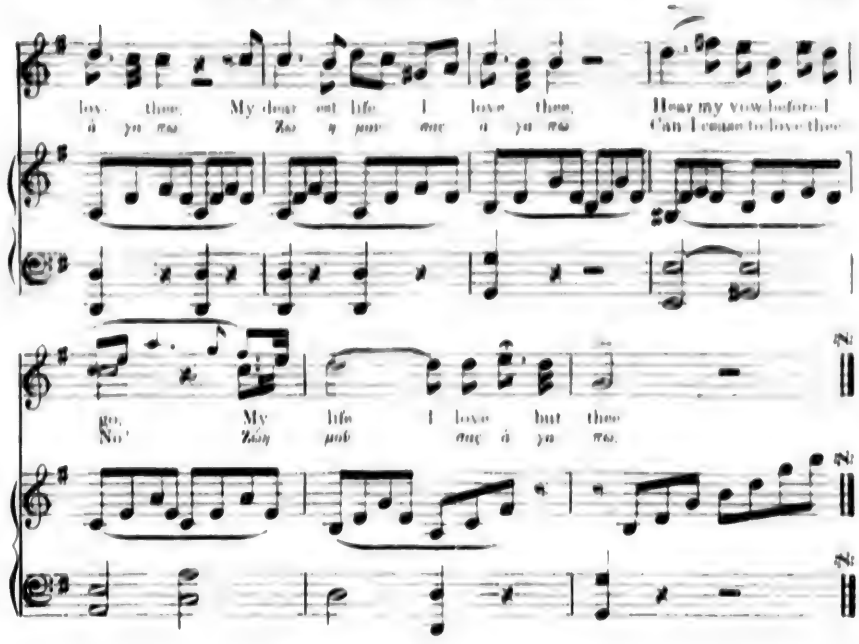
So when they got aboard of the Admiral,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him—
The captain of a seventy-three.

Maid of Athens.

Music by H. R. Allen. Words by Lord Byron.

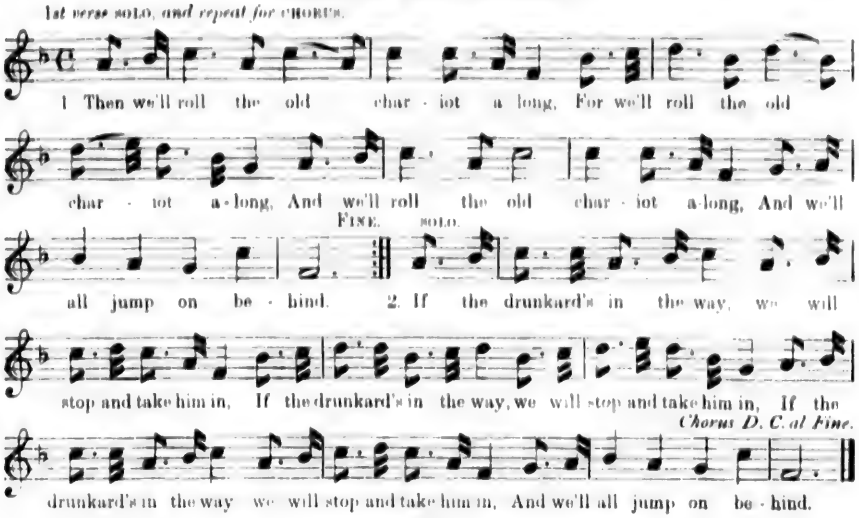



Hear my vow be fore I go.
By those wild eyes like the sun
Can I cease to love thee? No!
col canto.
f
8va.....
Accomp. thus if desired.
Hear my vow be fore I go. My life..... I }
Hear my vow be fore I go. My life..... I }
Can I cease to love thee? No! Ζώ - η μου σας
pp
rall.
p a tempo.
p Accomp. thus if desired.
rall.



Roll the Old Chariot.

1st *verse* SOLO, *and repeat for* CHORUS.



III.

If the "Cops" are in the way, we will roll it over them, (*ter.*)
And we'll all jump on behind.—*Chorus.*

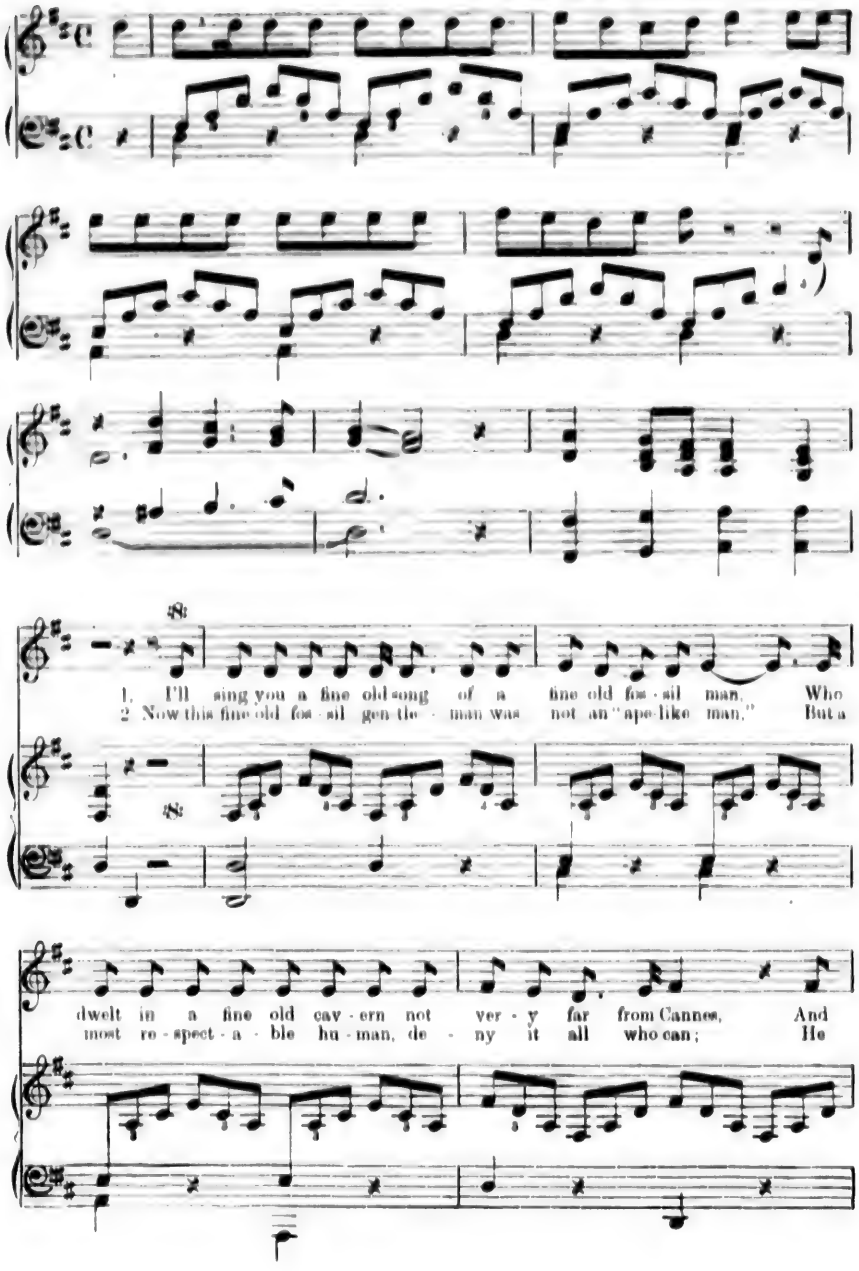
IV.

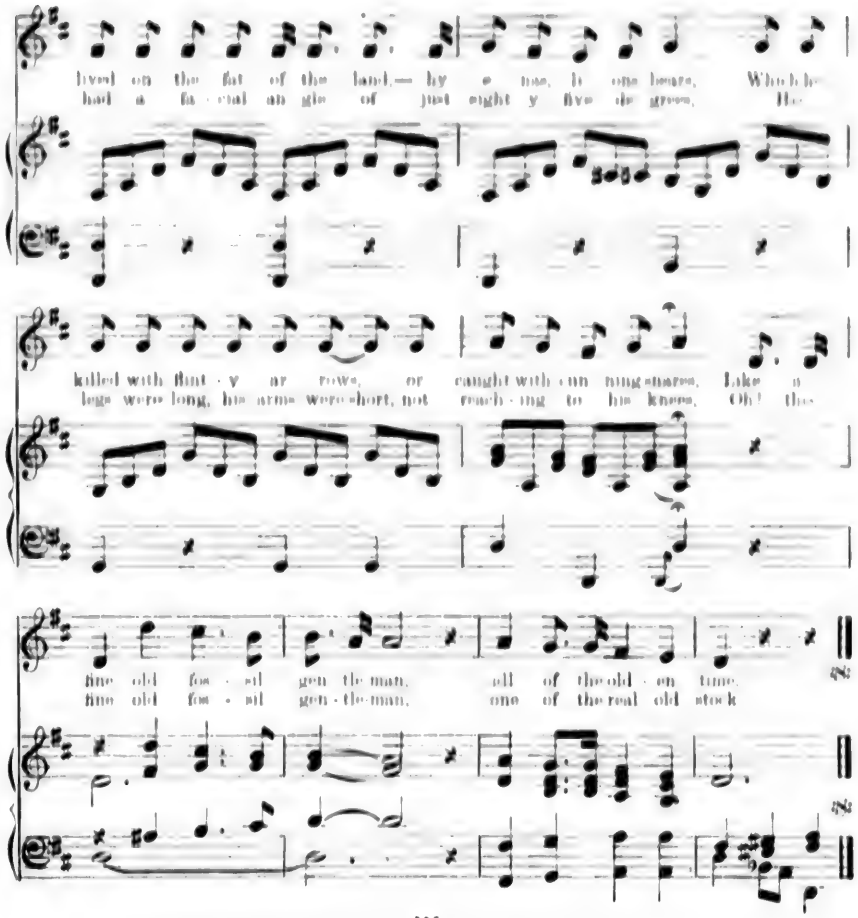
If ladies' schools are in the way, we'll stop and serenade, (*ter.*)
And we'll all jump on behind *Chorus.*

The Man of Mentone.

(A PALÆOLITHIC DITTY.)

Words by B. J. Harrington, Ph. D.





III.

Now this fine old fossil gentleman, he never went to college,
He never burnt the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge,
He never kicked a football, and he never played lacrosse,
And yet for occupation he was never at a loss.
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, one of the olden time.

IV.

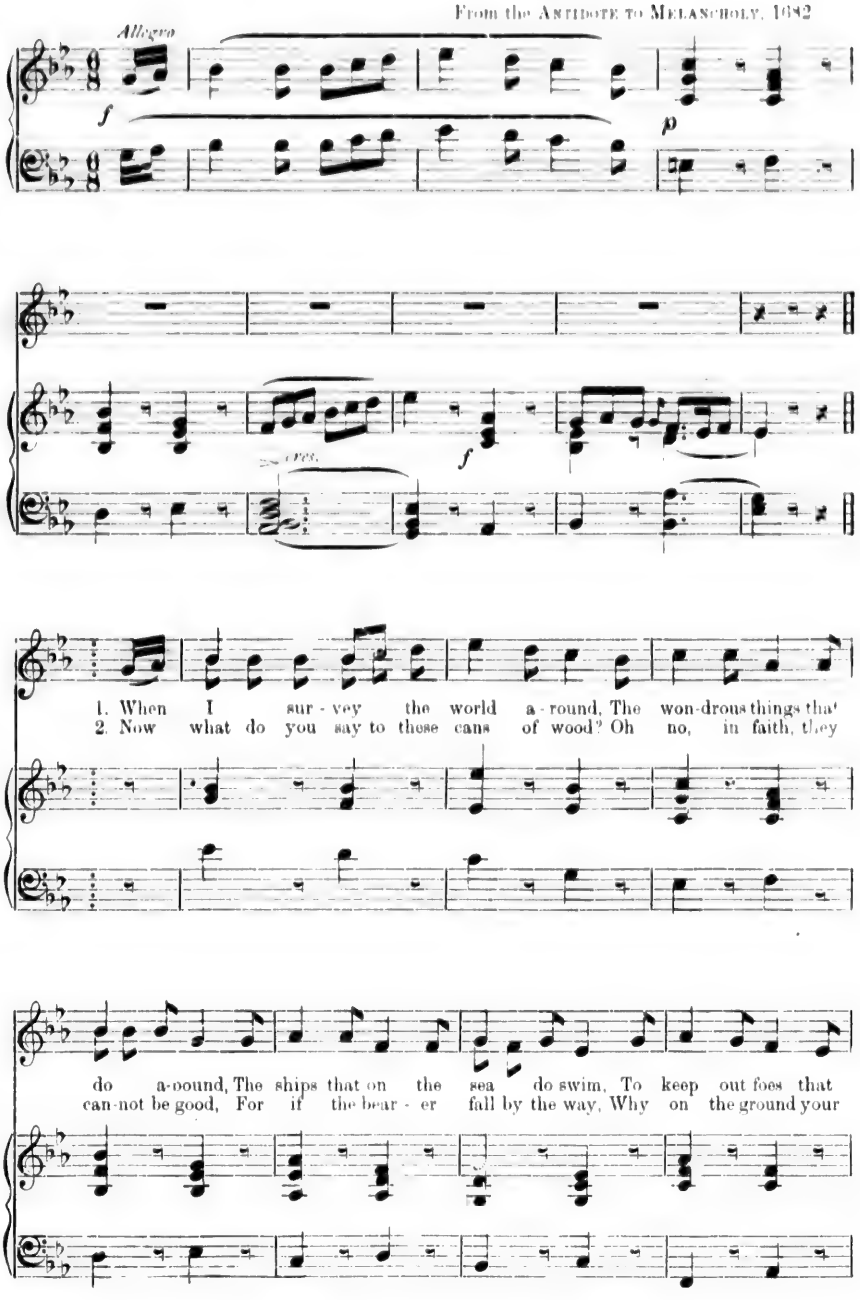
He chipped his stony arrow-heads, he shaped his flexing bow,
He scoured the gloomy forests from dawn till sun sank low;
And many a fierce encounter with mammoth brute had he;
Oh! his was a wild, rough life, indeed, but he lived it manfully,
Like a fine old fossil gentleman, one of that stormy time.

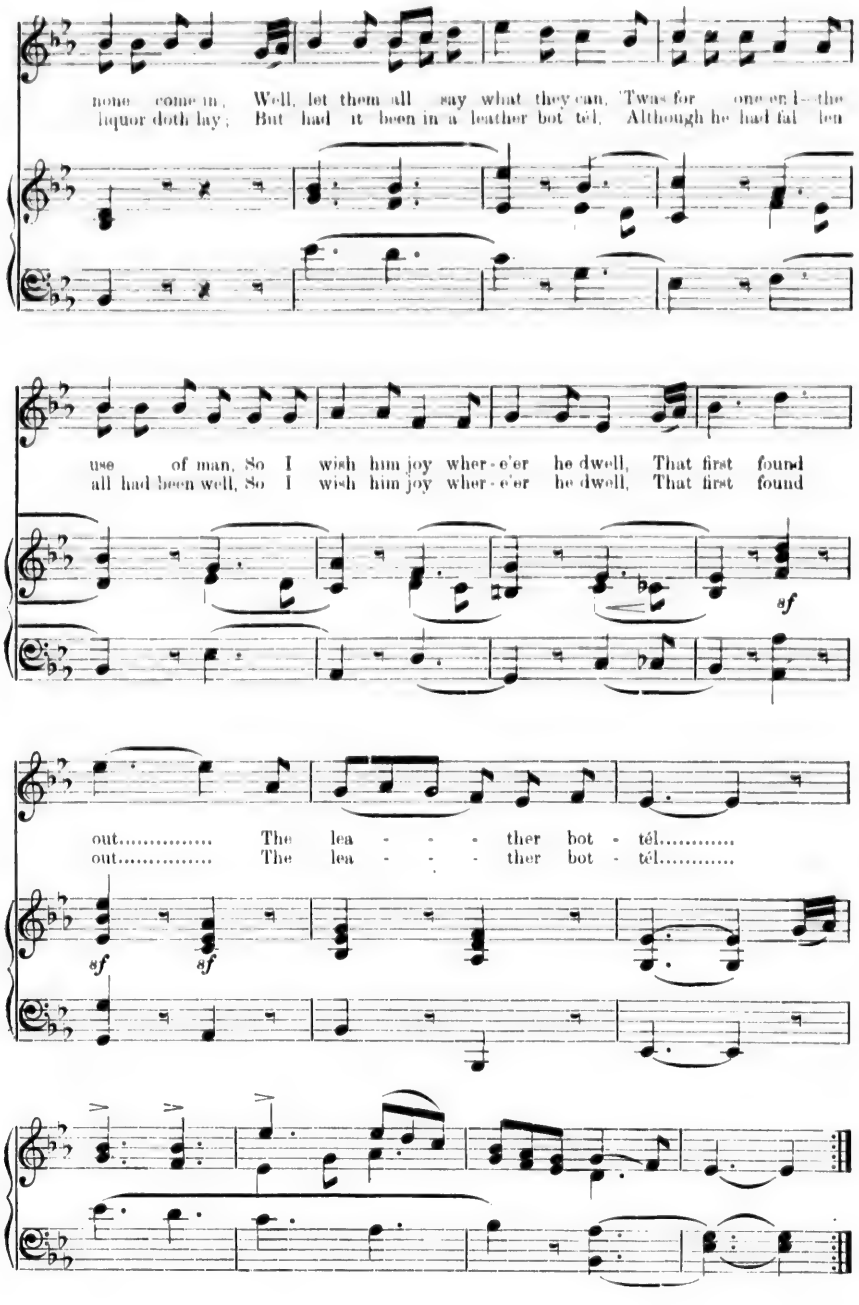
V.

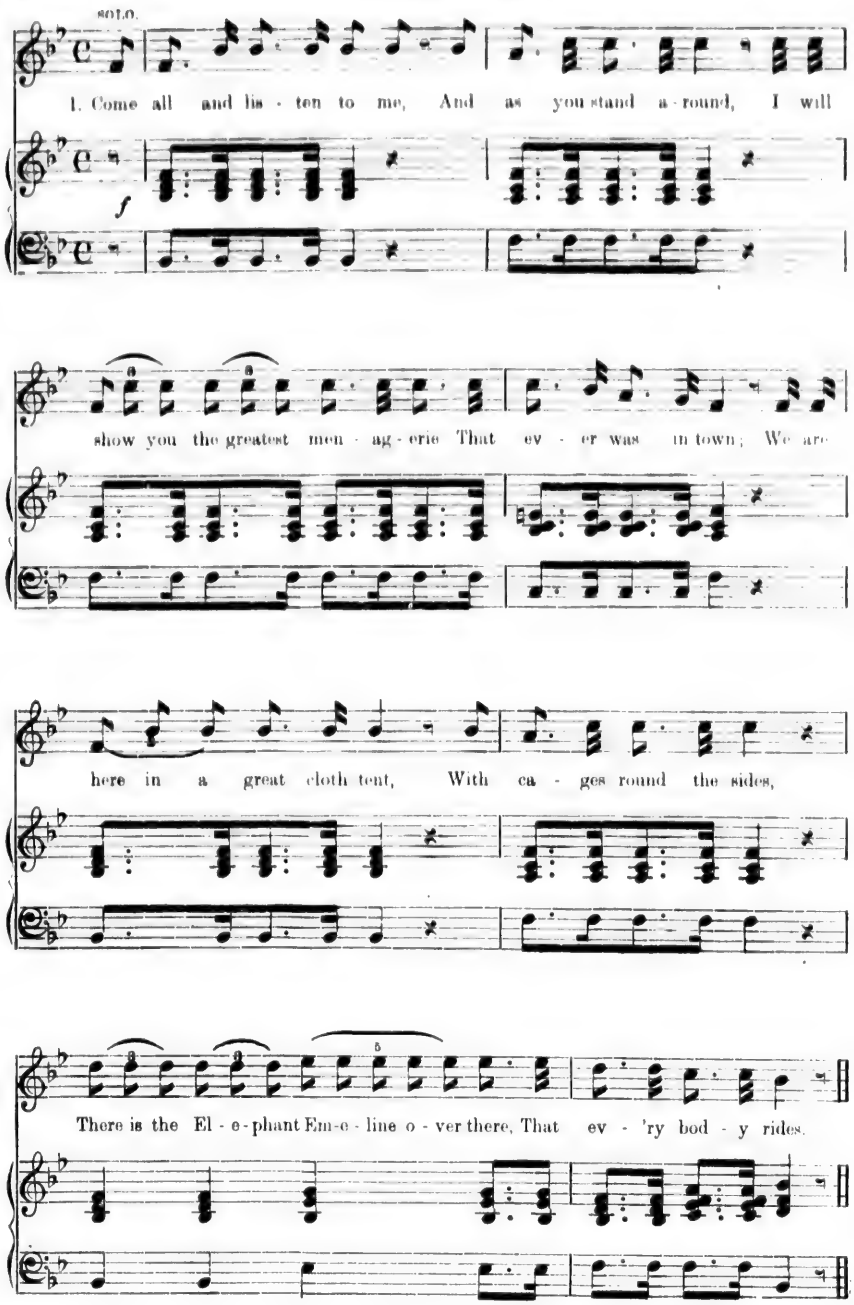
Now this fine old fossil gentleman got weary of this life;
Or, possibly—for who can tell?—got weary of his wife.
He laid him down in peace and slept within that ancient cave,
And there he would be while I sing, had no one robbed his grave.
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, his bones are now at Paris.

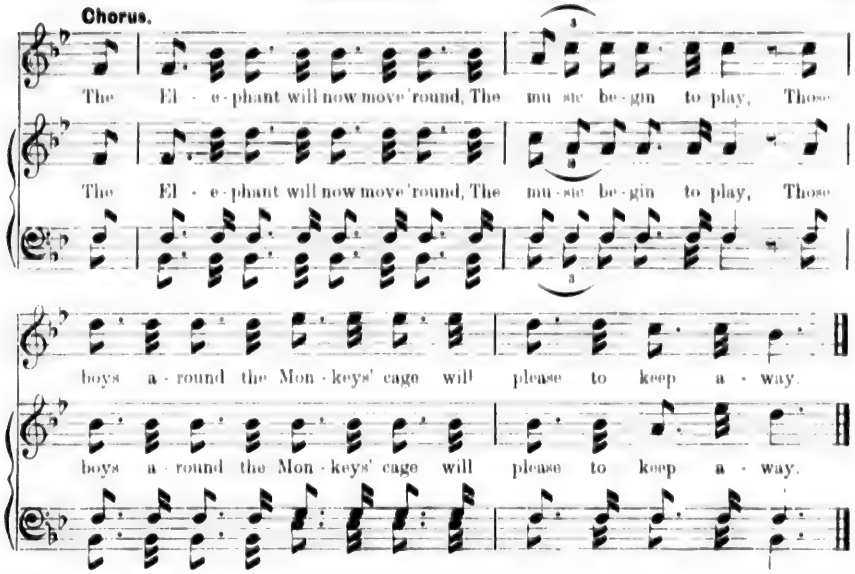
The Leather Bottél.

From the Antidote to Melancholy, 1682




none come in, Well, let them all say what they can, 'Twas for one end the
liquor doth lay; But had it been in a leather bot tél, Although he had fal len
use of man, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That first found
all had been well, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That first found
sf
out..... The lea - - - ther bot - tél.....
out..... The lea - - - ther bot - tél.....
sf
sf


solo.
1. Come all and lis - ten to me, And as you stand a - round, I will
f
show you the greatest men - ag - erie That ev - er was in town; We are
here in a great cloth tent, With ca - ges round the sides,
There is the El - e - phant Em-e - line o - ver there, That ev - 'ry bod - y rides.



II.

Van Amburgh is the man
That owns all these 'ere shows,
He'll get into the lion's den
And show you all he knows.
He'll put his head in the lion's mouth,
And hold it there awhile,
He'll take it out again pretty soon,
And then look round and smile.—*Chorus*

III.

That Leopards never change their spots
He'll prove to be a blunder,
He'll make them lay in this 'ere spot,
Then change to that spot yonder.
He moves among the savage brutes
Not fearing any harm,
They may growl and snarl all that they please,
But he don't care a- —cent.—*Chorus.*

IV.

With the wonderful Rhino-noceros
The programme does begin,
He wades in the water up to his knees,
And then wades out again.
That horn on the top of his nose
Is a tooth-pick he cannot use.
Except to pick up human beings
And shake 'em right out of their shoes.—
Chorus.

V.

Here's the Giraffe Camel Leopard,
With a great long spotted throat;
His head's so high and out of town,
That he aint allowed to vote.
With fore legs long and hind legs short,
He scampers o'er the plain,
And his long legs often rest themselves
Till the short catch up again.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Here's the wonderful Dromedary,
Double breasted in the back;
You see his toes are cracked in two,
So he always toes the crack;
When in Noah's ark, they got him mad,
And drove him round and round,
The Drommy "got his back up,"
And never got it down.—*Chorus.*

VII.

And here's the Golden Eagle,
America's proud bird;
They say he "shouts for liberty,"
But he never says a word.
He puts his head beneath his wing,
Makes seventy-six gyrations,
Then whistles Yankee Doodle,
And shrieks the variations.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

That Zebra standing in the next cage, there,
Too sleepy to kick or bite,
Has a thousand marks across his back,
And nary one alike;
The skin on his face is drawn so tight,
And covered up with marks,
That when he gapes he's sure to wink,
And when he winks he gapes.—*Chorus.*

IX.

The next, the African Polar Bear,
Often called the Iceberg's Daughter,
Has been known to eat ten tons of ice,
Then call for soda water.
The performance can't go on,
There's too much noise and confusion,
Ladies, don't give those monkeys fruit.
It will injure their constitution—*Chorus,*

The Menagerie. Concluded.

X

That speckled snake in the blanket there
Noted for great longevity,
Is Anna Maria Condor Boa Constrictor Snake,
Called Anaconda for brevity
She will tie herself in thirteen knots,
And eat with great voracity.
Swallow her head, turn inside out,
And go backward with great alacrity —
Chorus.

XI.

That Kangaroo that is hopping about,
And cuffing his little brother,
Is not to blame for doing so,
For he learned it of his mother
He measures eighteen feet you see—
I measure with this cane
He's nine feet long from head to tail,
And nine feet back again.—*Chorus.*

XII

Now, John stir up those monkeys,
And Jimmy feed the bear,
Make Christopher Columbus and Washington fight
And pull one another's hair
Here is the monkey "Drooping Lily,"
Of all her friends bereft,
The Ourang Outang is looking love at her,
With his right hand "over the left," —*Chorus*

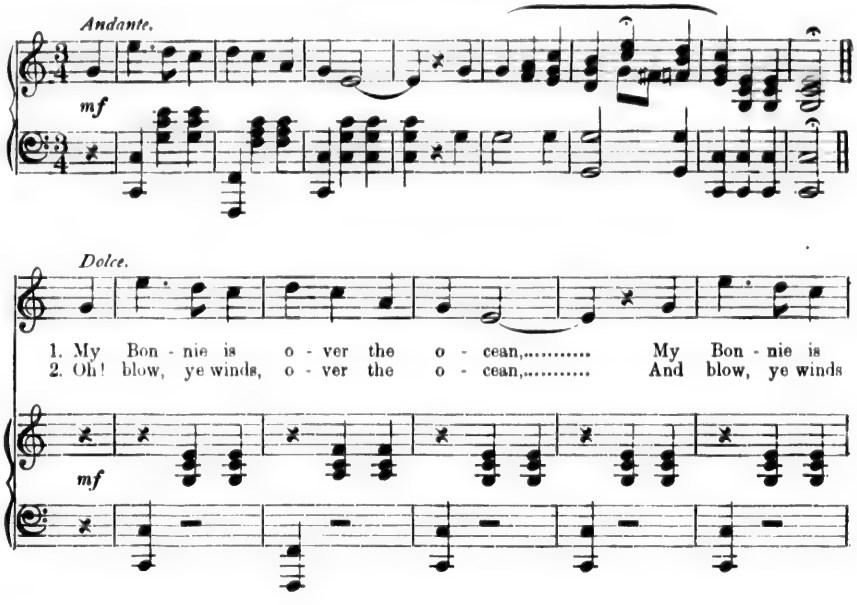
XIII

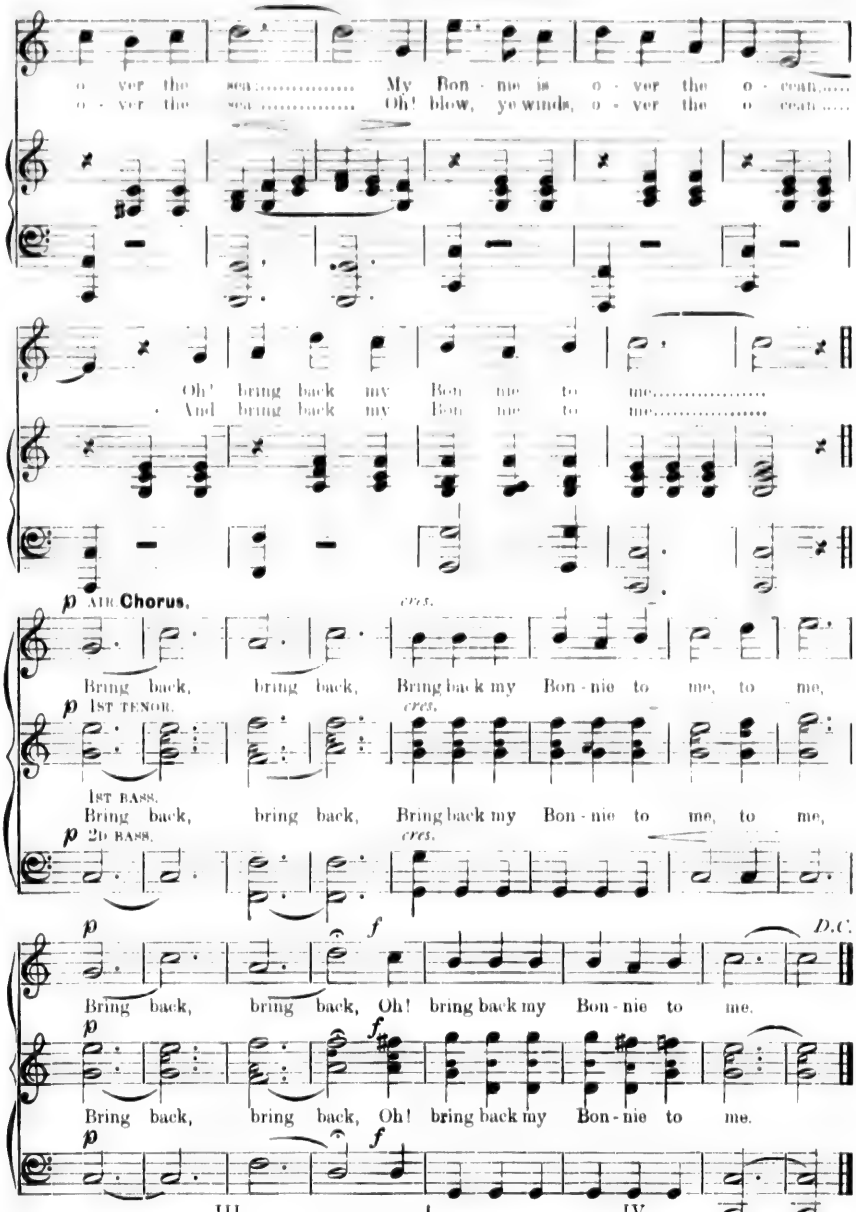
Here is the Crying Hyena, of the insect tribe,
Most wonderful of all,
He makes night hideous and daylight too,
By his everlasting squall.
With tearful eyes he roams about,
And snaps at all the boys,
And once in fifteen minutes
Make this remarkable noise. (Yell.)—*Chorus.*

XIV.

The last is the Vulture—awful bird—
From the highest mountain tops,
He stuffs himself with little birds,
And here his history stops.
The audience will please retire,
The Hyena is getting mad,
The boys have got the monkeys cross,
And Emeline's feeling bad.

My Bonnie.





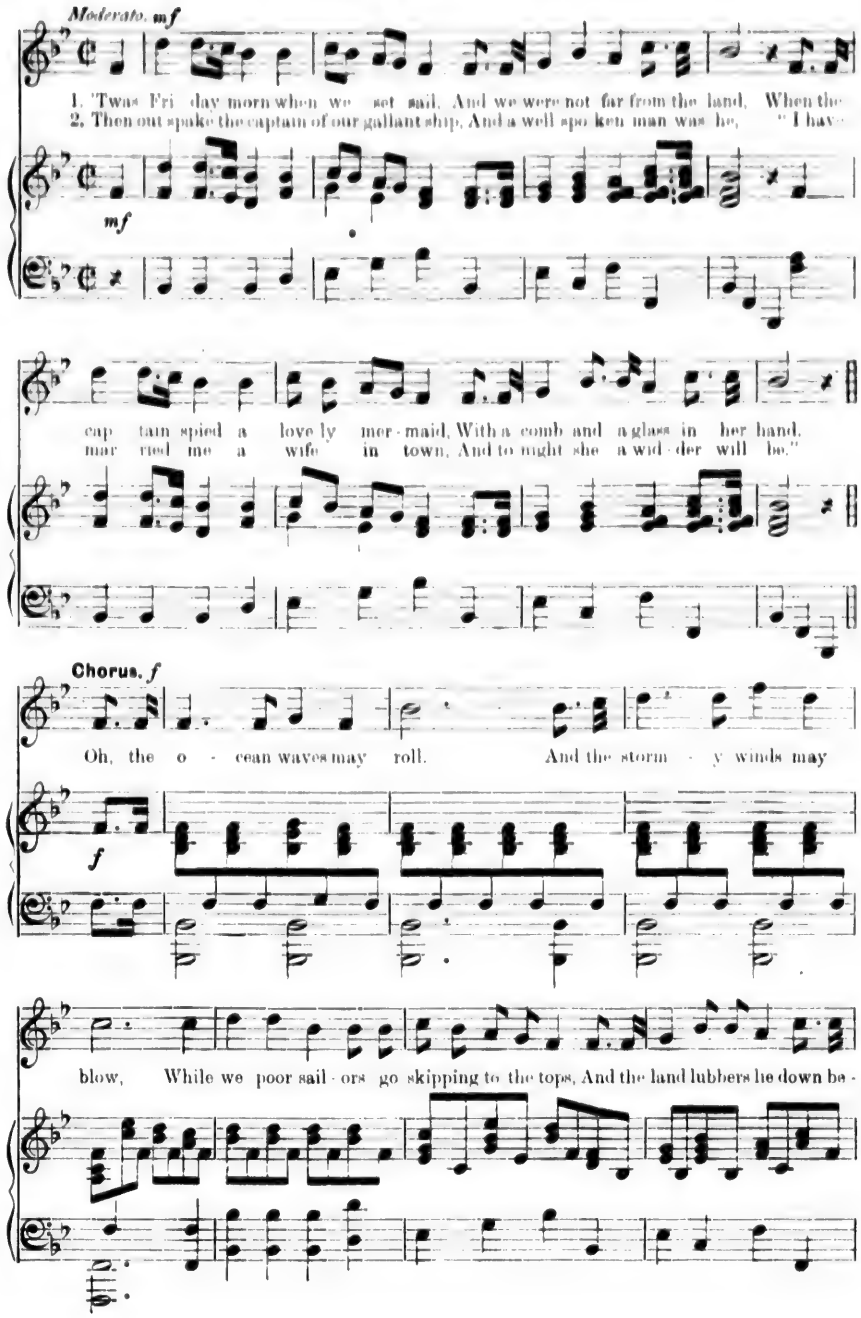
III.

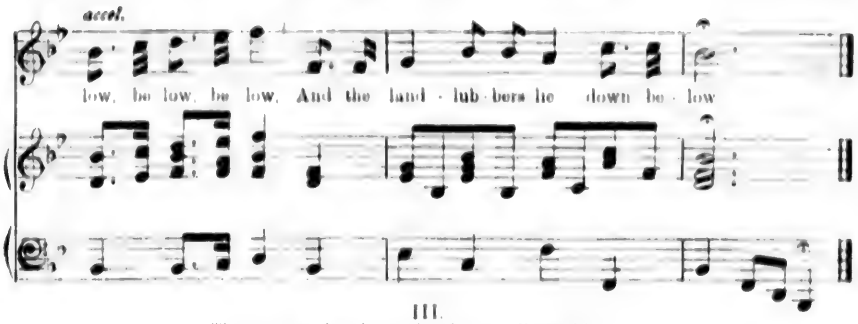
Last night, as I lay on my pillow
Last night, as I lay on my bed,
Last night, as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead
Chorus.—Bring back, etc

IV.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus.—Bring back, etc.

The Mermaid.


Moderato. mf
1. 'Twas Fri day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
2. Then out spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well spo ken man was he, "I have
mf
cap tain spied a love ly mer maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand,
mar ried me a wife in town, And to night she a wid der will be."
Chorus. f
Oh, the o cean waves may roll. And the storm y winds may
f
blow, While we poor sail ors go skipping to the tops, And the land lubbers lie down be



III.

Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cookie was he
"I care much more for my pottles and my pans,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."—*Chorus.*

IV

Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well spoken laddie was he
"I've a father and a mother in Bristol Town
But to night they childless will be."—*Chorus.*

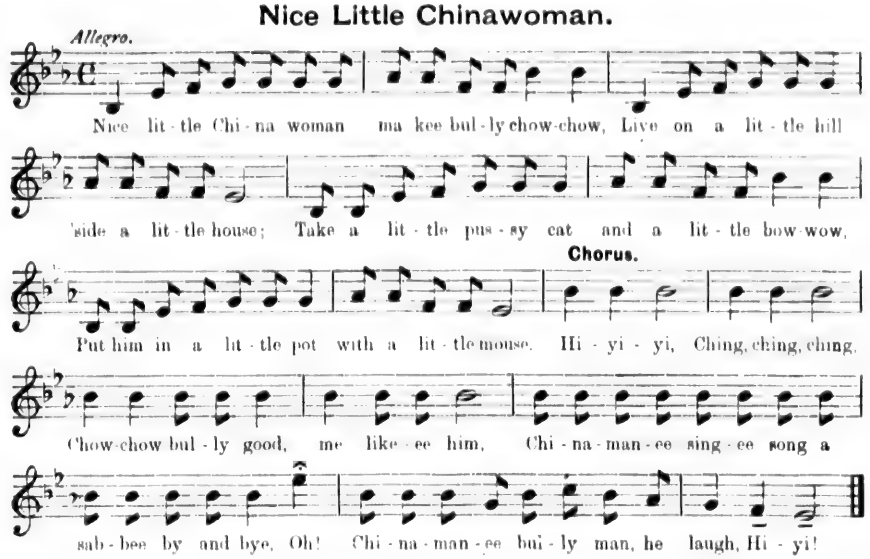
V

"Oh! the moon shines bright, and the stars give light;
Oh! my mammy'll be looking for me
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."—*Chorus.*

VI.

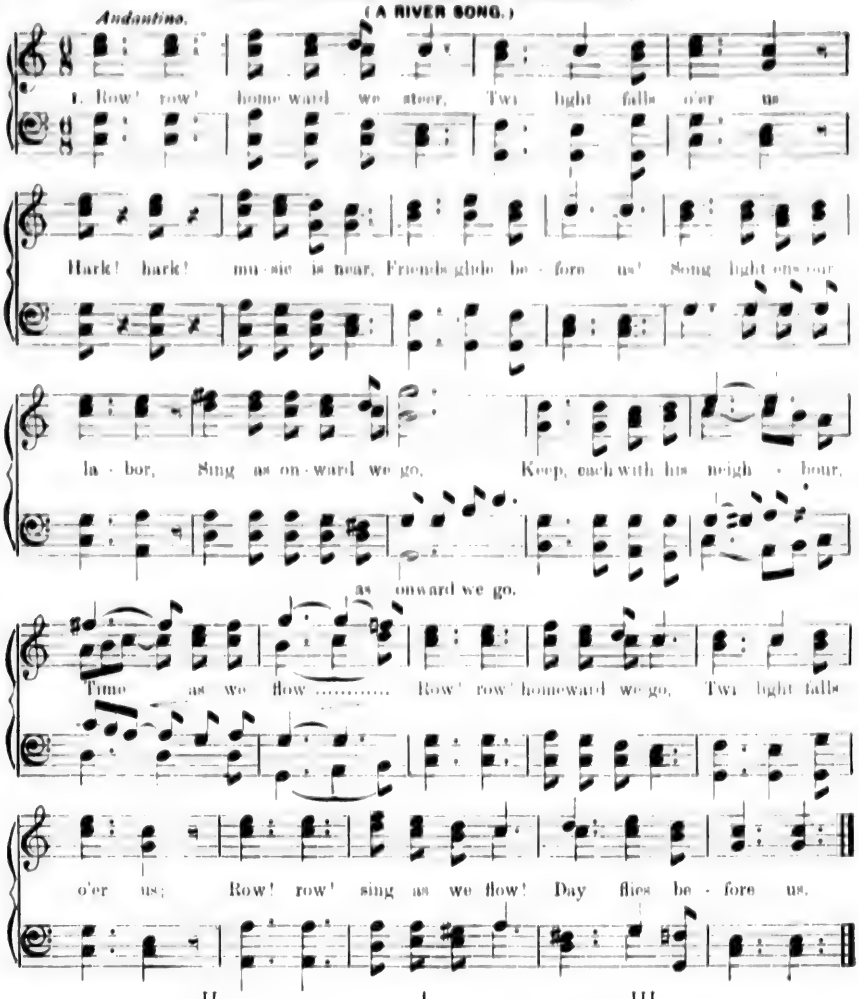
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.—*Chorus.*

Nice Little Chinawoman.



Row! Row! (New Version.)

(A RIVER SONG.)



II.

Row! row! sing as we go!
Nature rejoices;
Hark! how the hills, as we flow,
Echo our voices!
Still o'er the dark waters
Far away we must roam,
Ere Canada's daughters
Welcome us home.
Row! row! homeward we go,
Twilight falls o'er us;
Row! row! sing as we flow,
Day flies before us.

III.

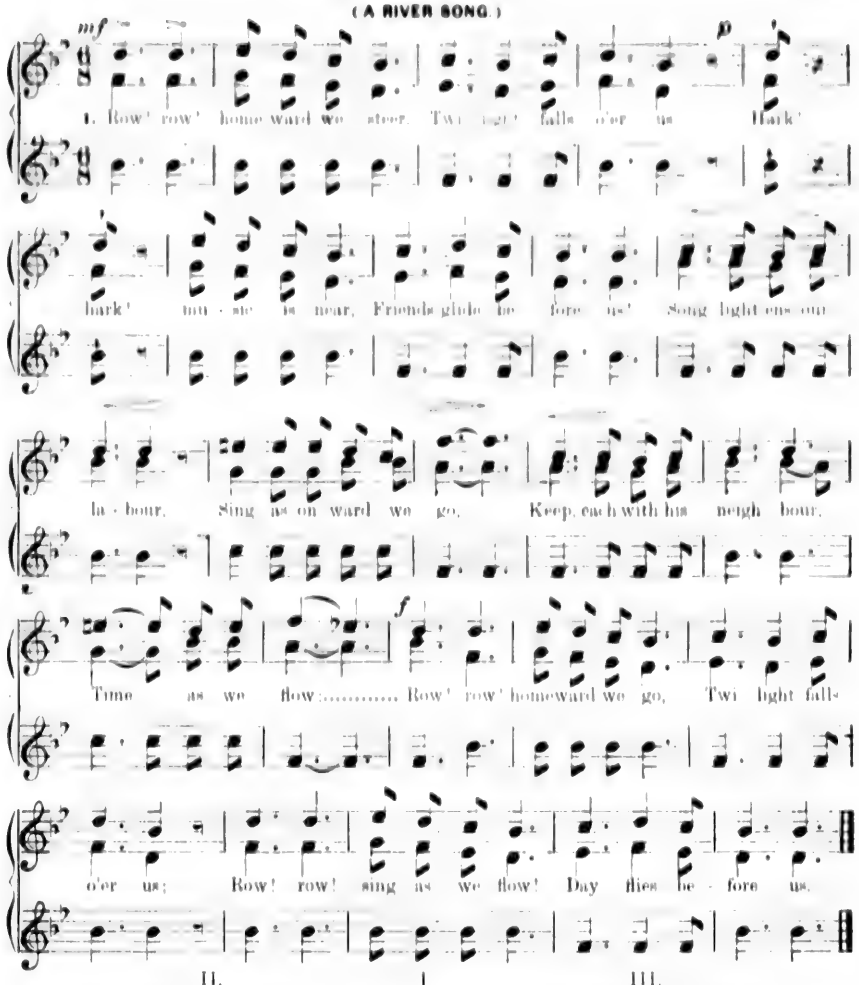
Row! row! see, in the west,
Lights dimly burning,
Friends in yon harbour of rest
Wait our returning.
See! now they burn clearer;
Keep time with the oar;
Now, now we are nearer
Our happy shore!
Home, home, daylight is o'er.
Friends stand before us;
Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus:

Chorus.

Row! row! homeward we steer,
Twilight falls over us;
Hark! hark! music is near,
Friends glide before us.

Row! Row!

(A RIVER SONG.)



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Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus:

Chorus.

Row! row! homeward we steer,
Twilight falls over us.
Hark! hark! music is near,
Friends glide before us.

En Roulant Ma Boule.

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.

Voix seule, reprise en chœur.

Voix seule.

II

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

III.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

IV.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

V.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule.
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

VI.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

VII.

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

VIII.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

IX.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

X.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

XI.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

XII.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

XIII.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Refrain.*

En Roulant Ma Boule.

Translated by W. McLennan, Lawrence.

I.

Behind the manor lies the mere,
En roulant ma boule
Three ducks bathe in its waters clear,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

II.

Three fairy ducks swim without fear,
En roulant ma boule
The Prince goes hunting far and near,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

III.

The Prince at last draws near the lake
En roulant ma boule
He bears his gun of magic make,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

IV.

With magic gun of silver bright,
En roulant ma boule,
He sights the Black but kills the White,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

V.

He sights the Black but kills the White,
En roulant ma boule,
Ah! cruel Prince, my heart you smite,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Ah! cruel Prince, my heart you break,
En roulant ma boule;
In killing thus my snow white Drake,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

VII.

My snow white Drake, my Love, my Song,
En roulant ma boule
His crimson life-blood stains [illegible]
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

His life-blood falls in rubies bright,
En roulant ma boule
His diamond eyes have lost their light
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

IX.

The cruel bar[illegible] has found its quest
En roulant ma boule
His golden bill sinks on his breast
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

X.

His golden bill sinks on his breast
En roulant ma boule
His plumes go floating east and west
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

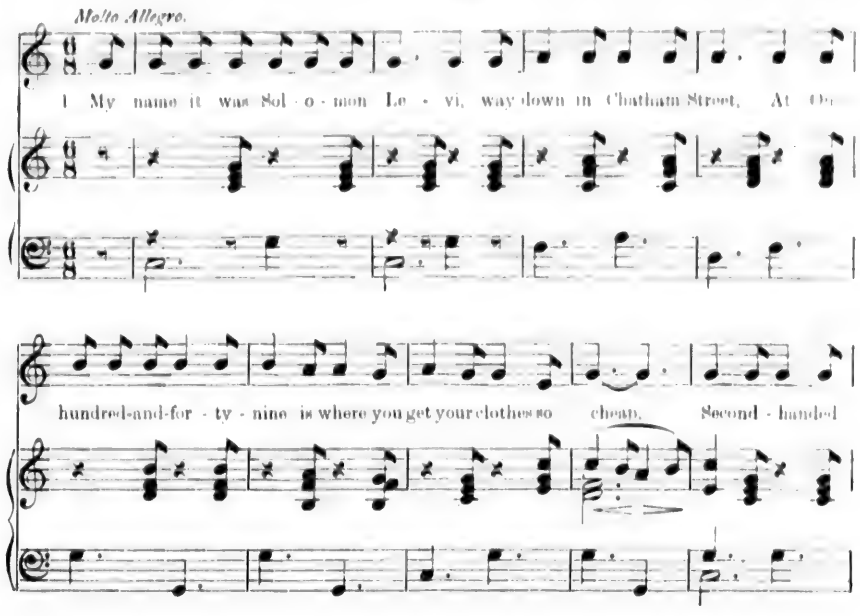
XI.

Far, far they're borne to distant lands,
En roulant ma boule
Till gathered by fair maiden's hands,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

XII.

They form at last a soldier's bed
En roulant ma boule
Sweet refuge for the wanderer's head,
En roulant ma boule.—*Chorus.*

No. 149.



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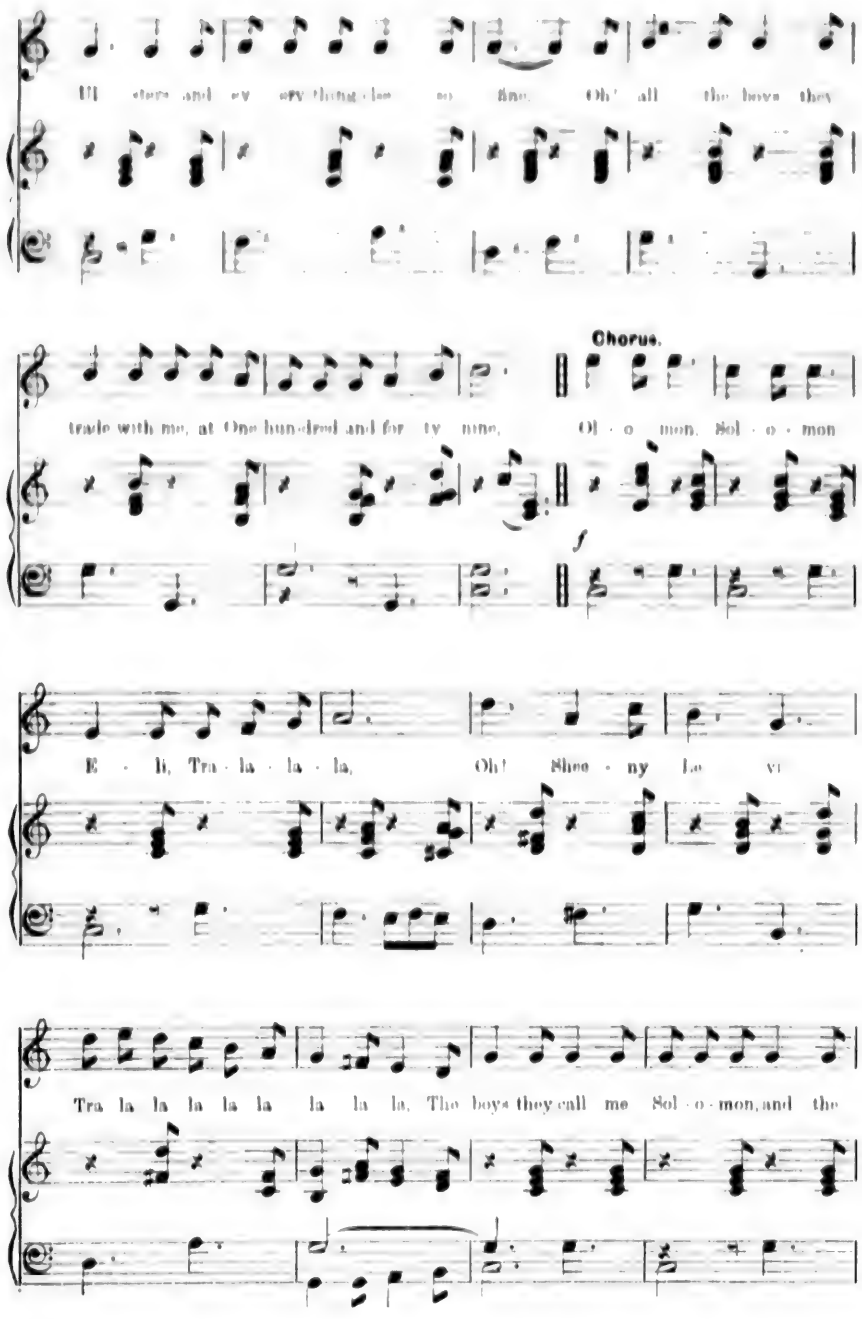
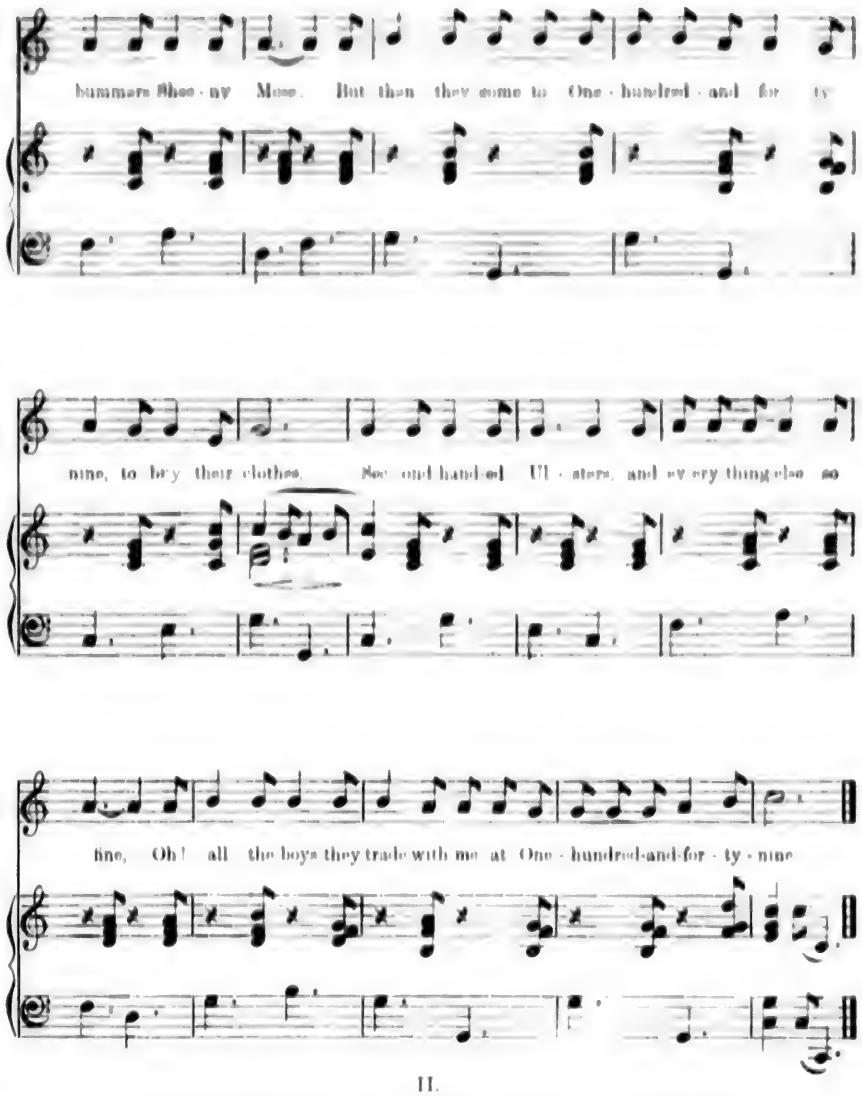




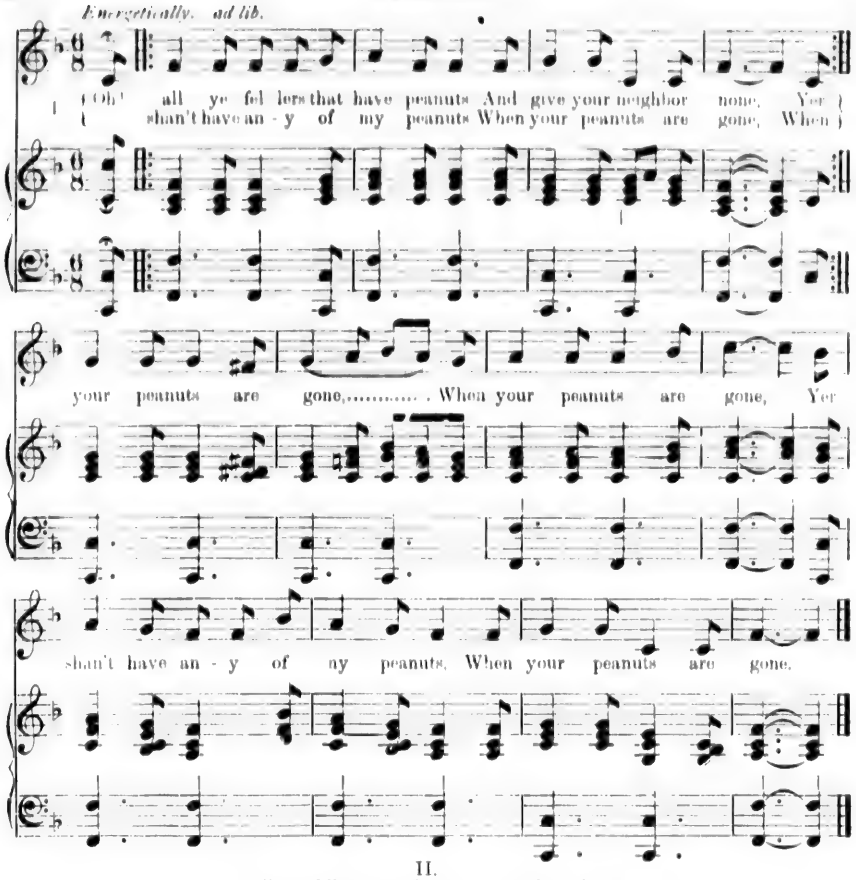
II.

And when a bummer comes in my store, way down on Chatham Street;
And tries to hang me up for a Coat and Vest and Pants complete,
I kick that bummer out of my store, and on him set my Pup,
For I will not trade with any man, who tries to hang me up.—*Chorus.*

III

The People are delighted to come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant Gentleman, what I keeps to walk the floor,
He is a blood among the Sheonies, beloved by one and all,
And his clothes they fit him, just like the paper on the wall.—*Chorus*

Peanuts.



II.

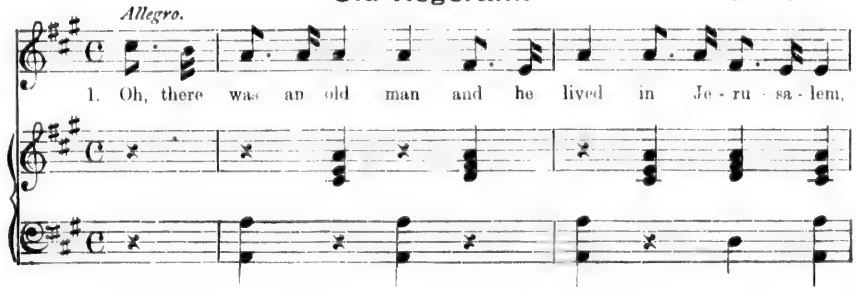
Oh! all ye fellers that have plenty of good oranges,
And give your neighbor none, etc.

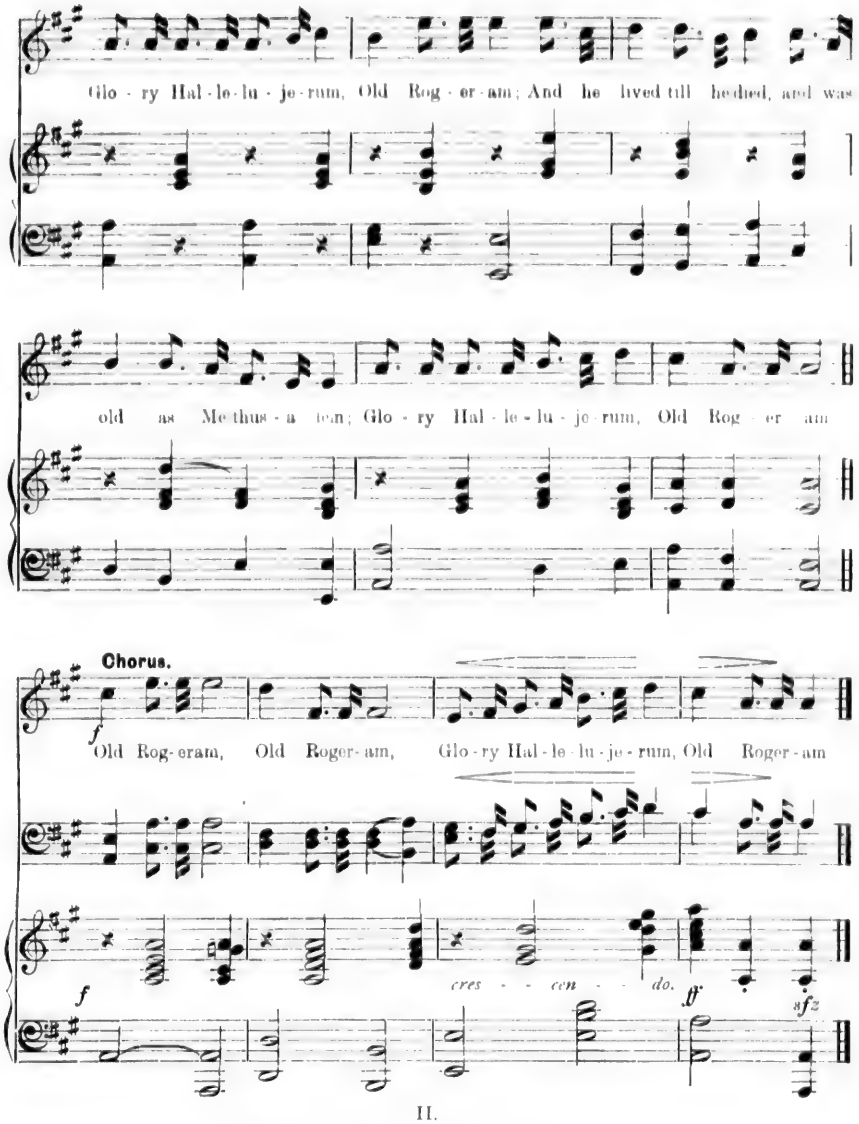
III.

Oh! all ye feliers that have plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers,
And give your neighbor none, etc., *ad infin.*

"Old Rogeram."

ADAPTED.





II.

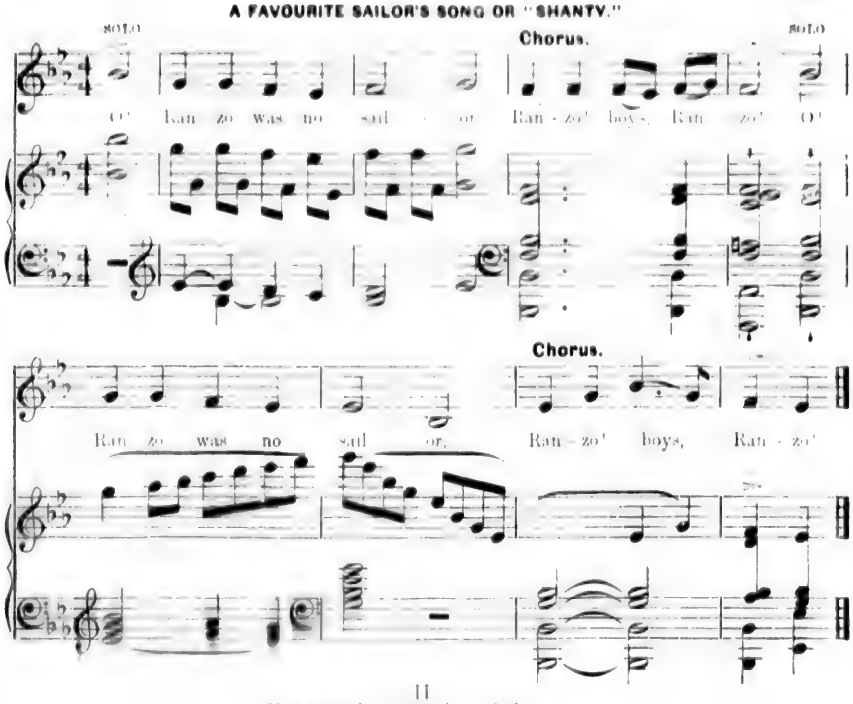
Dives was a rich man, as I am a sinner-um,
Glory Halle-lu-je-rum, Old Rogeram;
He ate mutton chops and mutton pies for dinner-um,
Glory Halle-lu-je-rum, Old Rogeram.

III.

Lazarus was a poor man, who lived in a stable-um,
Glory Halle-lu-je-rum, Old Rogeram;
He ate the crumbs from the rich man's table-um,
Glory Halle-lu-je-rum, Old Rogeram.

Ranzo.

A FAVOURITE SAILOR'S SONG OR "SHANTY."



II

He shipped on board a whaler,

Chorus.

Ranzo' boys, Ranzo'

He shipped on board a whaler,

Chorus.

Ranzo' boys, Ranzo'

III

And he would not do his duty, etc.

IV

So they took him to the gangway, etc.

V.

And they gave him five and-forty, etc.

VI

But the Captain was a good man, etc.

VII

And he took him to his cabin, etc.

VIII.

And he taught him navigation, etc.

IX.

And he gave him rum and water, etc.

X.

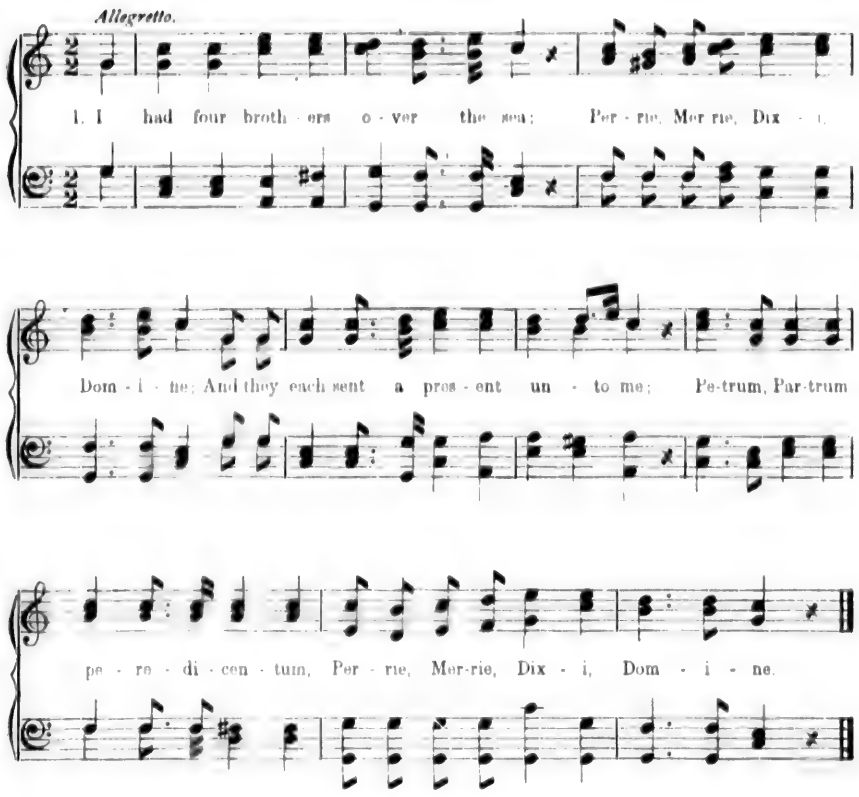
And he married the Captain's daughter, etc.

XI.

Now he's Captain of a whaler, etc.

XII

And his Bo'sun's name is Taylor, etc.



II.

The first sent a goose without a bone,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine
The second sent a cherry without a stone,
Petrum, Partrum, Peredicentum, Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

III.

The third sent a blanket without a thread,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine
The fourth sent a book that no man could read
Petrum, Partrum, Peredicentum, Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

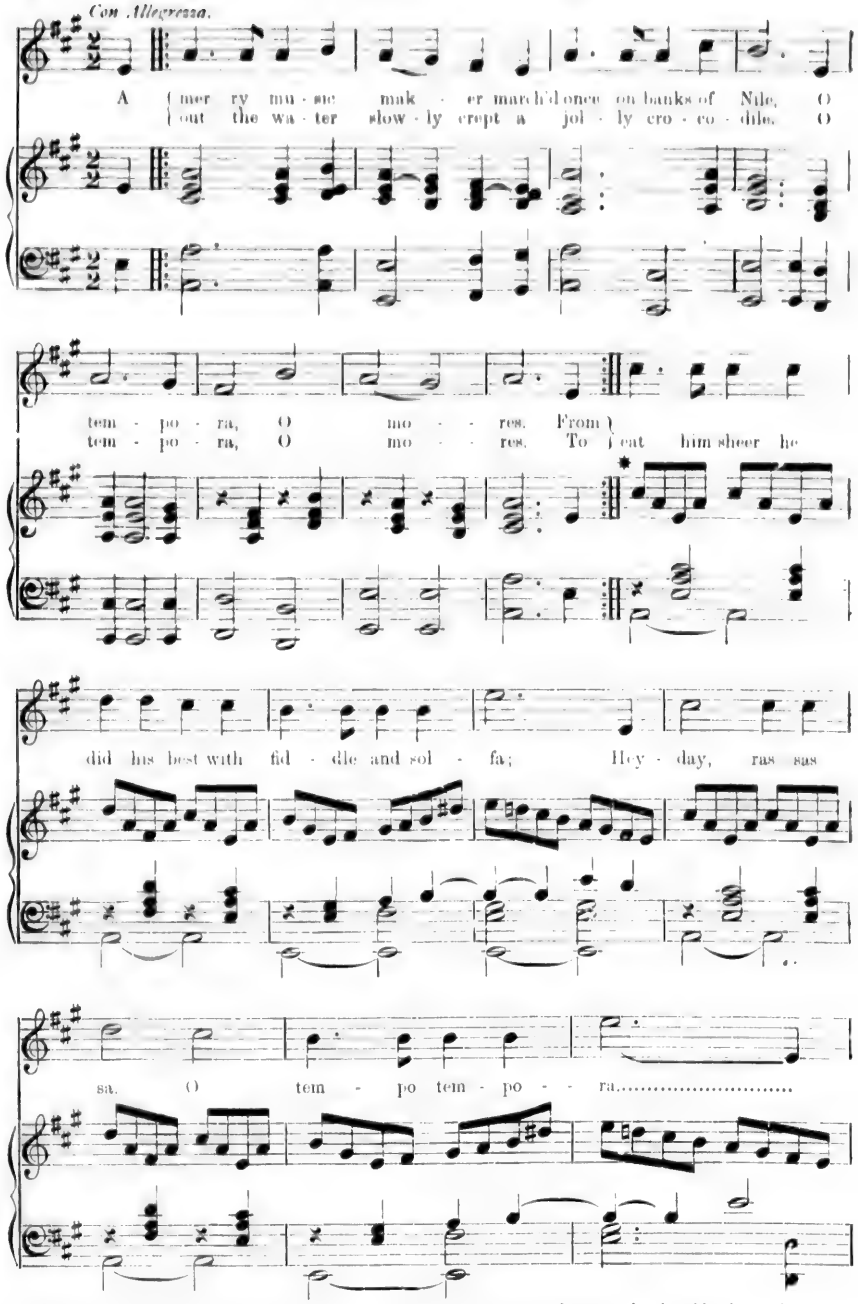
IV.

When the cherry's in the blossom, there is no stone
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine
When the goose is in the egg-shell, there is no bone,
Petrum, Partrum, Peredicentum, Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

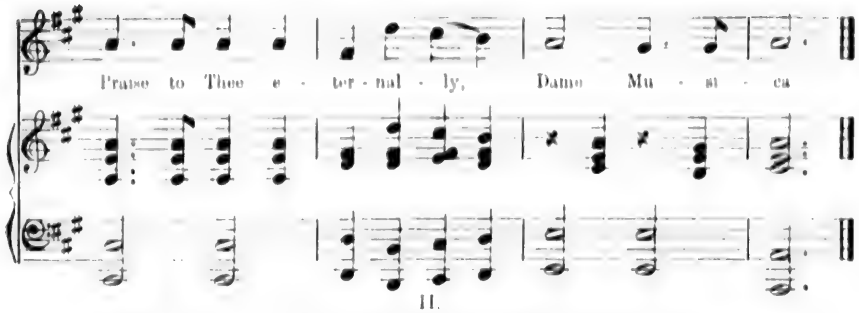
V.

When the wool's on the sheep's back, there's no thread,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine,
When the book's in the press no man can it read,
Petrum, Partrum, Peredicentum, Perrie, Merrie Dixi, Domine.

O Tempora, O Mores.



* If pre .rred, throughout the rest of this page, the notes on the lower stave alone, may be played by the two hands.



II.

But then the merry fiddler he seized his violin, O tempora, O mores,
With bow so fine and nimble, he touched the sweet machine, O tempora, O mores.
Allegro, Dolce, Presto—the beast is moved, Hurrah!
Hey-day rassassa, O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

III.

And as the music-maker with fiddle did advance, O tempora, O mores,
The crocodile most charmingly began a country dance, O tempora, O mores.
Minuet, gallop and waltz, singing a sweet solfa.
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

IV.

He danced in sand in a circle bound, O tempora, O mores.
And danced seven old pyramids round, O tempora, O mores,
For they have long been shaky; singing a sweet solfa.
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

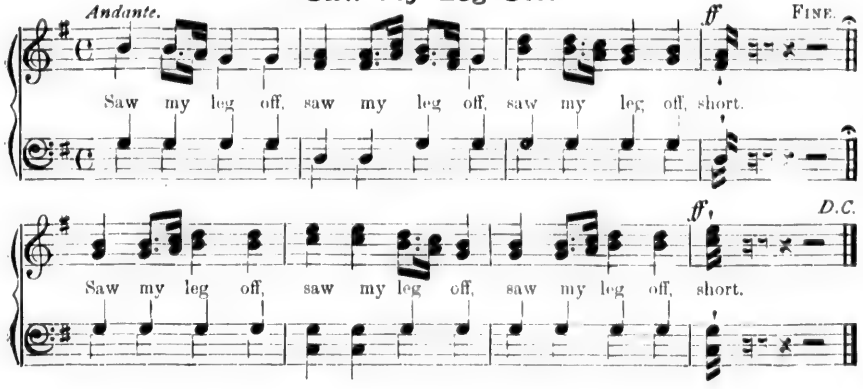
V.

When the pyramids the beast had killed outright, O tempora, O mores,
He thought of a public-house and appetite, O tempora, O mores,
Tokay, Burgundy, Champagne with fiddle and with solfa.
Hey-day rassassa. Oh tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

VI.

The throat of a musician is like unto a hole, O tempora, O mores,
Though he has not cess'd to drink, he'll take another bowl, O tempora, O mores,
So wishing health to all around, with cheers and a solfa
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

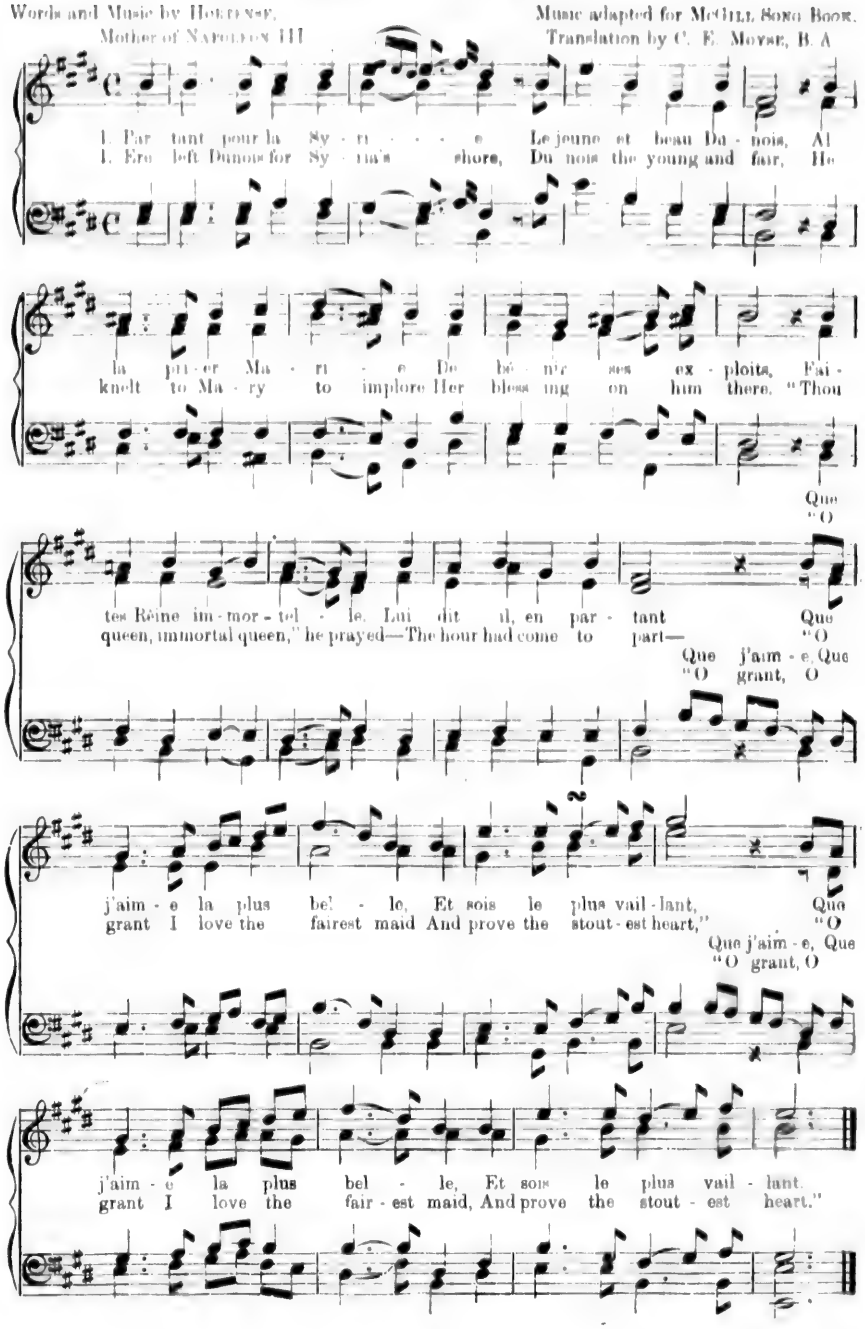
Saw My Leg Off.



Partant Pour La Syrie.

Words and Music by Hortense,
Mother of Napoleon III

Music adapted for McGill Song Book.
Translation by C. E. Moyse, B.A



Partant Pour La Syrie. Concluded.

II.

Il écrit sur la pierre
Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte, son Seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidèle,
Il dit en combattant:
Amour à la plus belle!
Honneur au plus vaillant!

III.

Viens, fils de la victoire,
Dunois, dit le Seigneur,
Puisque tu fais ma gloire
Je ferai ton bonheur.
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant:
Car elle est la plus belle,
Et toi le plus vaillant!

IV.

A l'autel de Marie
Ils contractent tous deux,
Cette union chérie
Qui seule rend heureux.
Chacun, dans la chapelle,
Disait en les voyant
Amour à la plus belle!
Honneur au plus vaillant!

II.

The words he traced upon the stone,
The oath of honour they—
And by his liege lord's side is gone
To join the distant fray
The noble vow he staunch obeyed
And cried 'mid battle's smart
"Love, love shall be for fairest maid
Honour for stoutest heart.

III.

The victory his valour gained,
"Why, certes!" said his lord,
"Take for my glory thus attained,
Thy bliss as the reward
With daughter mine thou shalt be paid
And married, as thou art.
For Isabel's the fairest maid,
And thou the stoutest heart."

IV.

At Mary's altar knight and bride
Contract in solemn tone
The union that whate'er betide,
Brings happiness alone
And those within the abbey's shade,
Gazed on the pair apart,
And said, "Love, love for fairest maid,
Honour for stoutest heart."

The Microscope, the Telephone.

AIR.—*From H. M. S. Pinafore.* Words by W. McLENNAN, Law '80.

I.

We hope you've all enjoyed this celebration,
The music, tea and muffins in the Hall;
And have recognized the higher education
Which mingles with our yearly Temperance Ball.

Chorus.

The microscope, the telephone
The telescope, the microphone,
The micro-telo-phono-scopo,
In the Hall.

II.

We've the music, we've the partners, we've the dances,
It's the evening, it's the season, here's the Hall;
Now don't be led away by foolish fancies,
Remember you're at a Temperance Ball.—*Chorus.*

III.

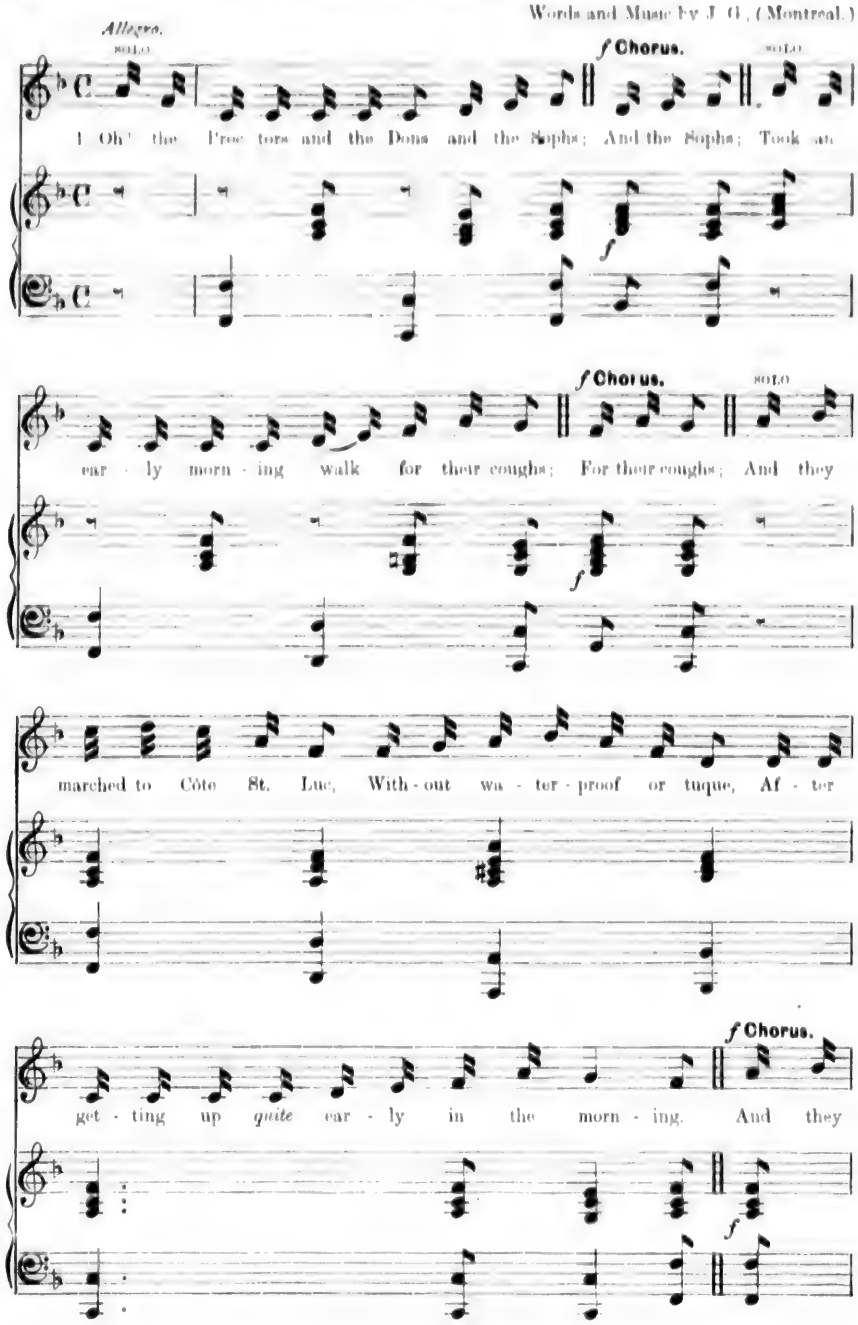
Here instruction ever mingles with our pleasure,
Which pleasure, unlike others, cannot pall;
And learned gags, not dances, mark the measure
Of the flow of wit and wisdom at our Ball.—*Chorus.*

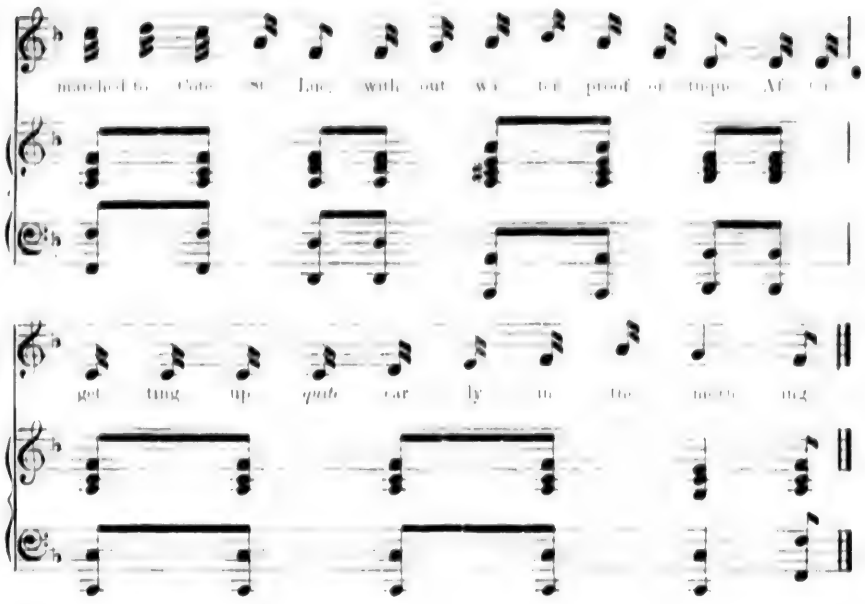
IV.

If you still will crave for wider dissipations,
Go down into the lower right-hand Hall.
And see the scientific innovations.
Which serve instead of dancing at our Ball.—*Chorus.*

The Proctors and the Dons.

Words and Music by J. G., (Montreal.)





II.

Oh, they marched to Côte St. Luc in "exc'lent form,"
"Exc'lent form"
Never dreaming of a fierce impending storm
"Pending storm"
Till a rumbling in the West
Stirred the doughty Proctor's breast
After getting up *quite* early in the morning

Chorus.

Till a rumbling in the West, etc.

III

"Gentlemen," said he, "this storm we must evade,
Must evade
Let us seek the classic shelter of a Shade,
Of a Shade.
For a wetting through would be
An extreme calamity
After getting up *quite* early in the morning."

Chorus.

For a wetting through, etc

IV.

"An *extreme* calamity," the Proctor said,
Proctor said:
"We should have to ask the assistance of a Med.,
Of a Med.
And he'd stuff us at his will
With his bolus and his pill
After getting up *quite* early in the morning.

Chorus.

And he'd stuff us, etc.

The Proctors and the Dons. Concluded.

V

Then the Proctor and the Dons and the Sophs,
And the Sophs
Much regretted having ventured with their coughs,
With their coughs
And although they ran 'em loose
They were "picked up" by the storm
After getting up *quite* early in the morning.

Chorus.

And although they ran, etc.

VI

Oh, the Proctor "spurted" up to forty-two,
Forty two
But the *aqua pura* wet them through and through,
Through, and through
And they had to fetch a Meil
Who soon dosed them into bed
After getting up *quite* early in the morning.

Chorus.

And they had to fetch, etc.

Moral.*

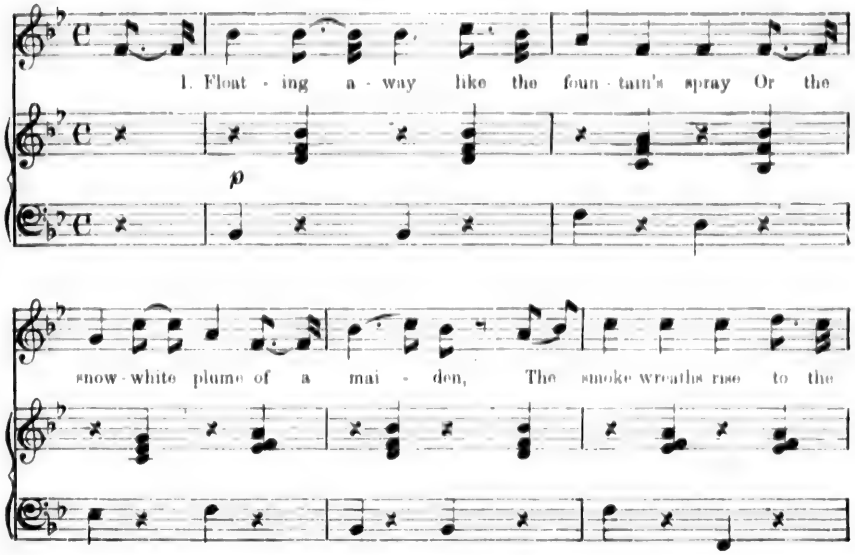
Now let every gentle Soph of McGill,
Of McGill
Shun the stony hearted Meddy with his pill,
With his pill,
Never march to Côte St. Luc,
Without waterproof or tuque,
After getting up *quite* early in the morning.

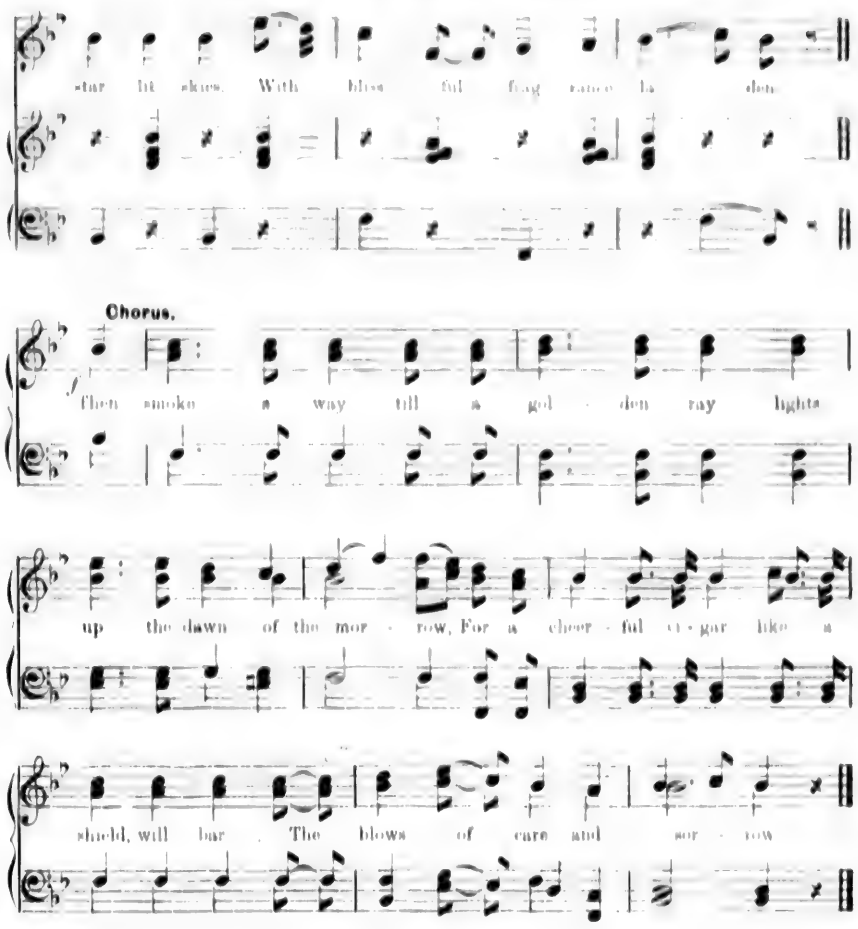
Chorus.

Never march, etc.

* The word *Moral* to be spoken.

Smoking Song.





II.

The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light,
That flash in the braids of beauty;
It nerves each heart for the hero's part
On the battle plain of duty.—*Chorus.*

III

In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
Sits the child of song and story,
But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.—*Chorus.*

IV.

By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke-curls float around him.—*Chorus.*

V

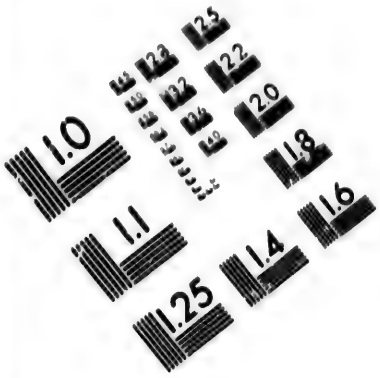
In the forests grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The Pipe of Peace brought a sweet release
From toil and terror blended.—*Chorus.*

VI.

The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
'Neath their arbour shades trip lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.—*Chorus.*

VII.

It warms the soul like the blushing bowl,
With its rose-red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss like the first warm kiss
From the lips with the love buds teeming.—*Chorus.*



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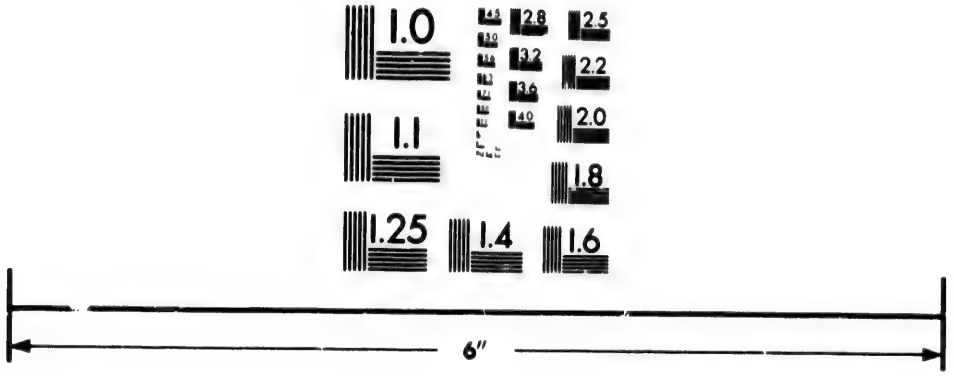

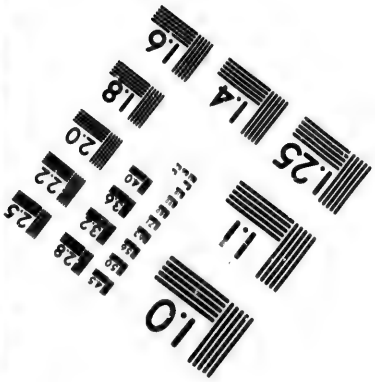

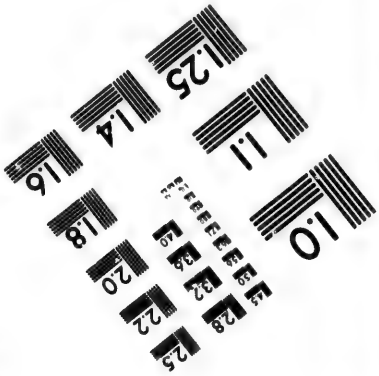

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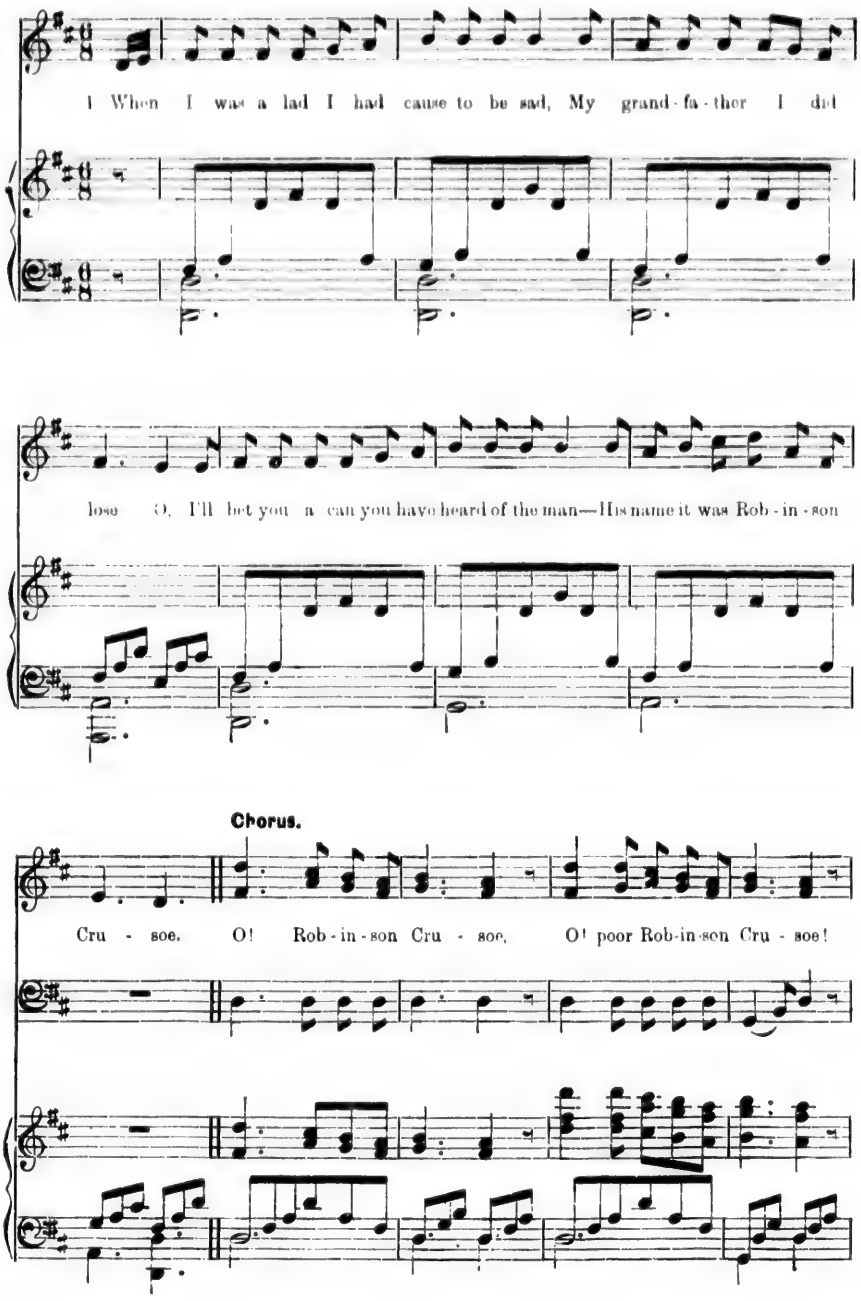
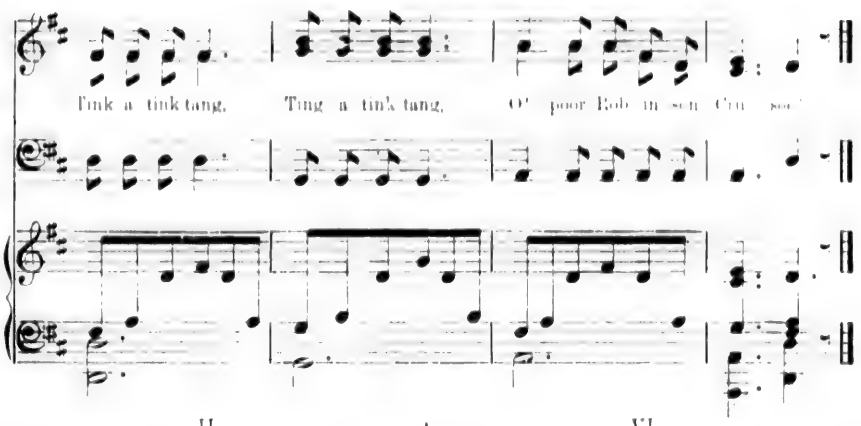
Robinson Crusoe.





II.

Perhaps you have read in a book,
Of a voyage that he took,
And how the raging whirlwind blew,
That the ship with a shock
Drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

III.

Poor soul! none but he
Remain'd on the sea;
Ah! Fate, Fate, how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown,
On an island unknown:
O! poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tank tang, etc.

IV.

He wanted something to eat,
And sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so!
That, but for his gun,
He'd been surely undone:
Oh! my poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tank tang, etc.

V.

But he sav'd from aboard
An old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so,
That, by dint of his thrift
He manag'd to shift:
Well done, Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

VI.

And he happened to save,
From the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so,
That when he'd come home,
From a wearisome roam,
She'd cry out, "Poor Robinson Crusoe."
Tink a tank tang, etc.

VII.

He got all the wood,
That ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut,
In which he might put,
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

VIII

He us'd to wear an old cap,
And a coat with long flap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so,
That by all that is civil,
He look'd like the devil,
More than like Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

IX.

And then his man Friday,
Kept the house neat and tidy,—
To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
They lived friendly together,—
Less like servant than neighbor,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

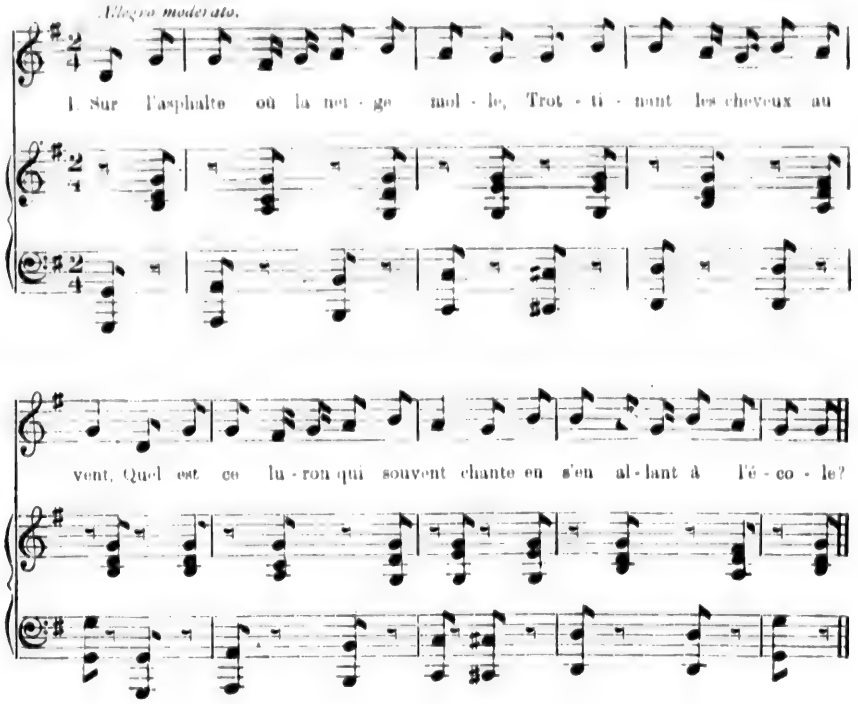
X.

At last an English sail,
Came near within hail,—
O! then he took to his little canoe, so,
That on reaching the ship,
The captain gave him a trip—
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, etc.

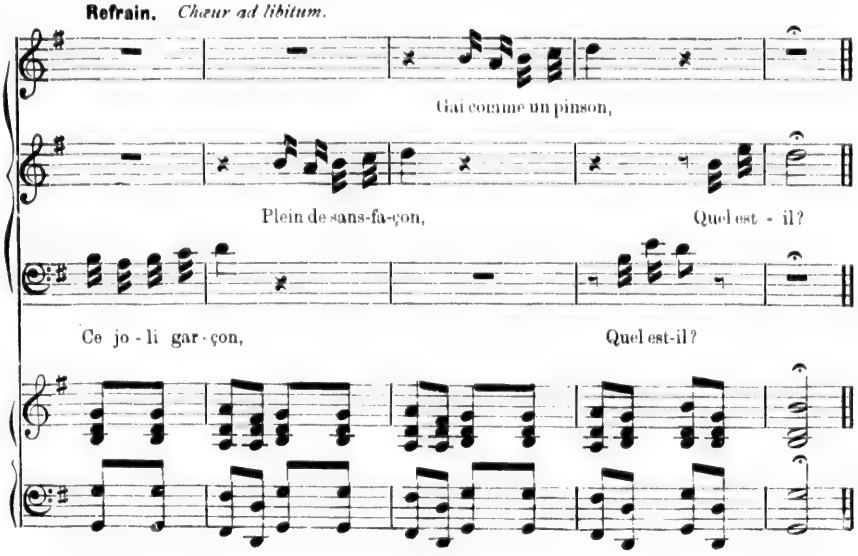
L'enfant de McGill.

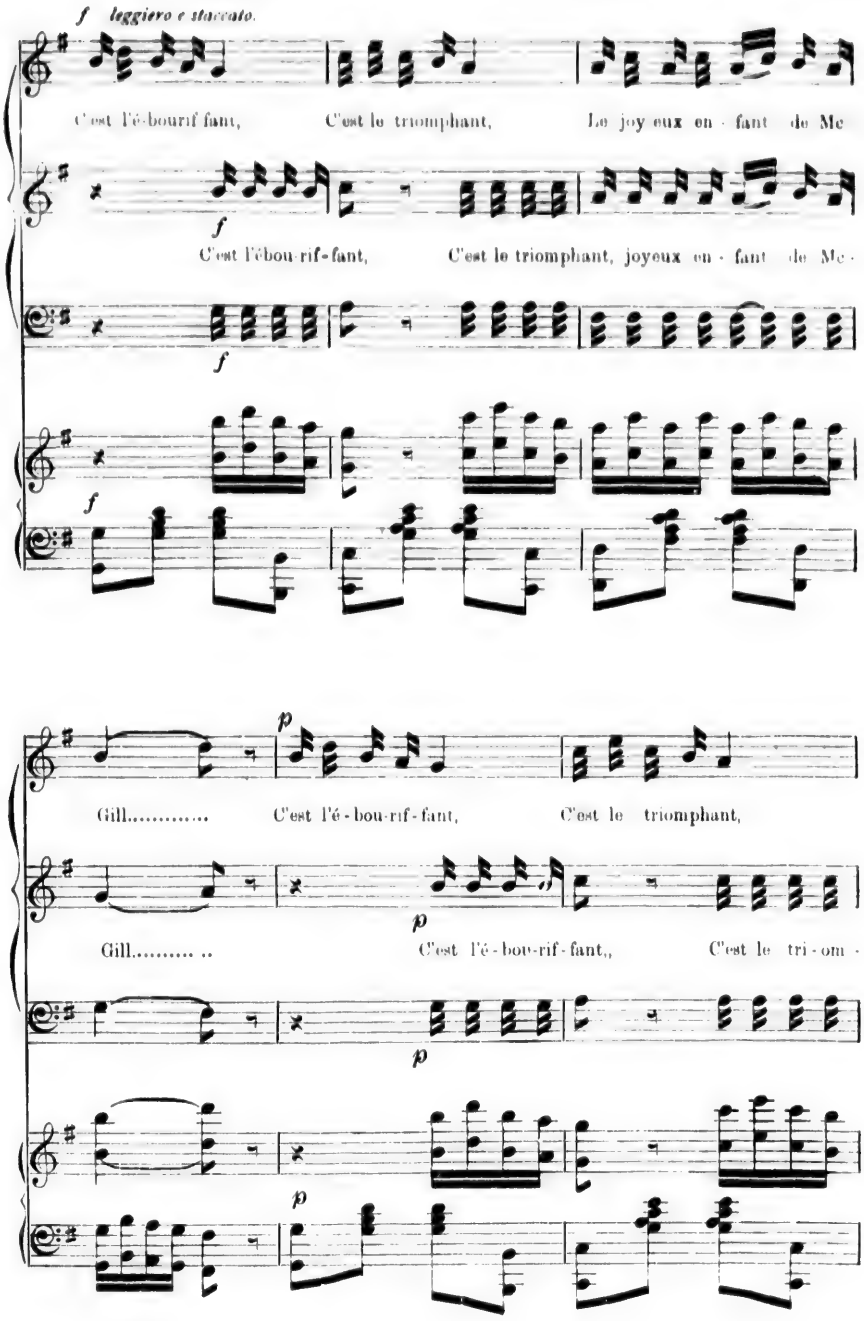
Paroles de L. Fréchette. Musique de G. Couture.

Allegro moderato.

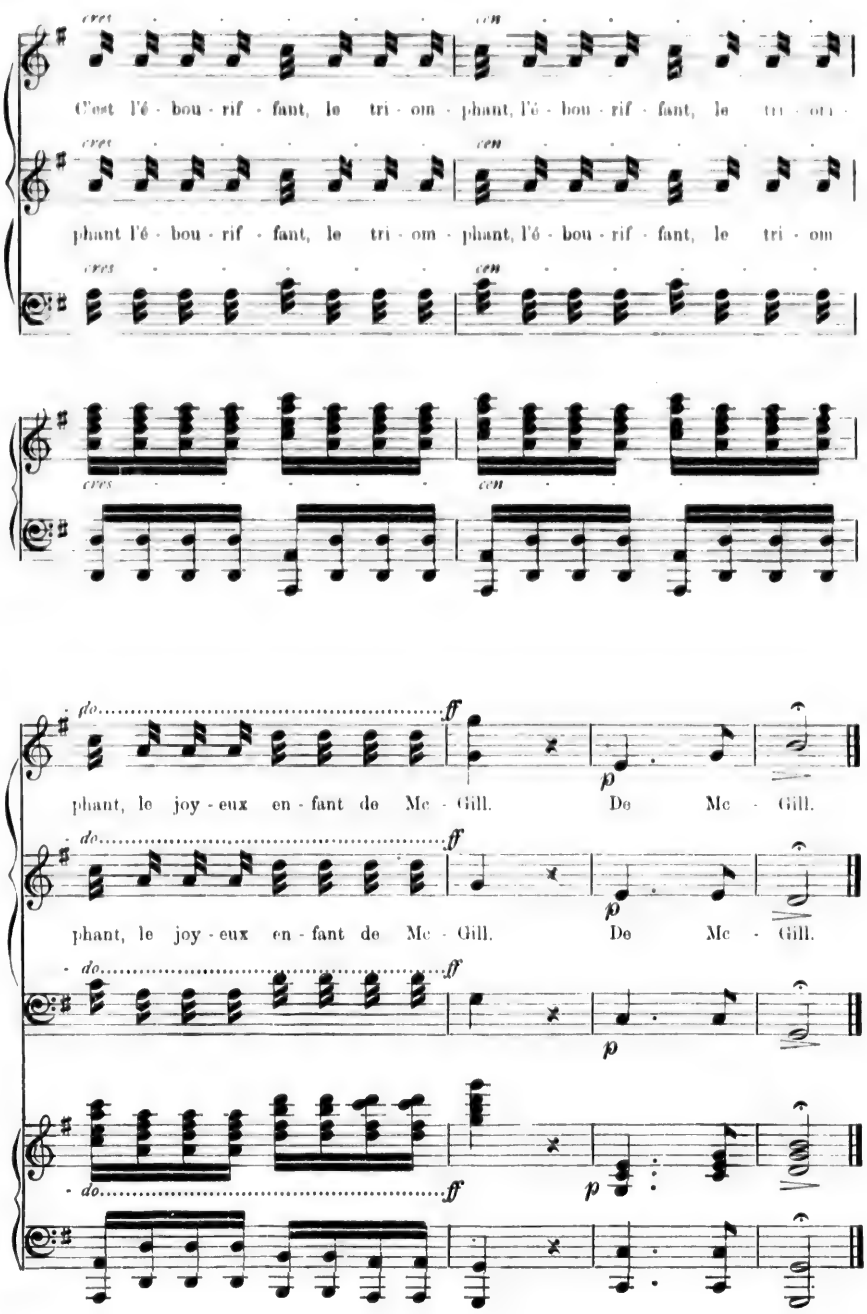


Refrain. *Chœur ad libitum.*




f leggiero e staccato.
C'est l'é-bourif fant, C'est le triomphant, Le joy eux en - fant de Mc
f
C'est l'ébou-rif-fant, C'est le triomphant, joyeux en - fant de Mc -
f
f
p
Gill..... C'est l'é - bou-rif-fant, C'est le triomphant,
p
Gill..... .. C'est l'é - bou-rif-fant,, C'est le tri - om -
p
p

L'enfant de McGill. Continued.



II

Il porte sous le bras un livre
Sa jeunesse est tout son trésor,
Libre et fier, il nargue le sort,
Tout heureux de se sentir vivre —*Refrain.*

III.

Sa moustache souvent rebelle
Aux soins les plus persévérants,
Plus que tous les crocs conquérants,
Ont fait rêver plus d'une belle —*Refrain.*

IV.

Parfois son coeur, douce chimère,
Caresse un tendre souvenir;
Mais, quand il rêve d'avenir,
C'est plutôt pour sa vieille mère —*Refrain.*

V

Commettrait il quelque escapade,
N'en parlons pas, car ce froufrou
Donne souvent son dernier sou
Pour obliger un camarade —*Refrain*

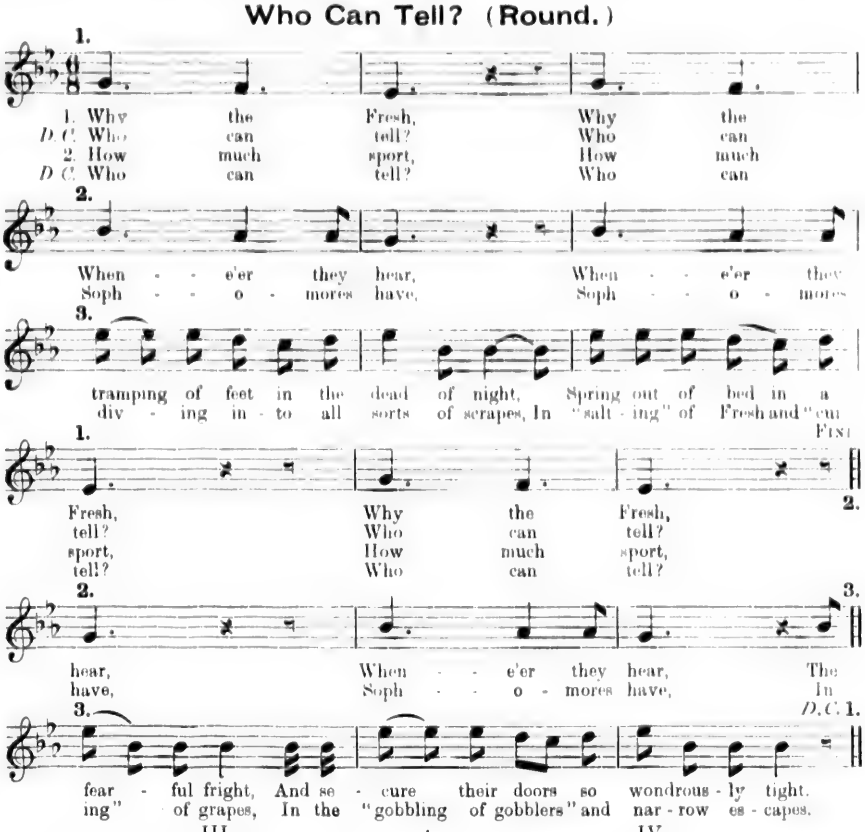
VI

Le souci jamais ne l'effleure,
Allègre comme auparavant,
Il semble se dire "En avant!"
Lorsque du travail sonne l'heure, —*Refrain.*

VII

De tous côtés chacun s'écrie
Quel est ce bruyant boute-en-train,
De s'amuser toujours en train?
Ca? c'est l'espoir de la patrie! —*Refrain.*

Who Can Tell? (Round.)



III.

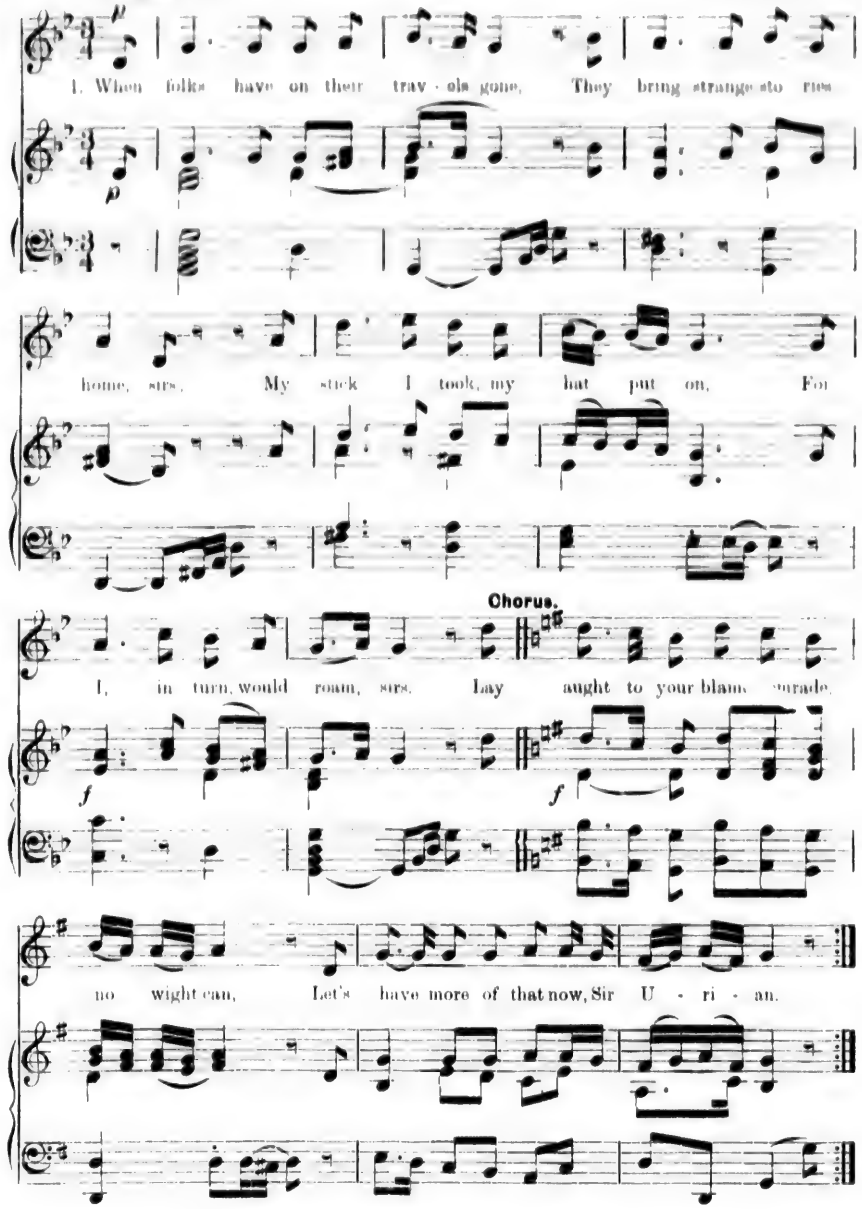
How much more, ‖ *Ter.*
Of Junior time, ‖ *Ter.*
With thoughts far away from the book in hand,
Is spent in the castles of airy land,
Where celestial beauties bewitchingly stand,
Who can tell? ‖ *Ter.*

IV.

What success, ‖ *Ter.*
Seniors have, ‖ *Ter,*
By practice of "Science," and practice of "Arts,"
Through making of love, and breaking of hearts,
In becoming a prey to "Cupidine" darts,
Who can tell? ‖ *Ter.*

Sir Urian's Ride Round the World.

Moderato burlesco. BEETHOVEN.



II.

I first went t'ward the Arctic Pole,
'Twas very cold, believe me;
More comfort, thought I, on the whole,
My German hearth could give me.—*Chorus.*

III.

In Greenland many friends I met,
Whose kindness was but wasted;
A jug of oil before me set
I left behind untasted.—*Chorus.*

IV

The Esquimaux are big and stout
A lazy, useless lot, sirs;
Through calling one a sorry lout,
Of blows a store I got, sirs.—*Chorus*

V

Now in America was I,
Fresh toil I did not mind it—
The north west passage must be nigh,
I'll do my best to find it.—*Chorus.*

VI.

I straight slung on my telescope
And off I put to sea, sirs
The passage will be found, I hope,
By luckier folk than me, sirs.—*Chorus.*

VII

To Mexico then go I must
The journey is not short, sirs
But gold I heard, lies there like dust
To get some would be sport, sirs.—*Chorus*

VIII

A grievous truth I must unfold,
How could those falsehoods blind me?
The sack I bought to hold the gold
I empty left behind me.—*Chorus*

IX

Some fish I bought—I bought some cake
And other cold provision,
My way to Asia soul I'd make,
Such was my firm decision.—*Chorus.*

X

Great, wise is the Mogul, no doubt,
If we could find the truth out,
When I arrived he was about
To have a double tooth out.—*Chorus.*

XI

The tooth of a Mogul can ache,
In spite of all his treasure!
A poor man can with ease partake
Of such a doubtful pleasure.—*Chorus.*

XII

I told mine host, 'twas my intent
To pay him very soon, sirs,
To China and Bengal I went,
It might have been the moon, sirs.—*Chorus.*

XIII.

To Java, Otaheite, too,
I hurried on—went then, sirs;
To Africa, and took a view
Of many towns and men, sirs.—*Chorus.*

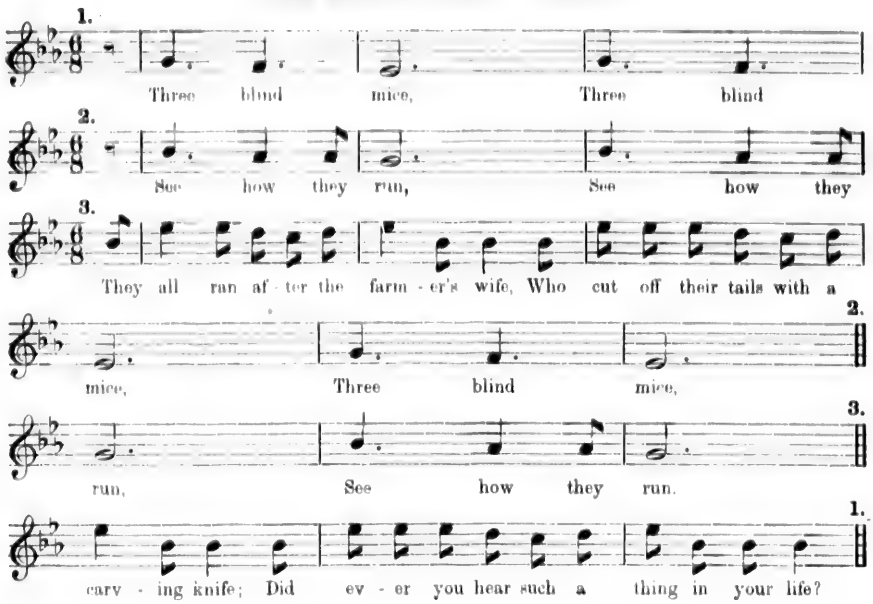
XIV.

Now from my travels, sirs, returned,
That man to man's a brother
At home, abroad—this have I learned
All fools like one another.

Chorus.

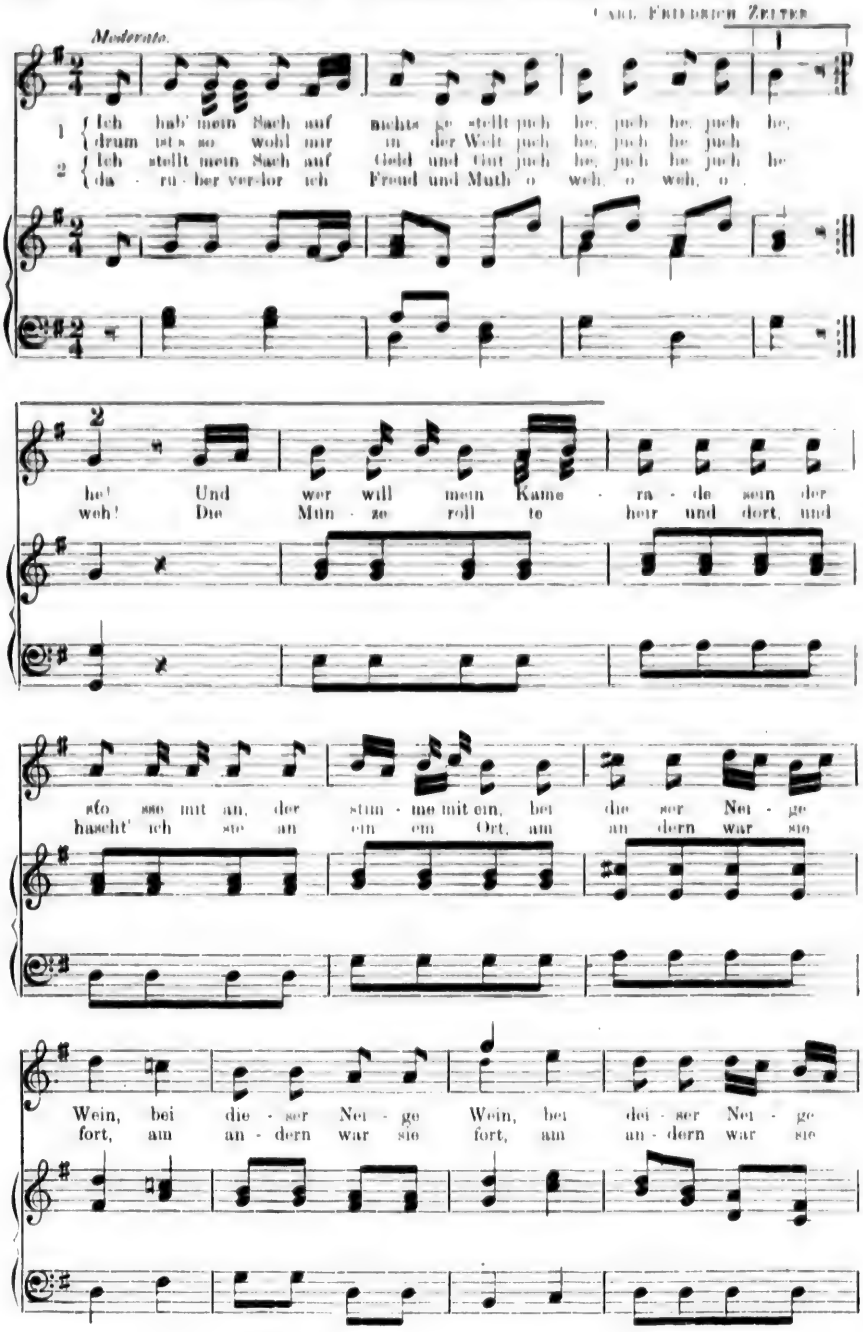
In truth a wicked speech, you heartless man!
For goodness sake stop short, Sir Urian!

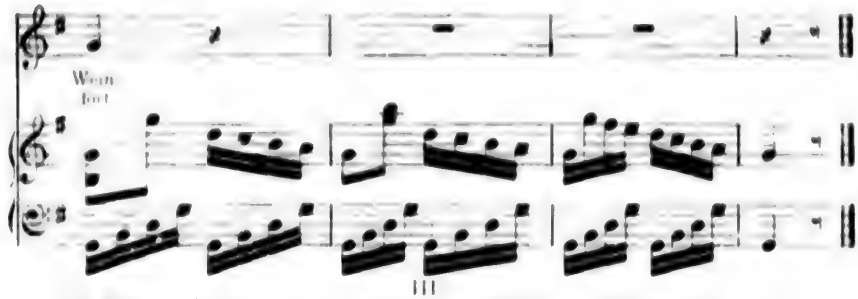
Three Blind Mice. (Round.)



Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!

Carl Friedrich Zelter





III

Auf Weiber stellt' ich nun mein Sach, juchhe! daher mir kam viel Ungemach, o weh! Die Falsche sucht sich ein ander Theil, die Treue macht' mir Langeweil, die Beste war nicht feil.

IV

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Reis' und Fahrt, juchhe! und liess meine Vaterlandsart, o weh! Und mir behagt' es nirgends recht, die Kost war fremd, das Bett war schlecht, niemand verstand mich recht.

V

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Ruhm und Ehr', juchhe! und sieh! gleich hatt' ein And'rer mehr; o weh! Wie ich mich hatt' hervorgethan, da sahen die Leute scheel mich an, hatte Keinem Recht gethan.

VI

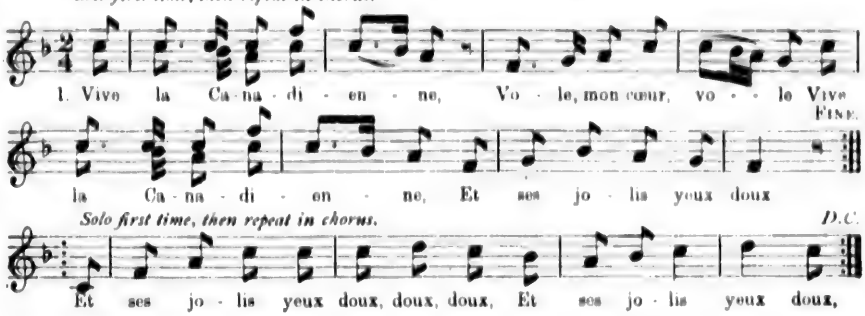
Ich setz' mein Sach auf Kampf und Krieg juchhe! und uns gelang so mancher Sieg, juchhe! Wir zogen in Feindes Land hinein, dem Freunde sollt's nicht viel besser sein, und ich verlor ein Bein.

VII

Nun hab' ich mein Sach auf nichts gestellt, juchhe! und mein gehört die ganze Welt, juchhe! Zu Ende geht nun Sang und Schmaus, nur trinkt mir alle Neigen aus, die letzte muss heraus!

*Vive la Canadienne.

Solo first time, then repeat in chorus.



II.

Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous la menons aux noces
Dans tous ses beaux atours. (*Ter.*)

III.

On dance avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes;
Nous changeons tour à tour. (*Ter.*)

IV.

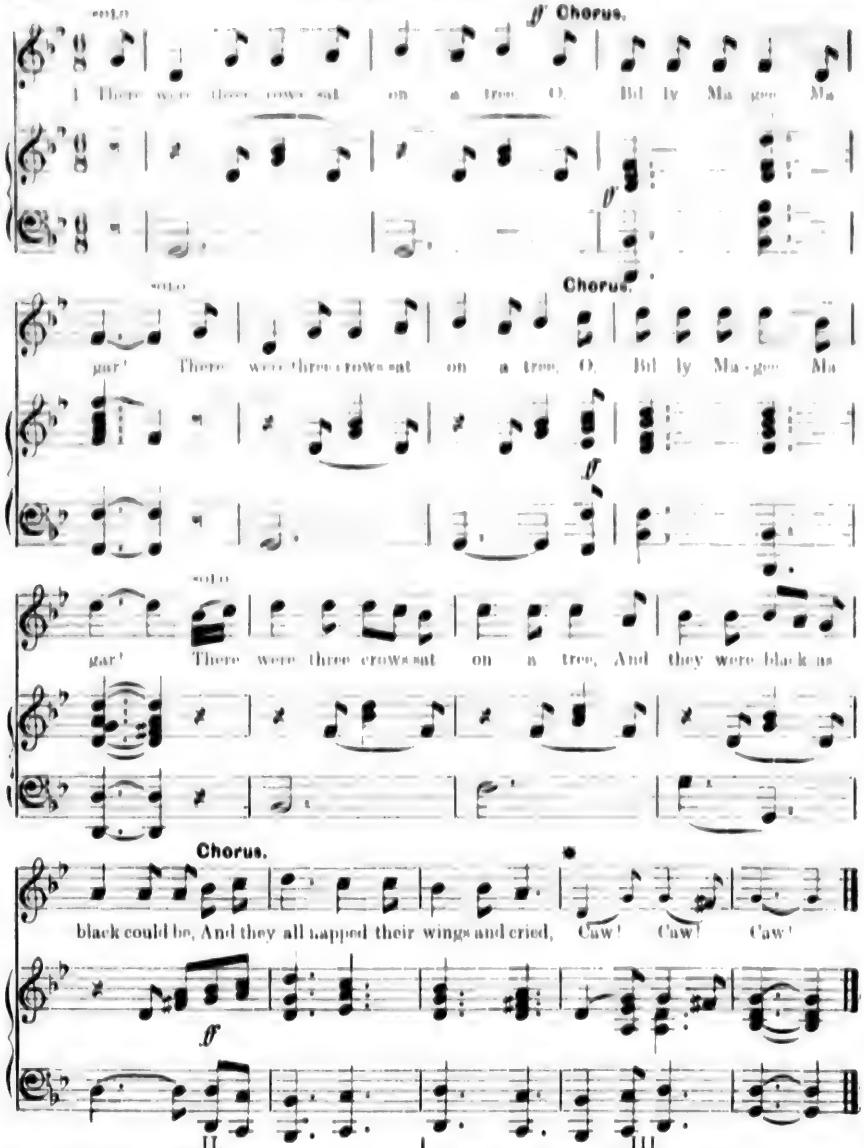
On passe la carafe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On passe la carafe,
Nous buvons tous un coup. (*Ter.*)

V.

Mais le honheur augmente,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Mais le bonheur augmente,
Quand nous sommes tous soûls. (*Ter.*)

*Probably the most popular of all Canadian Songs.

The Three Crows.



II.

Said one old crow unto his mate, } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O, Billy Magee, Magar! }
Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"—*Chorus.*

III.

"There lies a horse on yonder plain," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O, Billy Magee, Magar! }
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—*Chorus.*

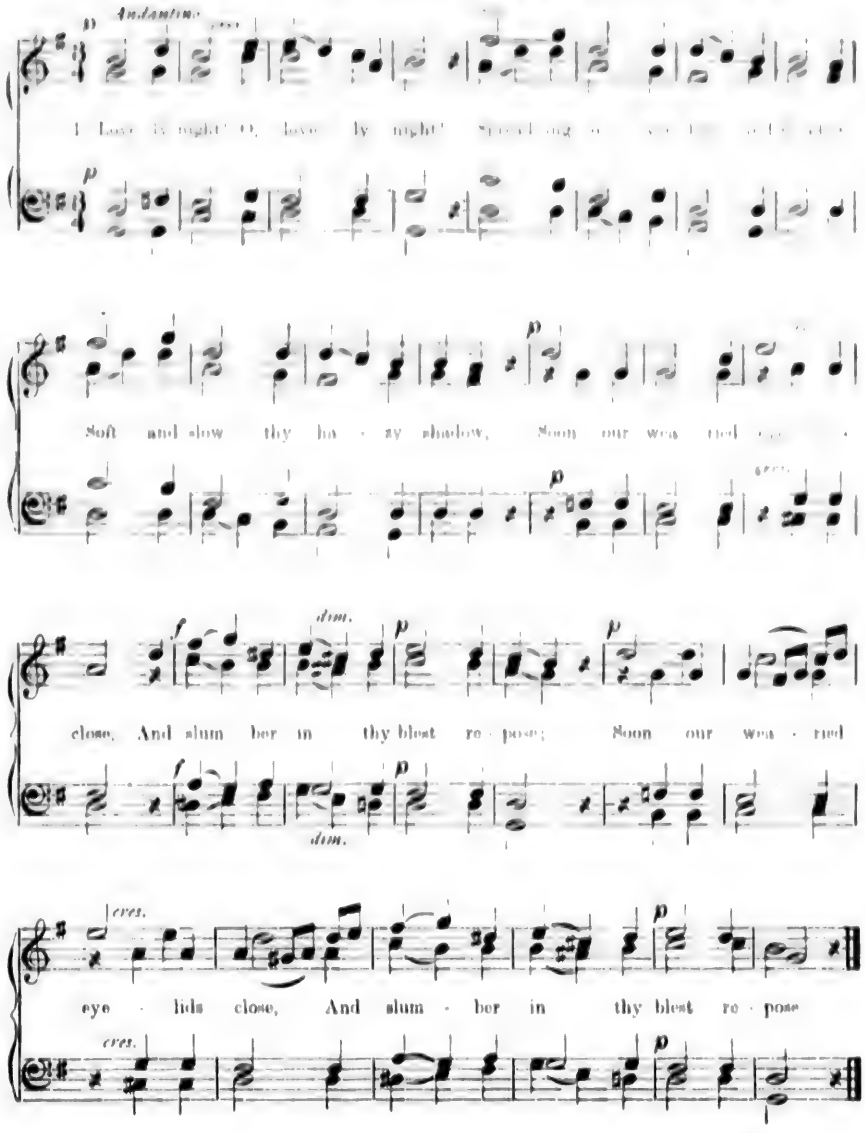
IV.

"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O, Billly Magee, Magar! }
"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."—*Chorus.*

* Imitate Crows.

Lovely Night.

Music by F. X. Chwatal. Adapted for Metallic Sonic Book.

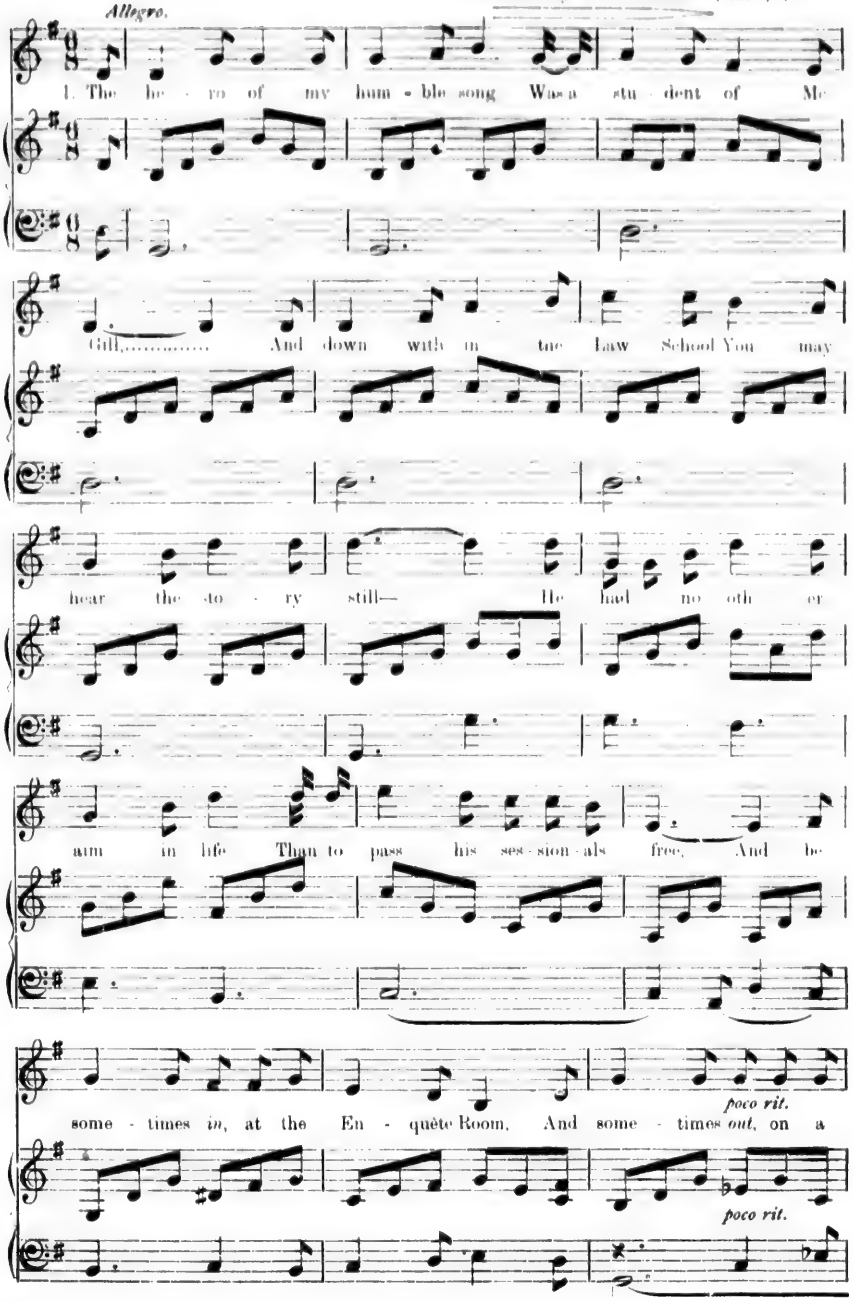


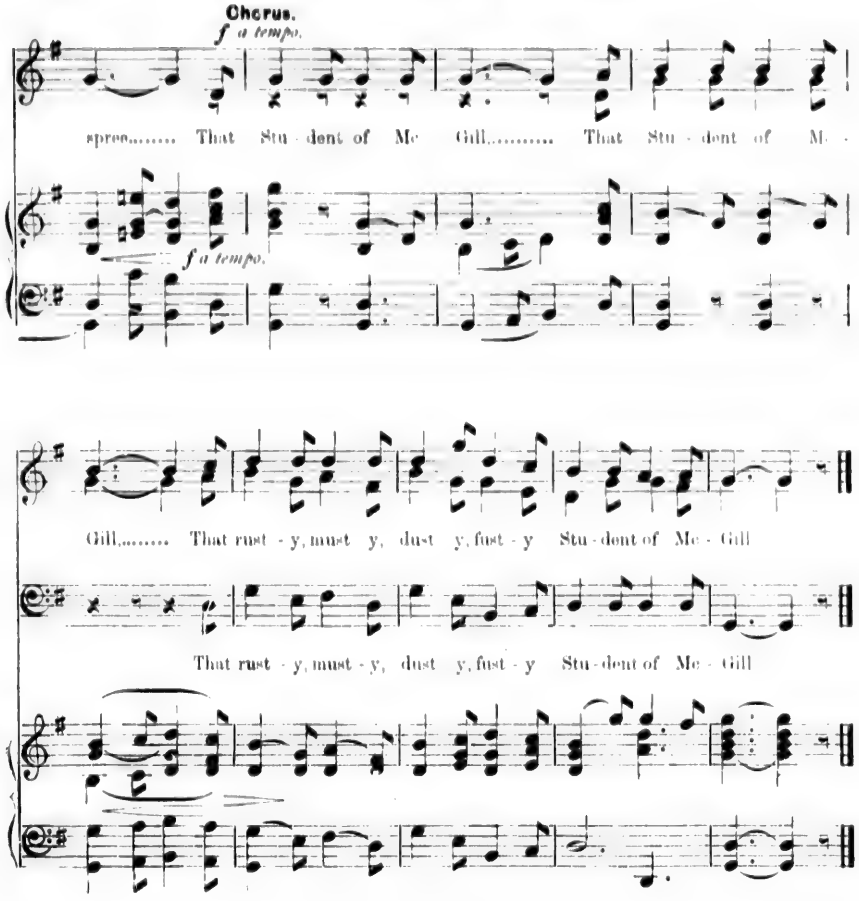
II.

Holy night! O, holy night!
Placing brighter worlds before us,
Happiness thou sheddest o'er us,
O, that we might ne'er return
To this dull earth to weep and mourn. } (*bis.*)

The Student of McGill.

Words by R. D. McGibbon, Law, '79.





II.

When first he came to grind up Law.
He was a freshman green;
He'd never been to Town before,
No vices had he seen.
But evil communi-ca-ti-ons,
Our catechisms say,
Are *rather* apt to lead our minds
From Virtue's paths away.—*Chorus.*

III.

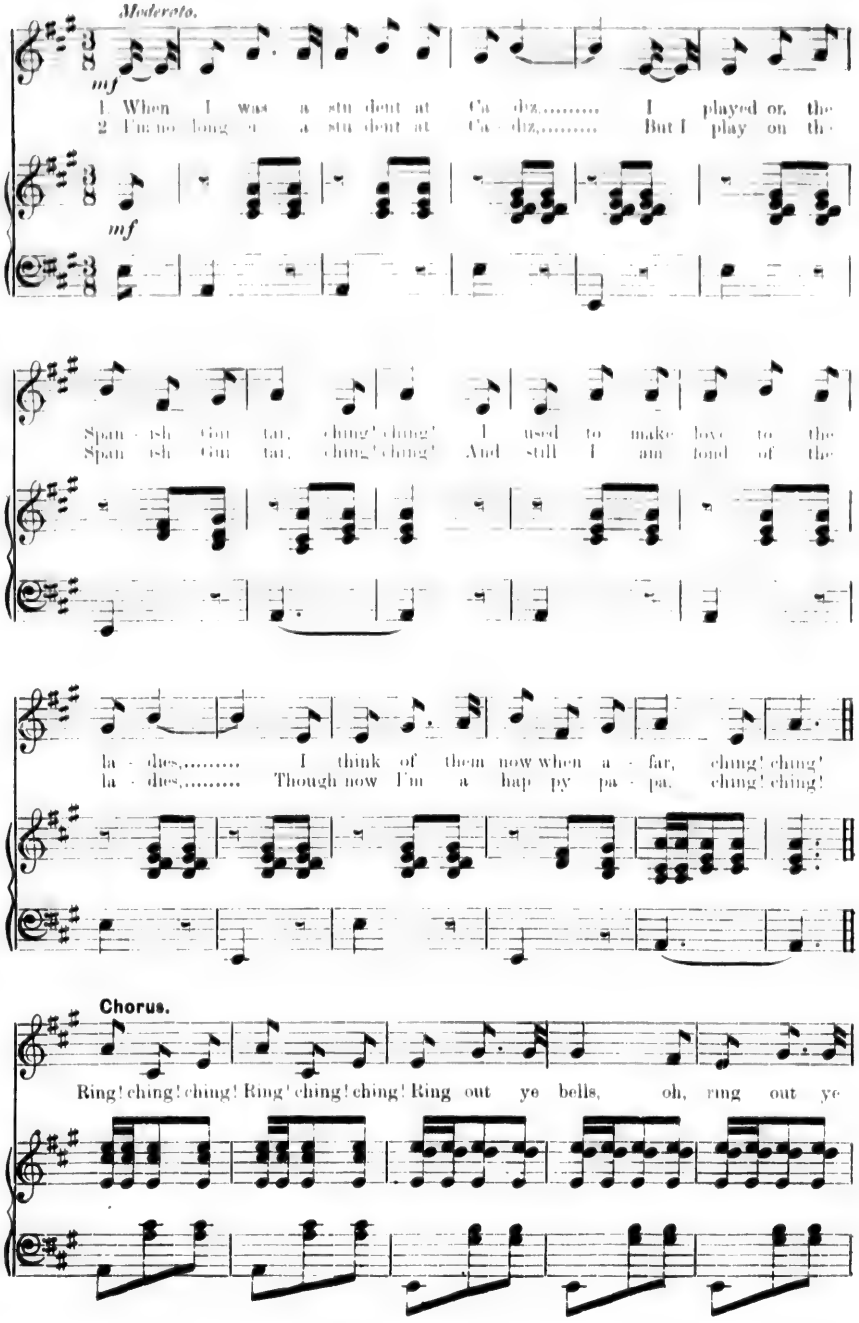
This student wandered out one night
Some medical friends to see,
And with those self-same Med-i-cals
He got on a roaring spree.
And the Bobbies straight did run them in,
Though the next day they got free,
By paying ten-dollars-and-thirty-one cents
To the City Treasurie.—*Chorus.*

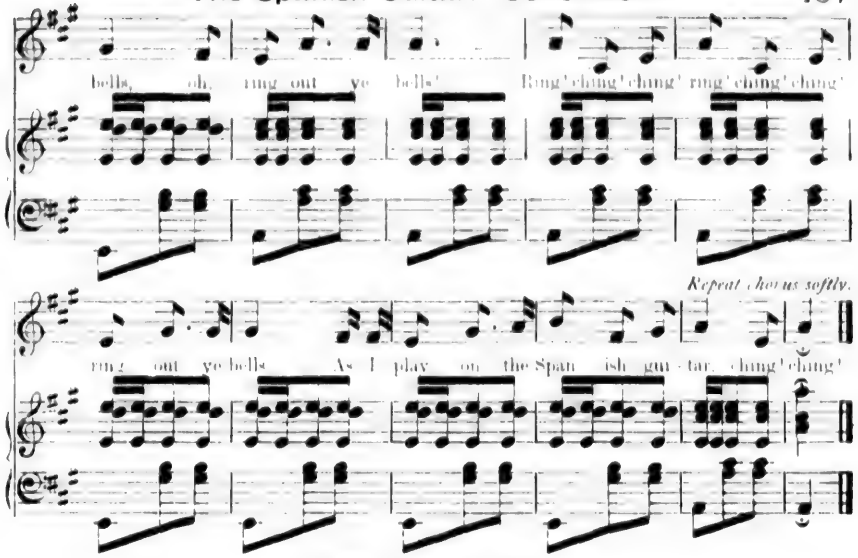
IV.

This student then neglected Court,
And his lectures didn't attend,
So the Dean informed the wayward lad,—
"You will have your ways to mend,
For *quoad* this, and *quoad* that,
We will you rusticate,
So ponder it o'er, my dear young man,
Before it is too late."—*Chorus.*

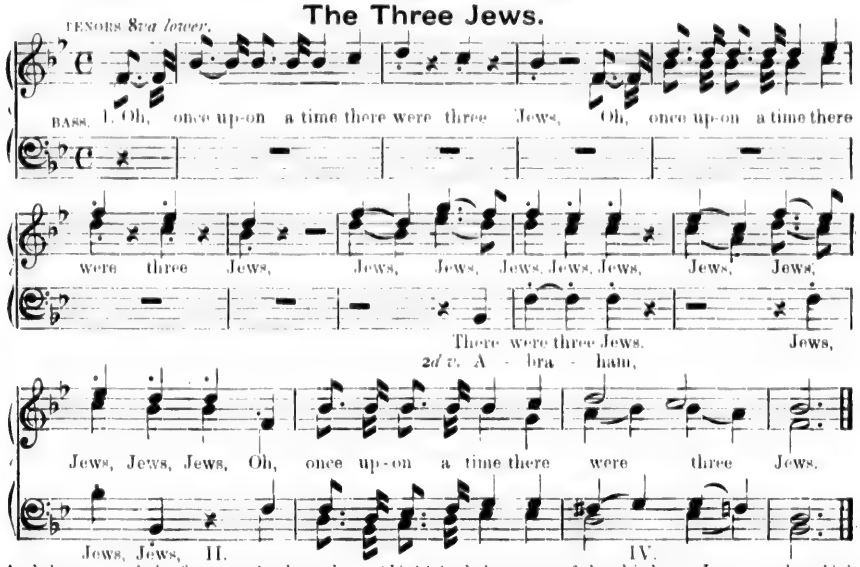
V.

So the student took these words to heart,
And determined to repent,
On the World, the Flesh and the Arch-Enemie
His money no longer spent;
And now he's turned a "Theolog,"
And he gets free grub and clothes,
And along the street with a white neck-tie
And a sanctified air he goes.—*Chorus.*


Moderato.
mf
1 When I was a stu dent at Ca diz..... I played on the
2 I'm no long er a stu dent at Ca diz..... But I play on the
mf
Span ish Gui tar, ching! ching! I used to make love to the
Span ish Gui tar, ching! ching! And still I am fond of the
la dies..... I think of them now when a far, ching! ching!
la dies..... Though now I'm a hap py pa pa, ching! ching!
Chorus.
Ring! ching! ching! Ring! ching! ching! Ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye



The Three Jews.



And the name of the first was A– bra –ham, (*bis.*)
A—a—bra—a—ham—ham—ham, (*bis.*)
And the name of the first was A—bra—ham.

III.

And the name of the second was Is—a—ac, (*bis.*)
Is—a—a—ac—ac—ac. (*bis.*)
And the name of the second was Is—a—ac.

And the name of the third was Ja—a—cob, (*bis.*)
Ja—a—cob—cob—cob, (*bis.*)
And the name of the third was Ja—a—cob,

V.

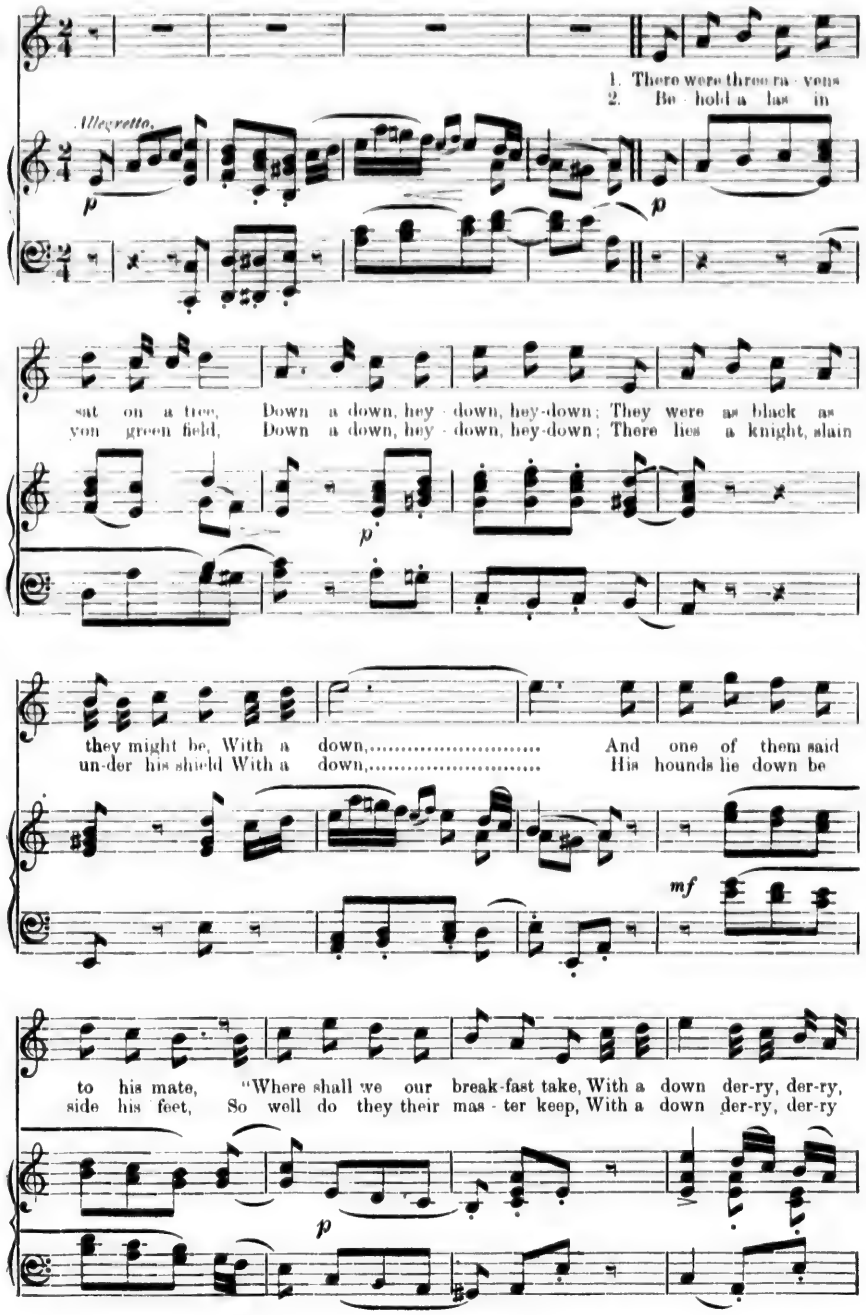
And they all went to Je—ru—sa—lem, (*bis.*)
Je—ru—sa—lem—lem—lem, (*bis.*)
And they all went to Je—ru—sa—lem.

VI.

And I wish they'd gone to Je—ri—cho, (*bis.*)
Je—ri—cho—cho—cho, (*bis.*)
And I wish they'd gone to Je— ri —cho.

The Three Ravens.

16TH CENTURY.



The Three Ravens. Concluded.

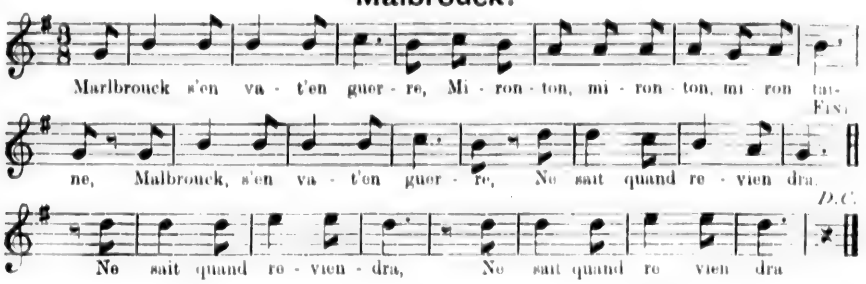
III.

His faithful hawks so near him fly,
Down a down, hey down, hey down;
No bird of prey doth venture nigh,
With a down.
But see! there c nes a fallow doe,
And to the knight she straight doth go,
With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.

IV.

She lifted up his ghastly head,
Down a down, hey down, hey down;
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red,
With a down.
She buried him before the prime,
And died herself, ere even-song time,
With a down derry, derry, derry down, down.

Malbrouck.



II.

Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
Mironton, etc.
Il reviendra-z-à Pâques
Ou à la Trinité. (*ter.*)

III.

La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, etc.
La Trinité se passe,
Marlbrouck ne revient pas. (*ter.*)

IV.

Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, etc.
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter. (*ter.*)

V.

Elle aperçoit son page,
Mironton, etc.
Elle aperçoit son page
Tout de noir habillé. (*ter.*)

VI.

—Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Mironton, etc.
Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelles apportez? (*ter.*)

VII.

Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Mironton, etc.
Aux nouvell's que j'apporte
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer. (*ter.*)

VIII.

Quittez vos habits roses
Mironton, etc.
Quittez vos habits roses
Et vos satins brochés. (*ter.*)

IX.

Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Mironton, etc.
Monsieur Marlbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré. (*ter.*)

X.

J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Mironton, etc.
J'l'ai vu porter en terre
Par quatre-z-officiers. (*ter.*)

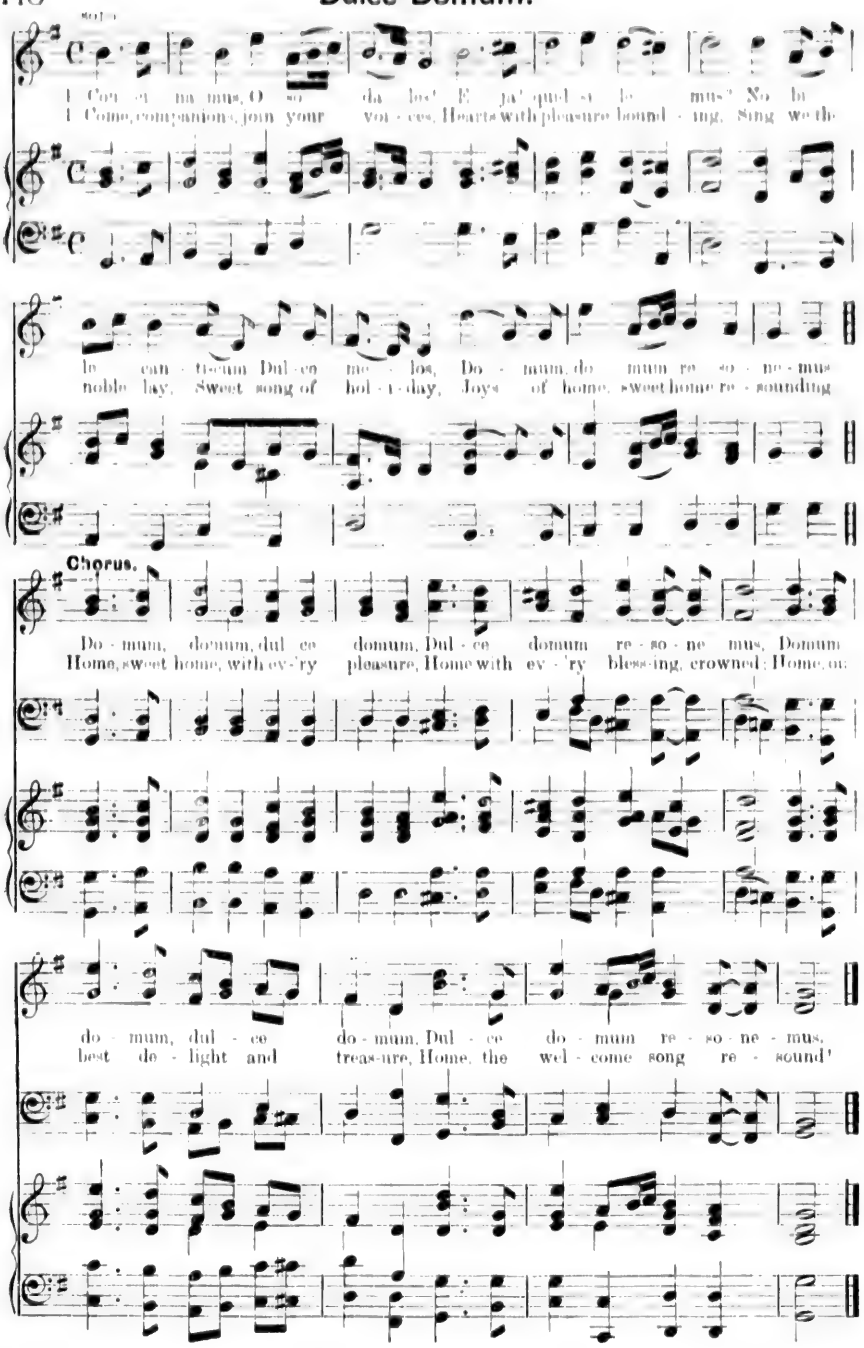
XI.

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Mironton, etc.
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier. (*ter.*)

XII.

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mironton, etc.
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien. (*ter.*)

Dulce Domum.


Solo
I Con - ci - na - mus, O so - da - les! E - ja! quid si - le - mus? No - bi
I Come, companions, join your voi - ces, Hearts with pleasure bound - ing, Sing we the
le can - ti - cum Dul - ce me - los, Do - mum, do - mum re - so - ne - mus
noble lay, Sweet song of hol - i - day, Joys of home, sweet home re - sounding
Chorus.
Do - mum, domum, dul - ce domum, Dul - ce domum re - so - ne - mus, Domum
Home, sweet home, with ev - 'ry pleasure, Home with ev - 'ry bless - ing, crowned; Home, ou
do - mum, dul - ce do - mum, Dul - ce do - mum re - so - ne - mus,
best de - light and treas - ure, Home, the wel - come song re - sound!

1. The autumn leaves were turning red, U-pi-dee, u-pi-da, As up to college swift there sped

U-pi-dee-i-da, A Freshman with a cap and gown, Which proudly he had worn through town

ritard.

Chorus.

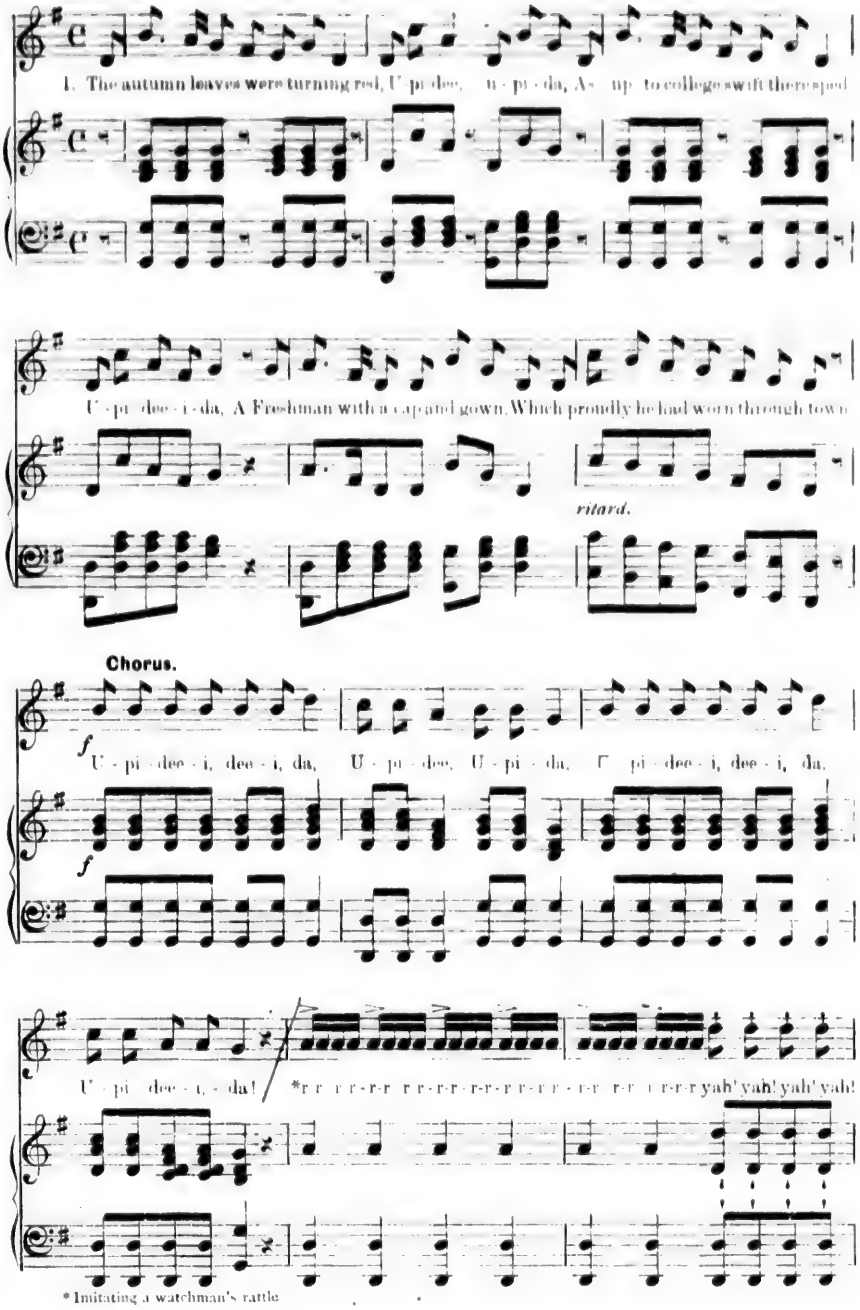
f

U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da, U-pi-dee-i, dee-i, da,

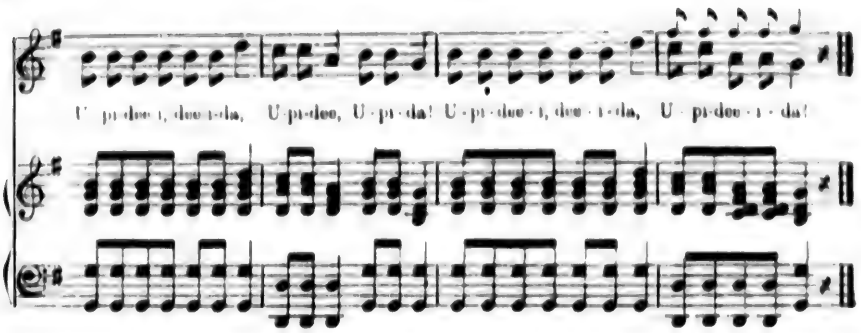
f

U-pi-dee-i, -da! *r r r r-r-r r r-r-r-r-r-r r-r-r-r r-r r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!

* Imitating a watchman's rattle



Upidee. Concluded.



II.

The winter snow was falling fast,
As thro' the college gates there passed
A Soph. with low dejected mien,
He feared the worst, 'twas plainly seen.—*Chorus.*

III.

Winter's storms are past and gone,
Spring with gentle breeze has come,
A Senior (for now such is he)
Works day and night to get A. B.—*Chorus.*

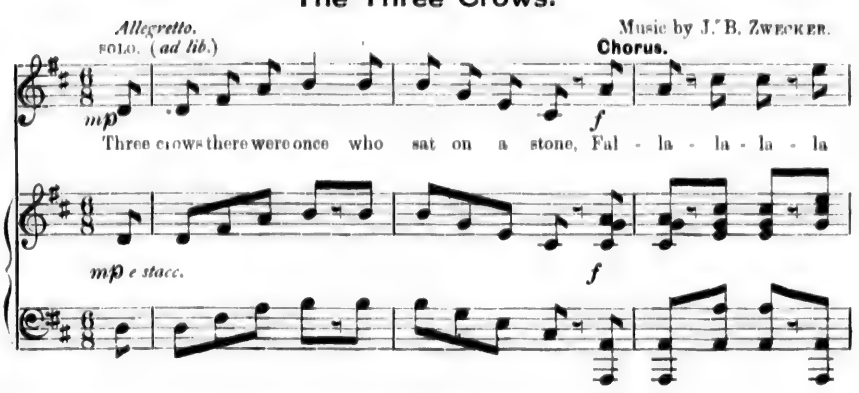
IV.

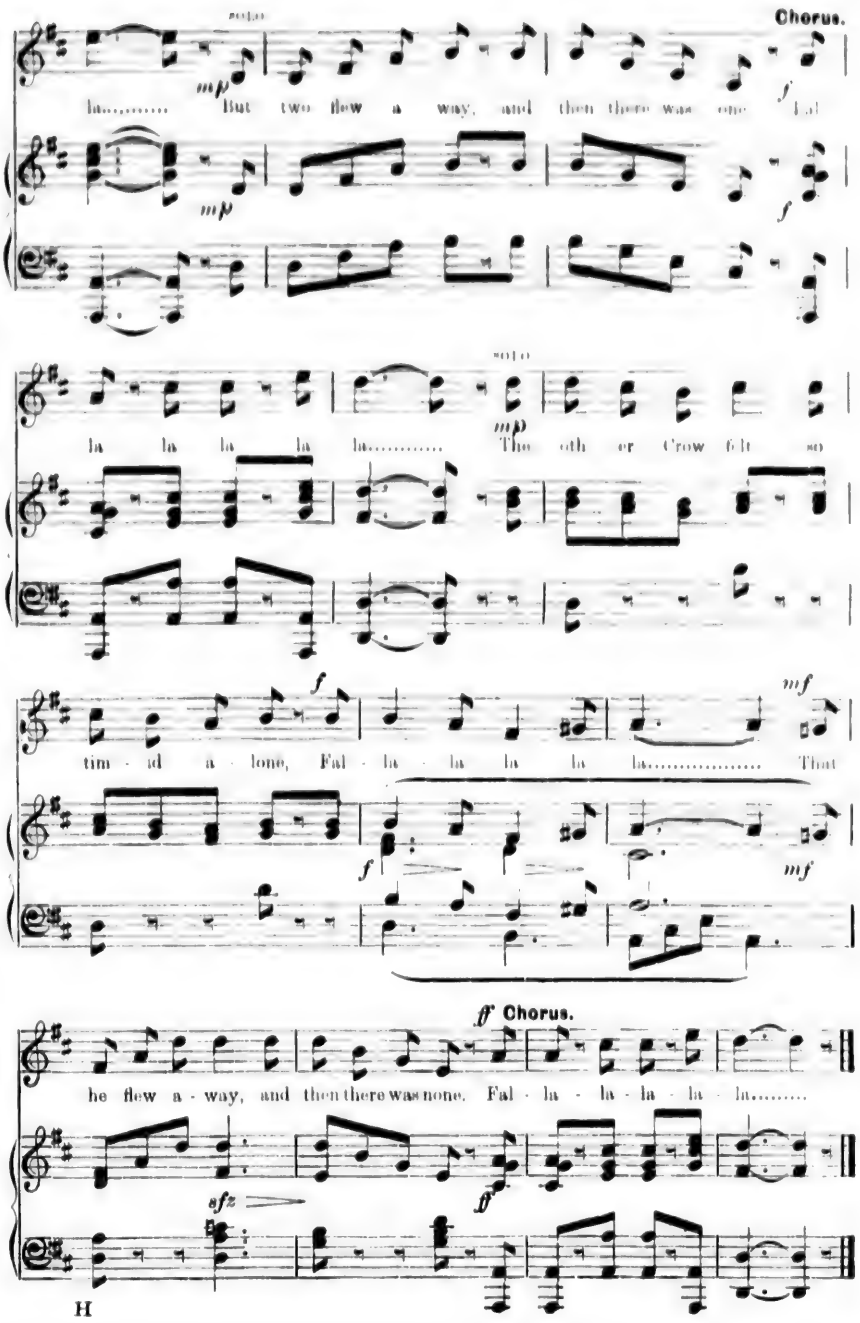
Of graduate class a member now,
Importance stamps his youthful brow,
In pride he views th'approaching spring,
When end shall this "confounded thing."—*Chorus.*

V.

Inside a car, in rapid flight
From college cheer, and banquet bright,
With ghastly visage, pale as death,
The "Plucked" all curses 'neath his breath.—*Chorus.*

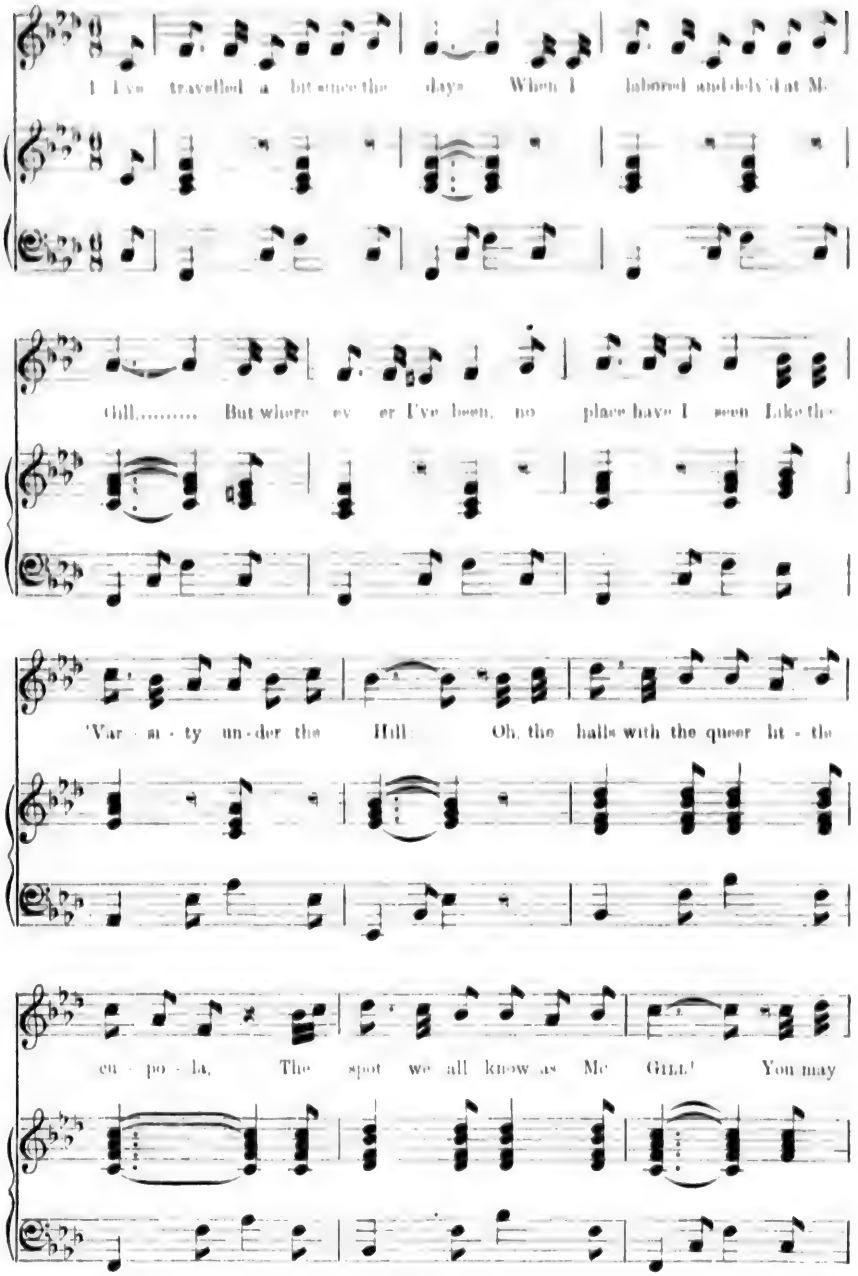
The Three Crows.

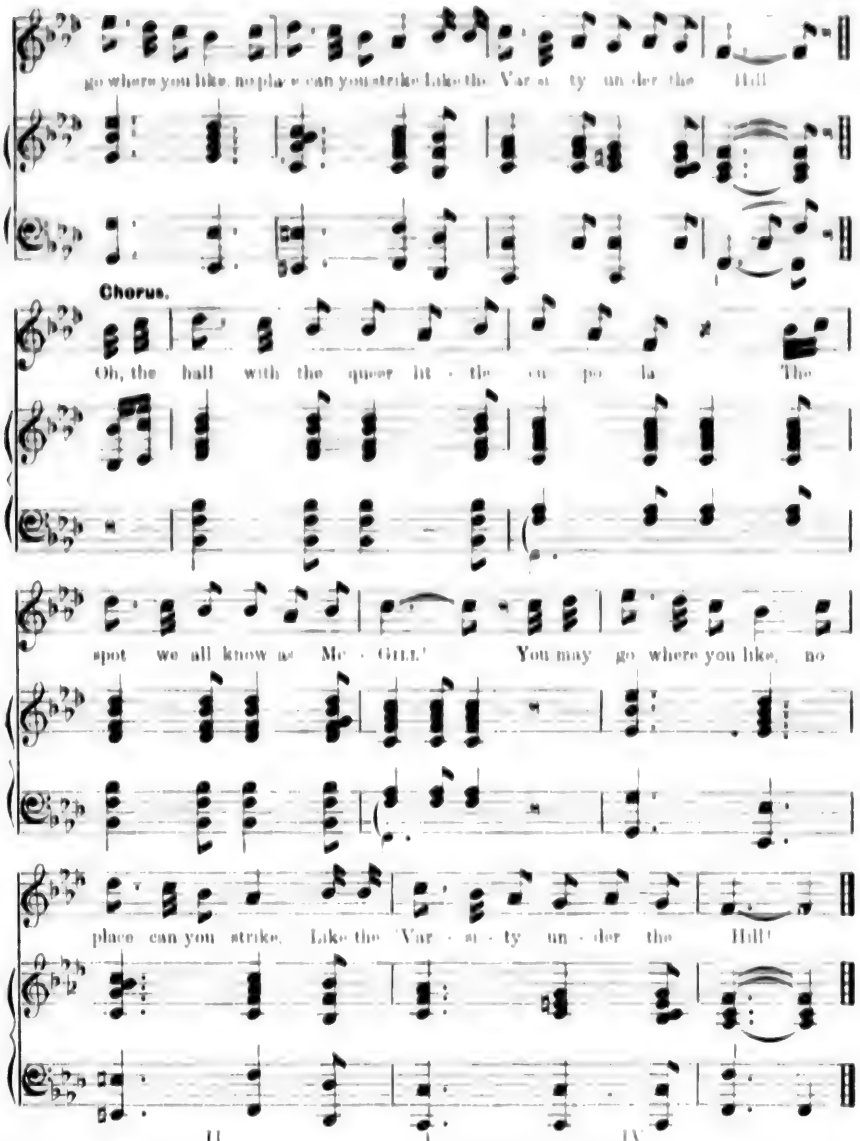



Chorus.
mp
f
la..... But two flew a way, and then there was one Fal
solo
mp
la la la la la..... The oth er Crow felt so
f
mf
tim - id a lone, Fal - la - la la la la..... That
ff Chorus.
he flew a - way, and then there was none. Fal - la - la - la - la - la.....
sfz
ff

The 'Varsity Under the Hill.

Words and Music by J. G. - Montreal.





II.

I've visited lands afar off,
Their pleasures enjoyed at my will, [turned,
But my heart ever yearned, as my thoughts to it
For the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Chorus.*

III.

To Oxford and Cambridge I've been,
St. Andrews and Dublin, but still,
I'm free to confess, I think none the less
Of the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Chorus.*

IV.

I visited Heidelberg, too,
Ferrara and Berne and Seville,
Vienna and Pesth, but still I love best
The 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Chorus.*

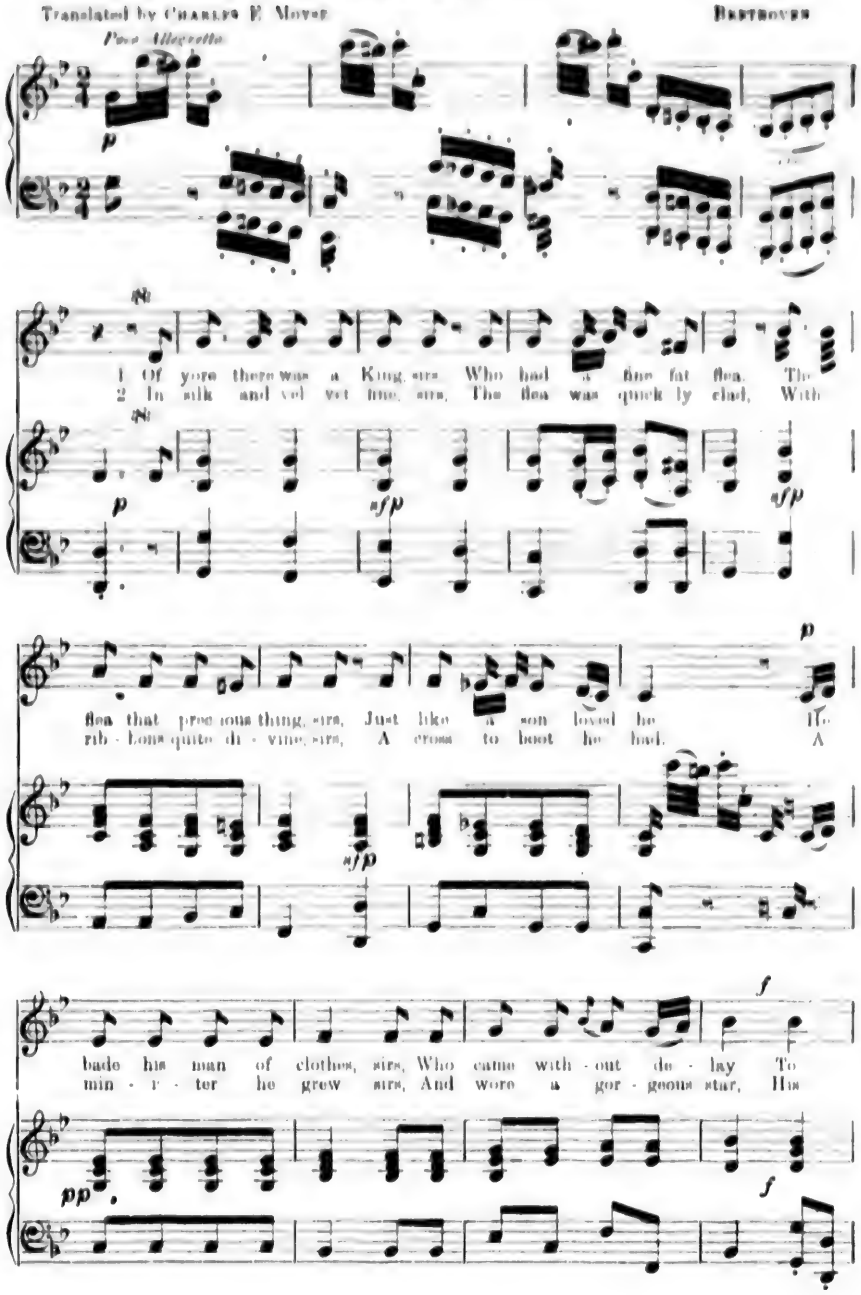
V.

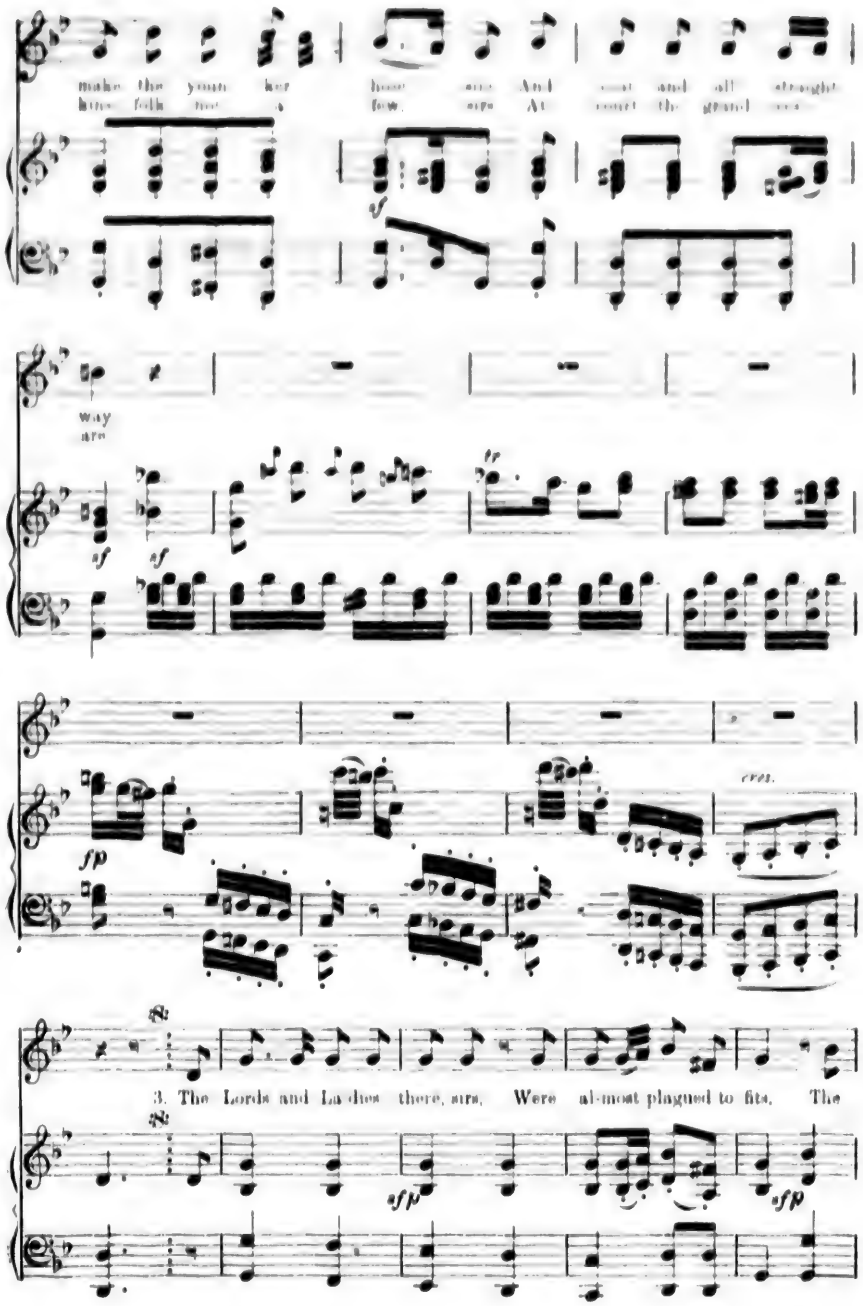
So we'll pledge her in bumpers to-night
The pride of our heart, Old McGill,
And our glasses shall clink as we lovingly drink
To the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Chorus.*

The Song of the Flea.

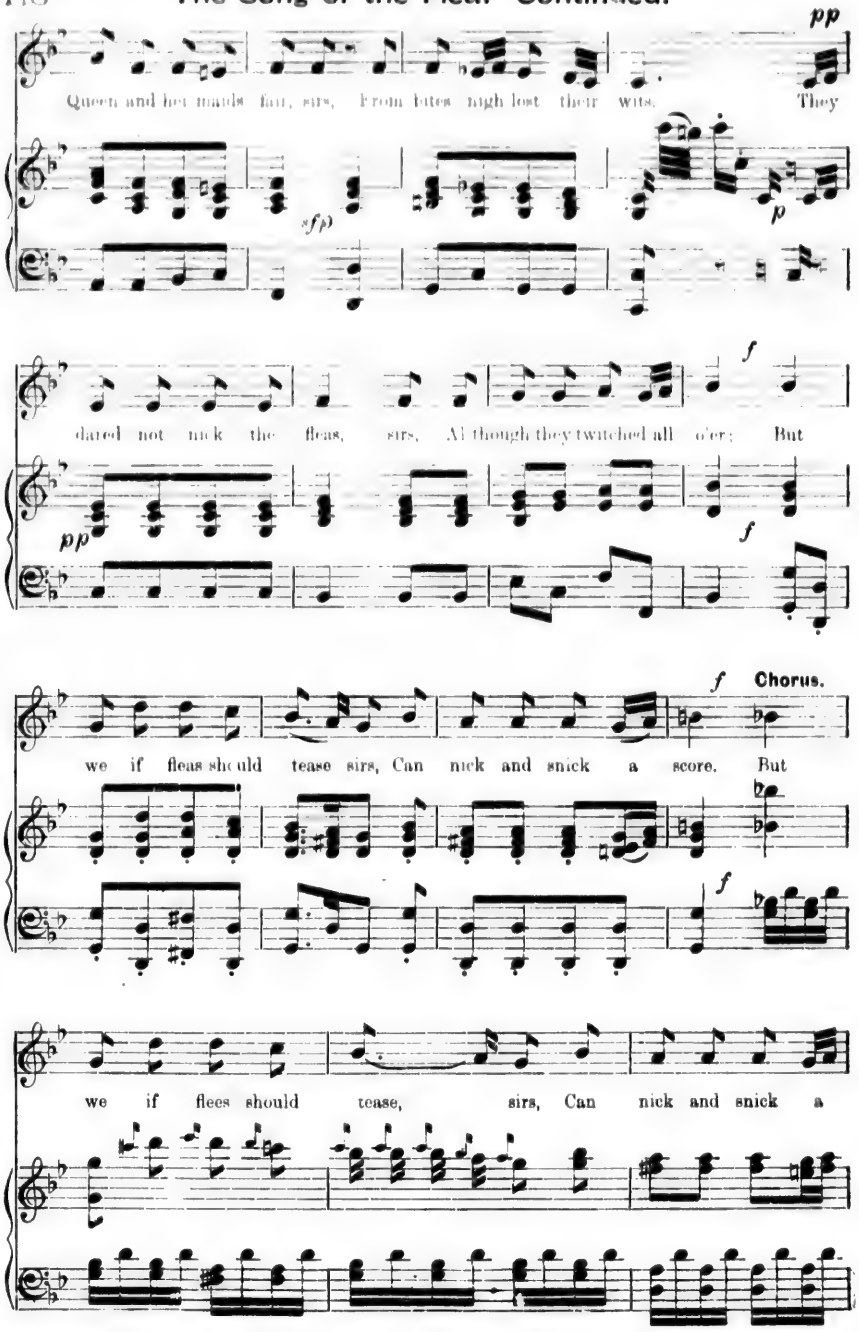
FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.

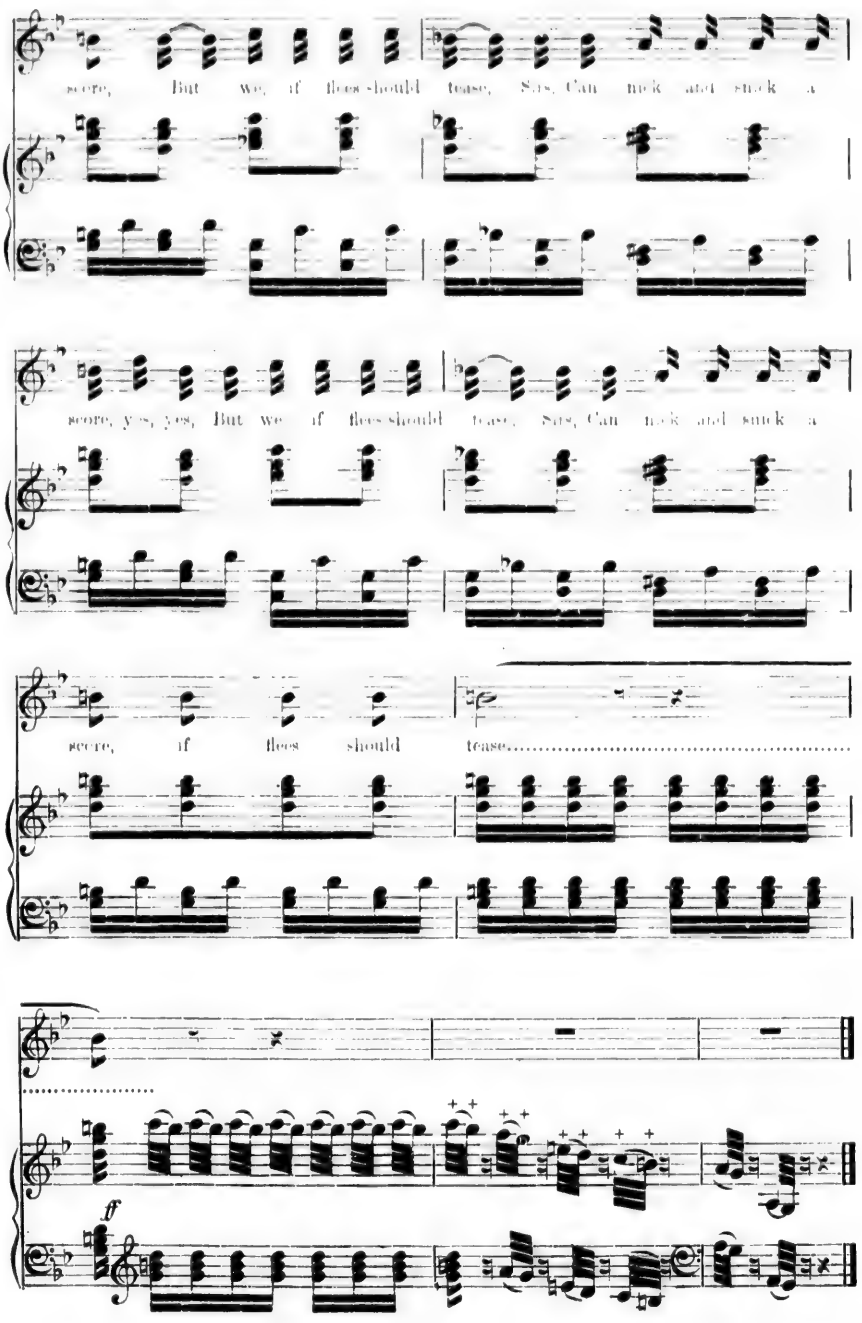
Translated by CHARLES F. MOYER. BEETHOVEN



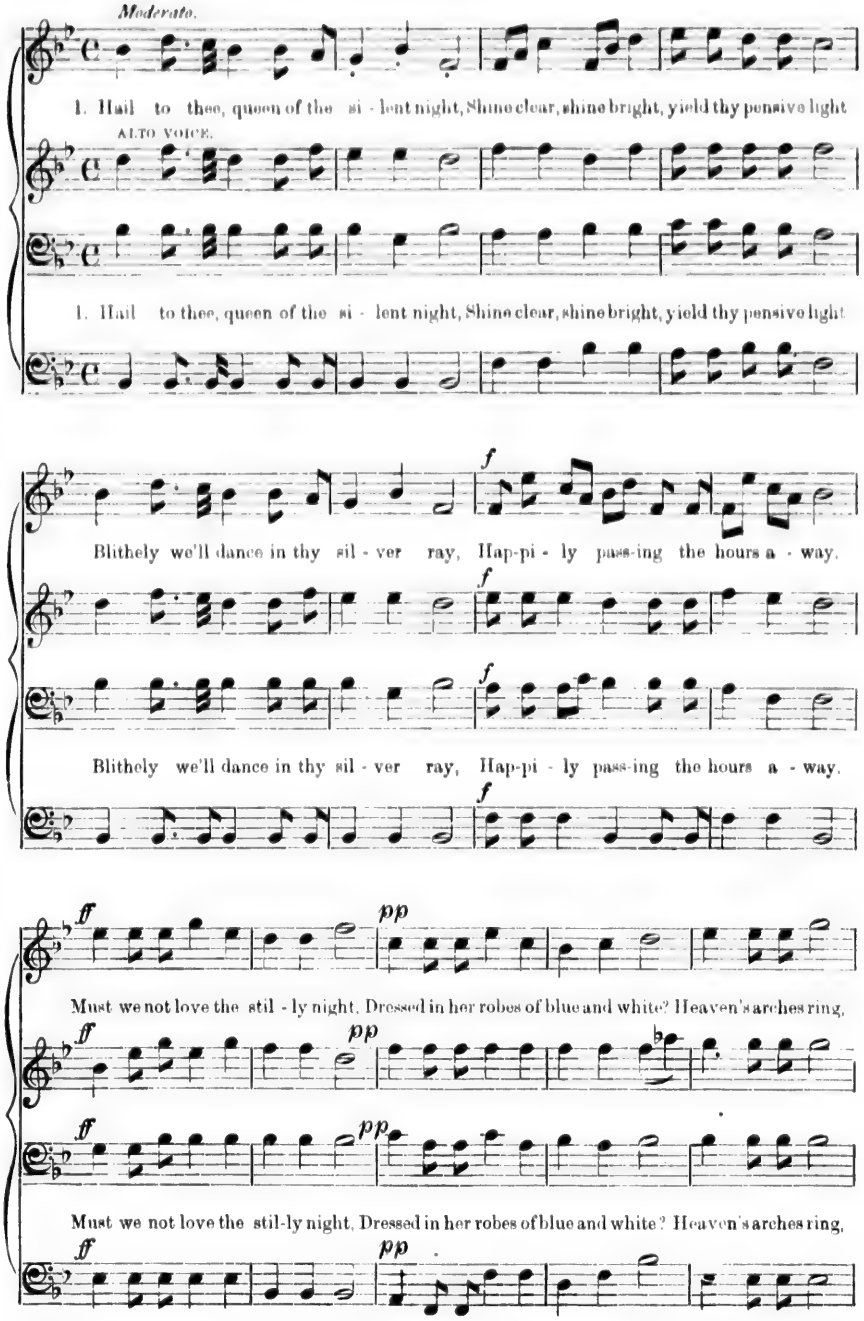

make the youn ker hose sire And coat and all straight
kins folk not a few, sirs At court the grand ces
way
are
sf
sf
sf
tr
fp
cres.
3. The Lords and La dies there, sirs, Were al-most plagued to fits, The
sfp
sfp

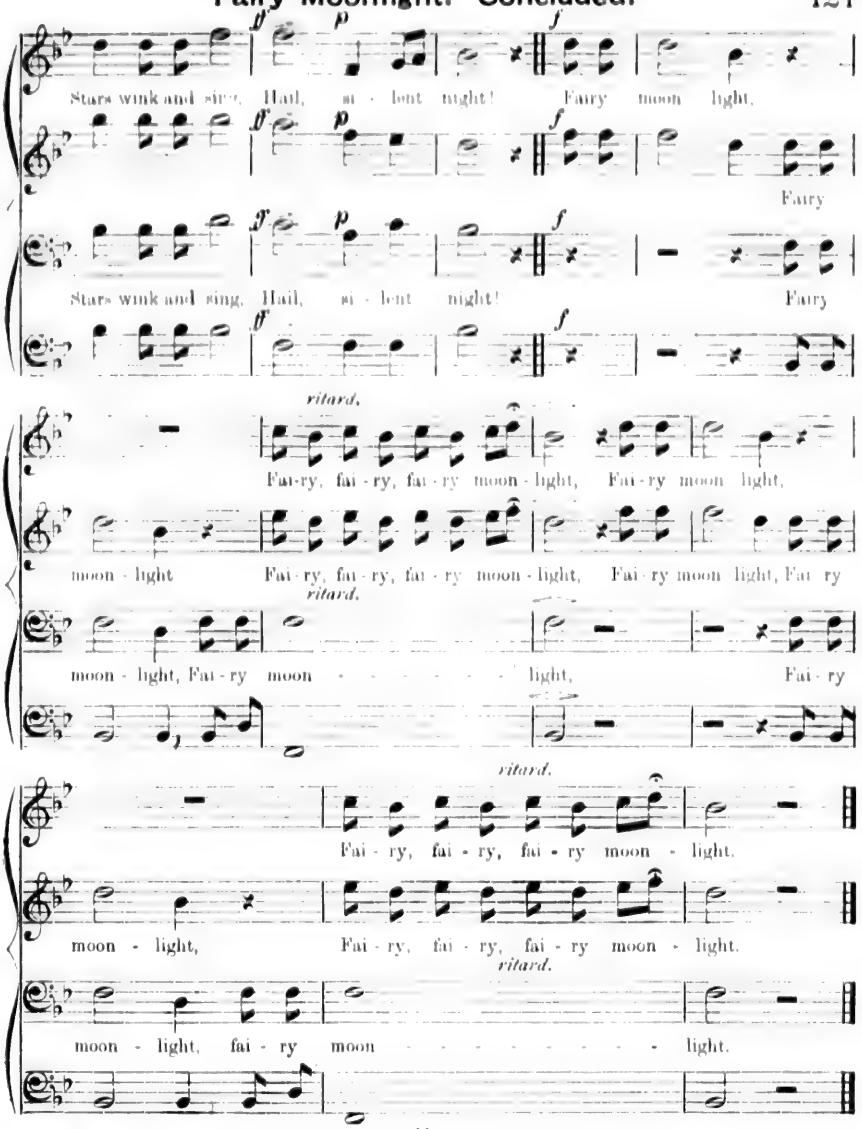
The Song of the Flea. Continued.




score, But we if flees should tease, Sirs, Can nick and suck a
score, yes, yes, But we if flees should tease, Sirs, Can nick and suck a
score, if flees should tease.....
ff

Fairy Moonlight.



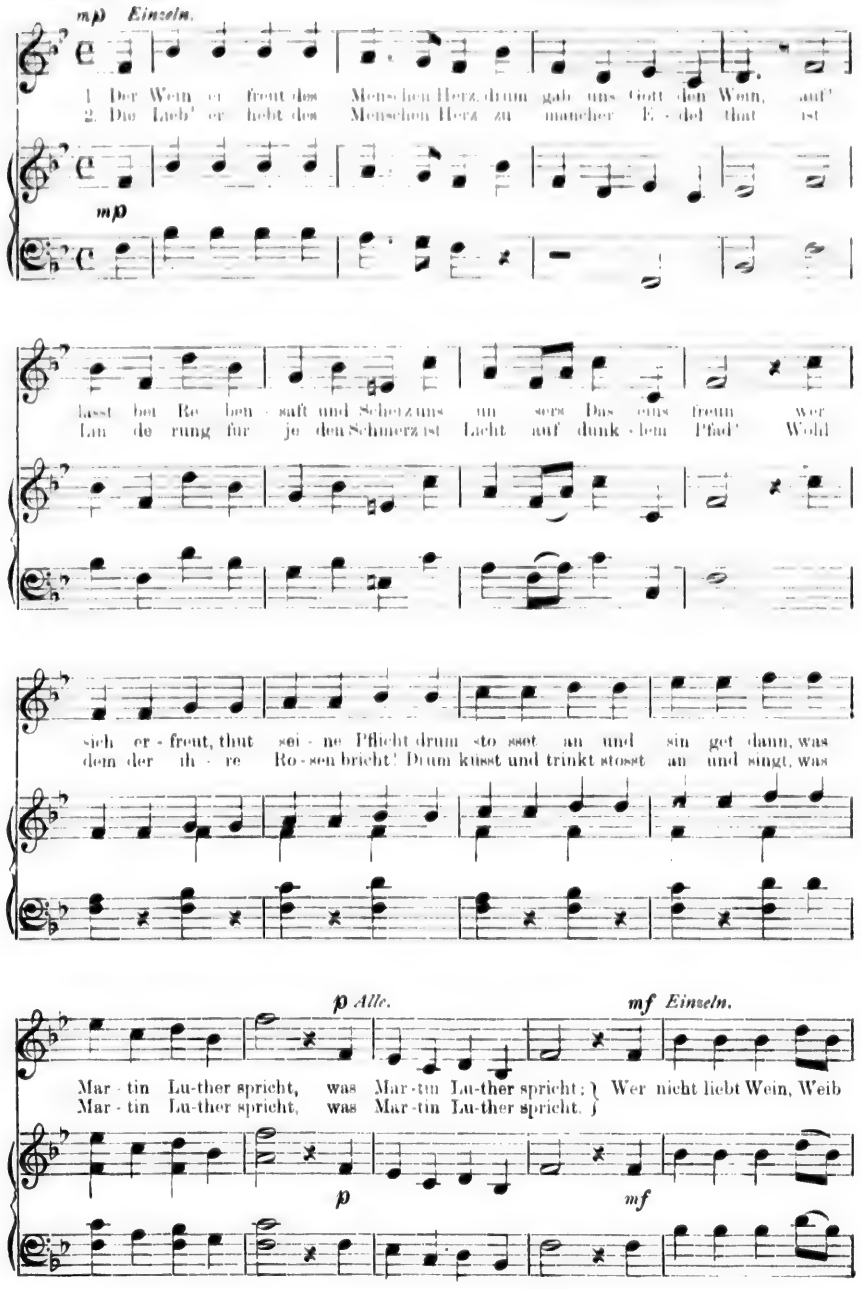


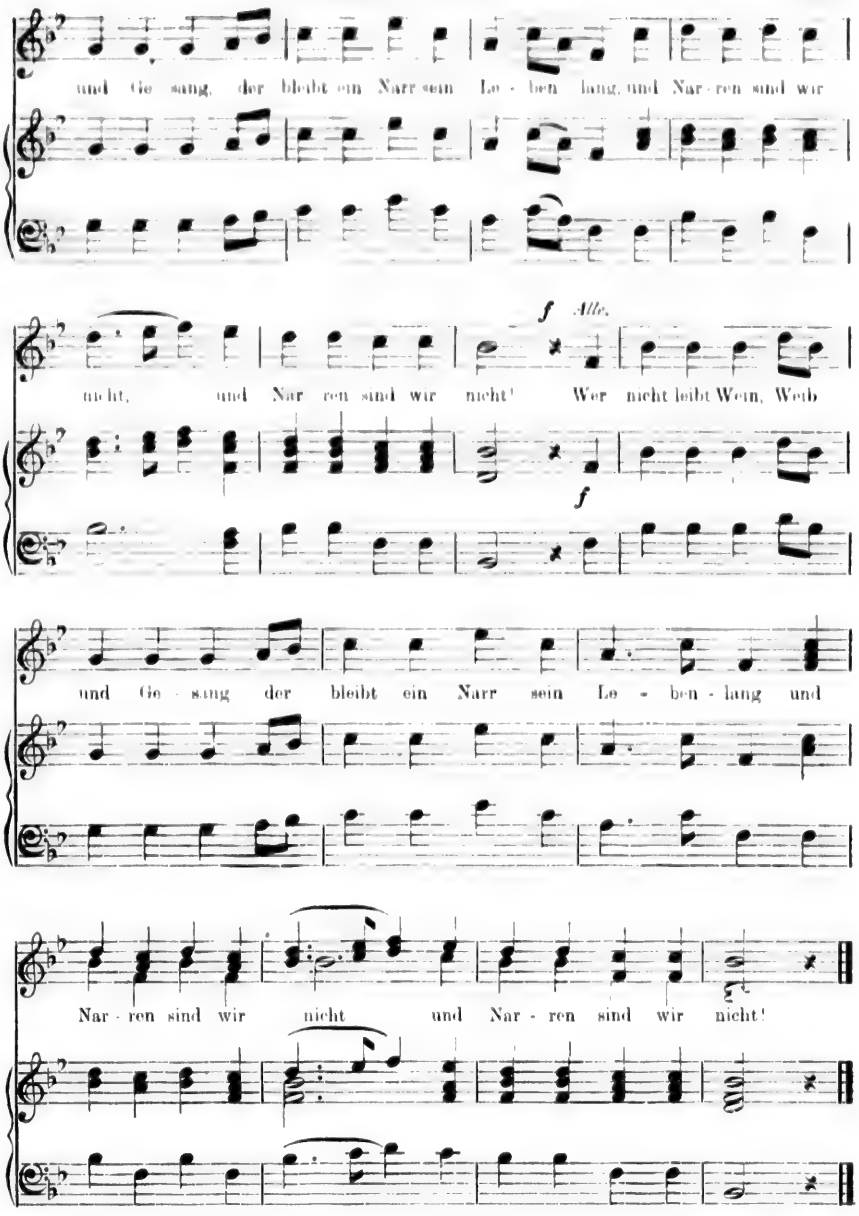
II.

Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
Beam on through sky, robed in azure dye;
We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night bird sings,
Flapping the dew from his sable wings;
Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
Play with the pearls of shadowy night;
Then let us sing,
Time's on the wing,
Hail, silent night,
Fairy moonlight!

Trinklied.

Massig. Carl Friedrich Zelter, 1802.





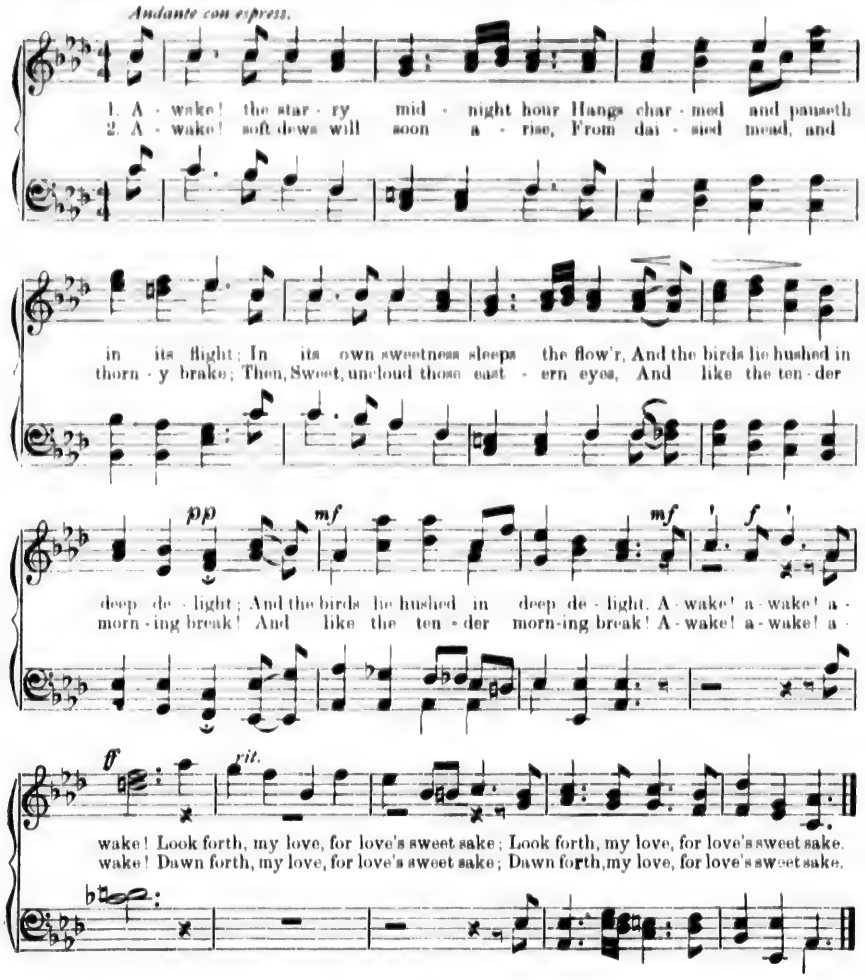
III.

Ein Lied voll rei-ner Har-mo-nie in treu-er Freunde Kreis, ist Labung nach des Ta-ges Müh', und nach der Arbeit Schweiss: drum küsset nach er füllter Pflicht: drum sto-sset an und sin-get dann, was Martin Luther spricht, was Martin Luther spricht.

Wer nicht liebt Wein, u.s.w.

Serenade.

Music by F. R. Burton. Words by Barry Cornwall.

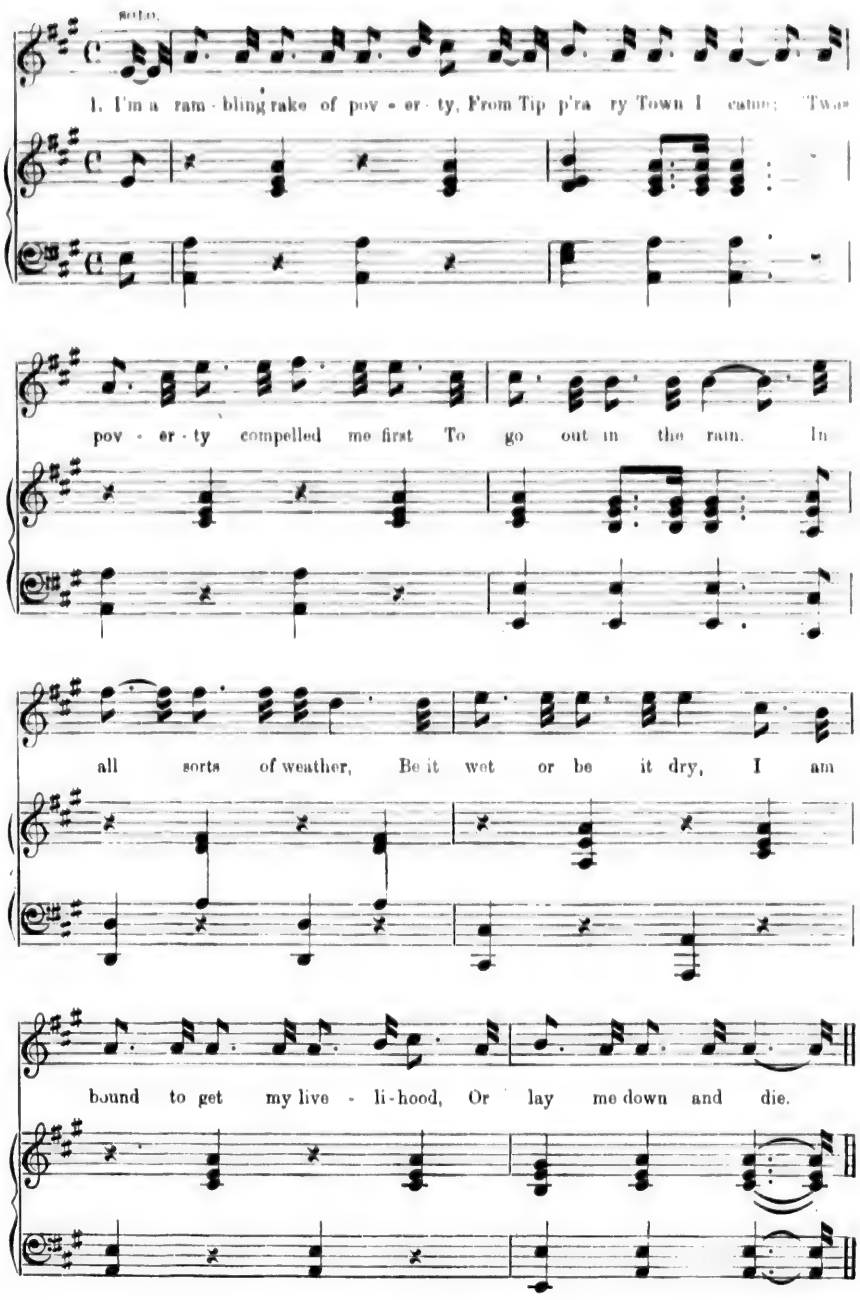


III.

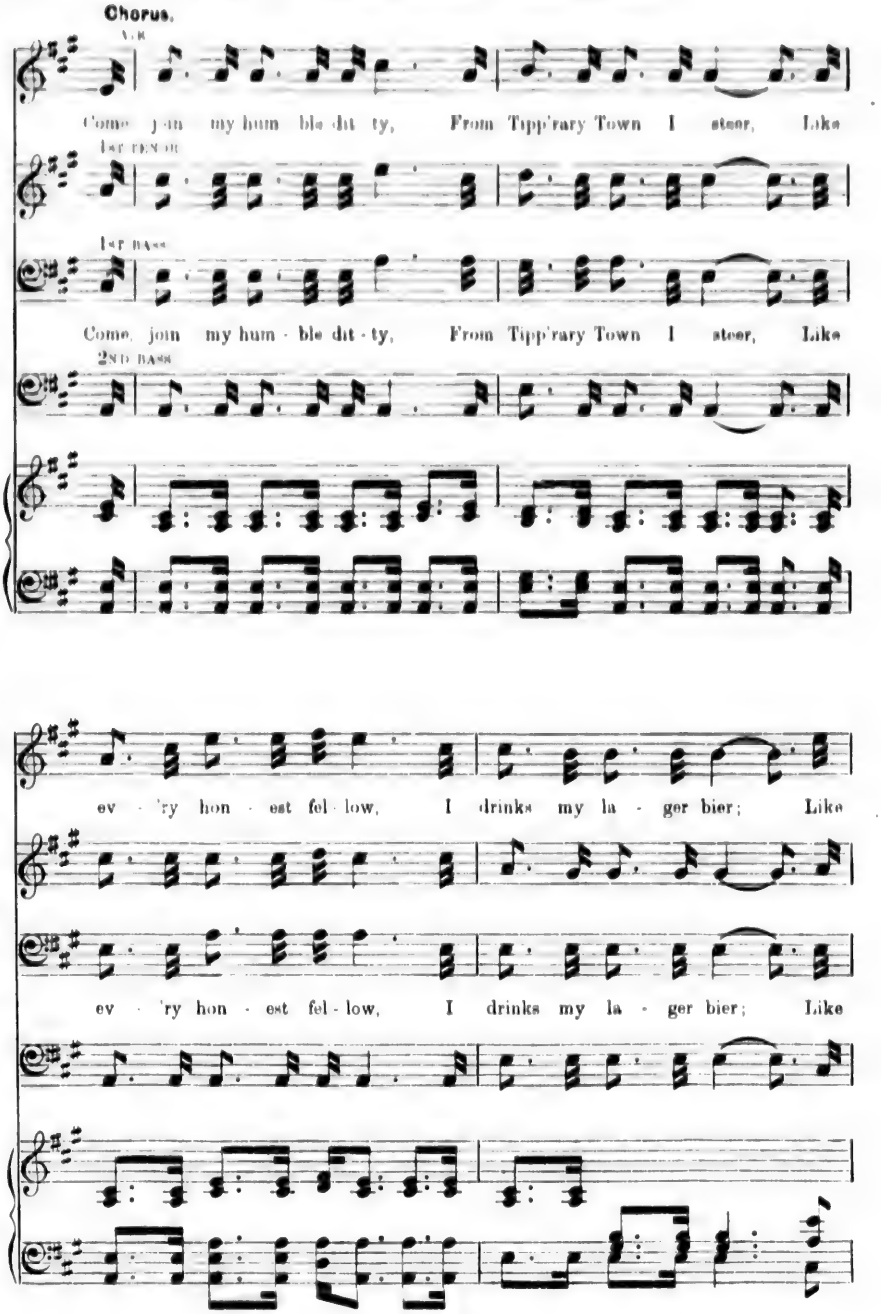
Awake! within the musk-rose bower,
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee;
Ah! come and show the starry hour,
‖: What wealth of love thou hid'st from me. :‖
Awake! awake! awake!
‖: Show all thy love, fo love's sweet sake. :‖

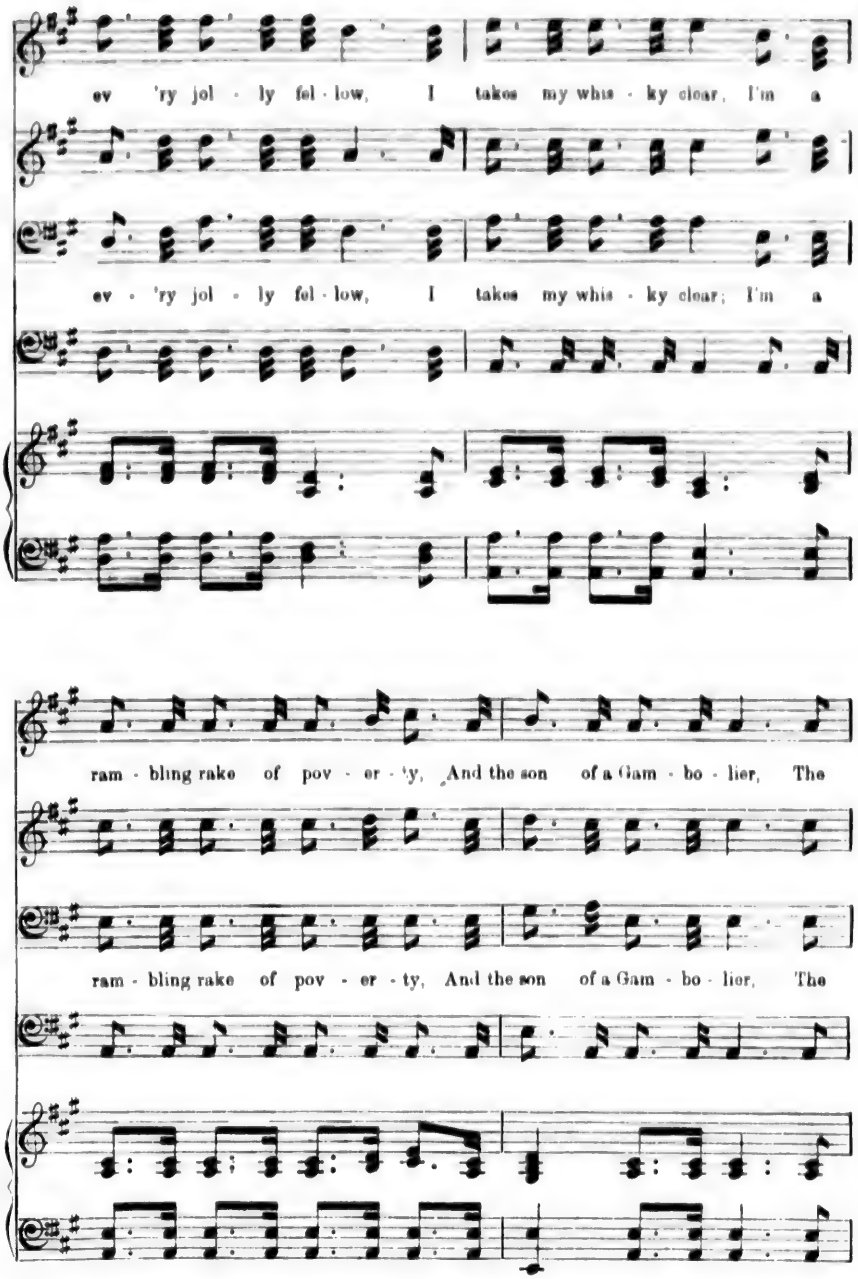
IV.

Awake! ne'er heed, though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice:
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
‖: And bid the world and me rejoice. :‖
Awake! awake! awake!
‖: She comes,—at last, for love's sweet sake! :‖

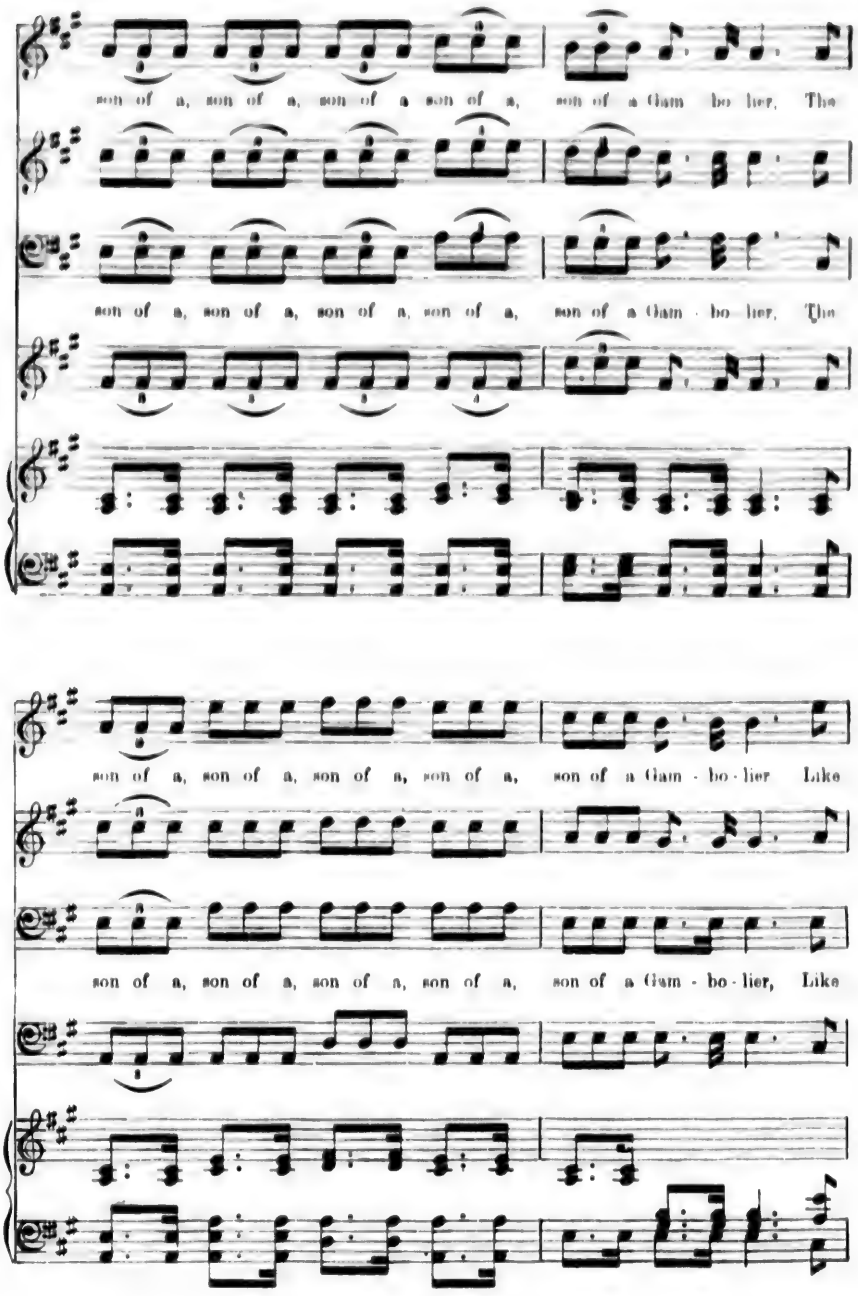

Solo.
1. I'm a ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, From Tip p'ra ry Town I came; 'Twas
pov - er - ty compelled me first To go out in the rain. In
all sorts of weather, Be it wet or be it dry, I am
bound to get my live - li - hood, Or lay me down and die.

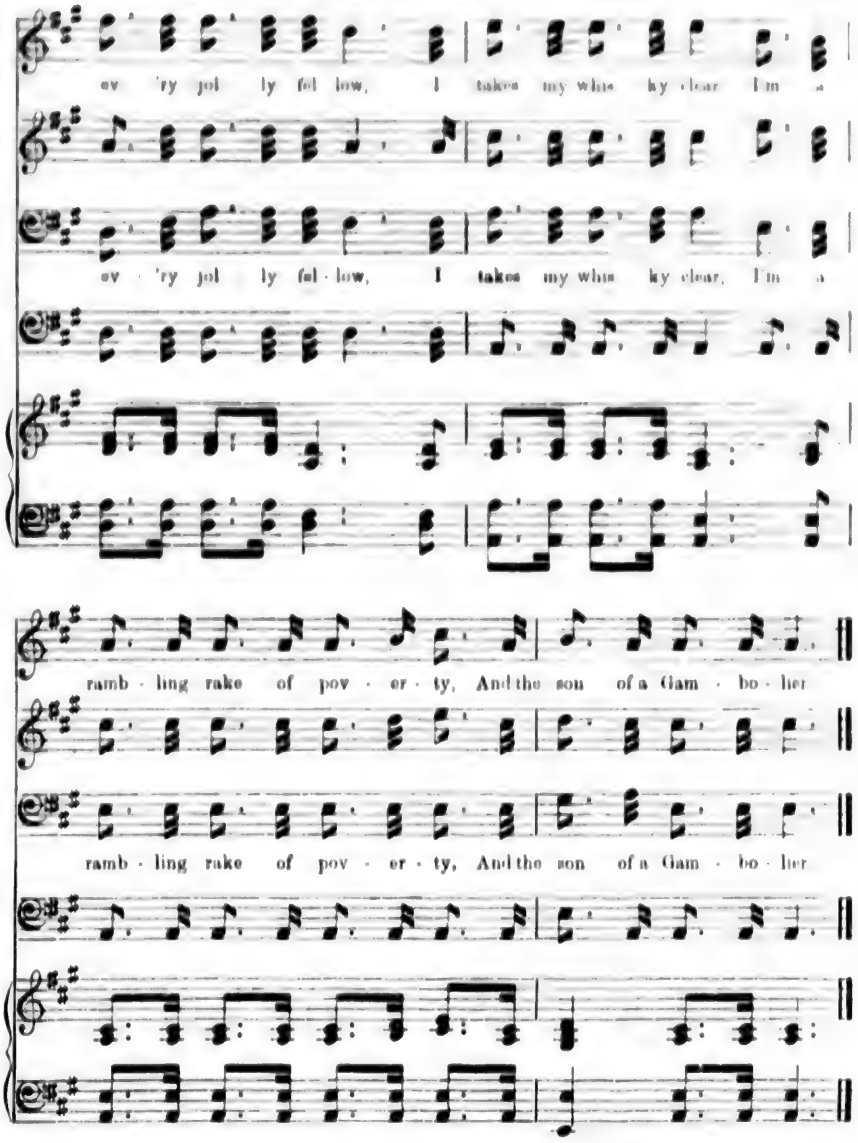
Son of a Gambolier. Continued.




ev 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - ky clear, I'm a
ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - ky clear; I'm a
ram - bling rake of pov - er - 'ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier, The
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier, The

Son of a Gambolier. Continued.





II.

I once was tall and handsome,
And was so very neat
They thought I was too good to live—
Most good enough to eat;
But now I'm old, my coat is torn,
And poverty holds me fast,
And every girl turns up her nose
As I go wand'ring past.—*Chorus.*

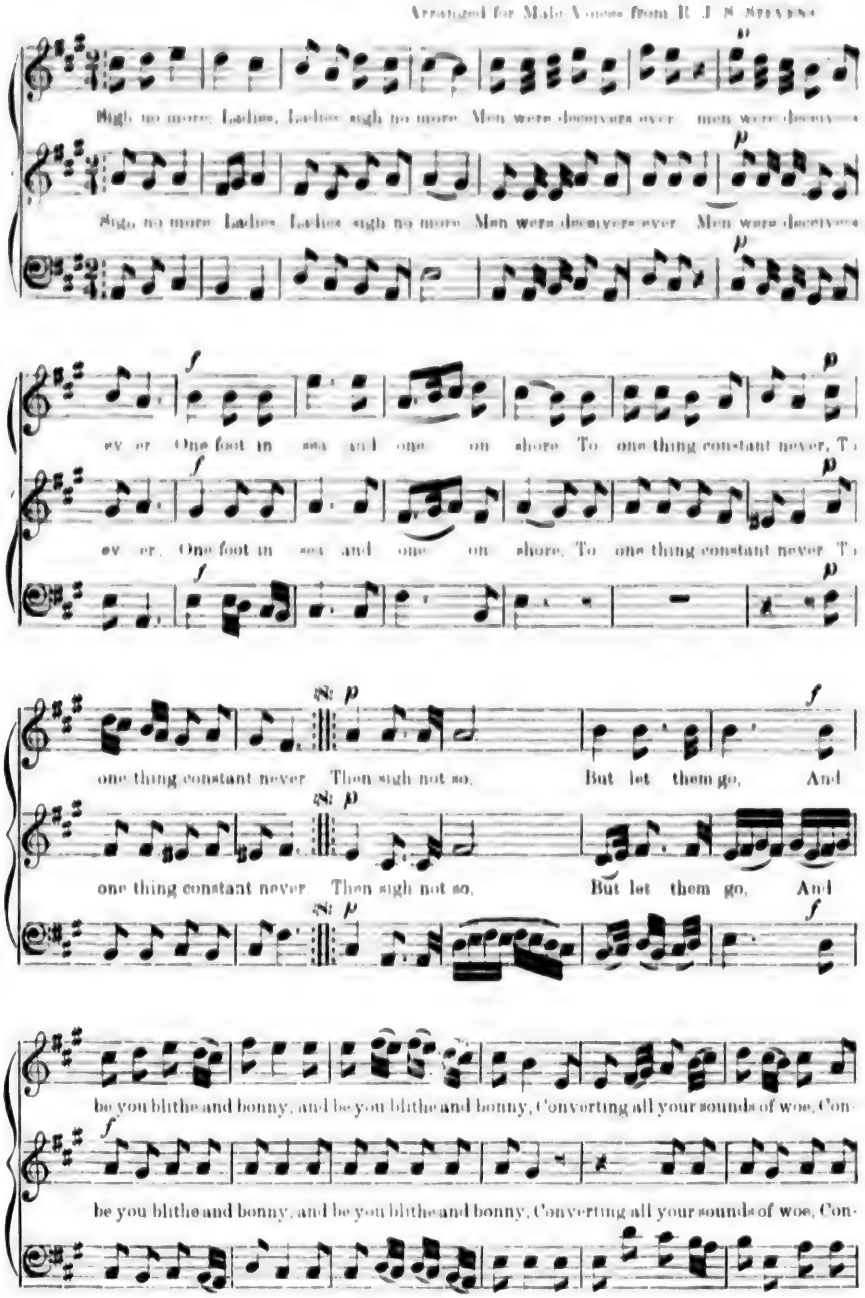
I

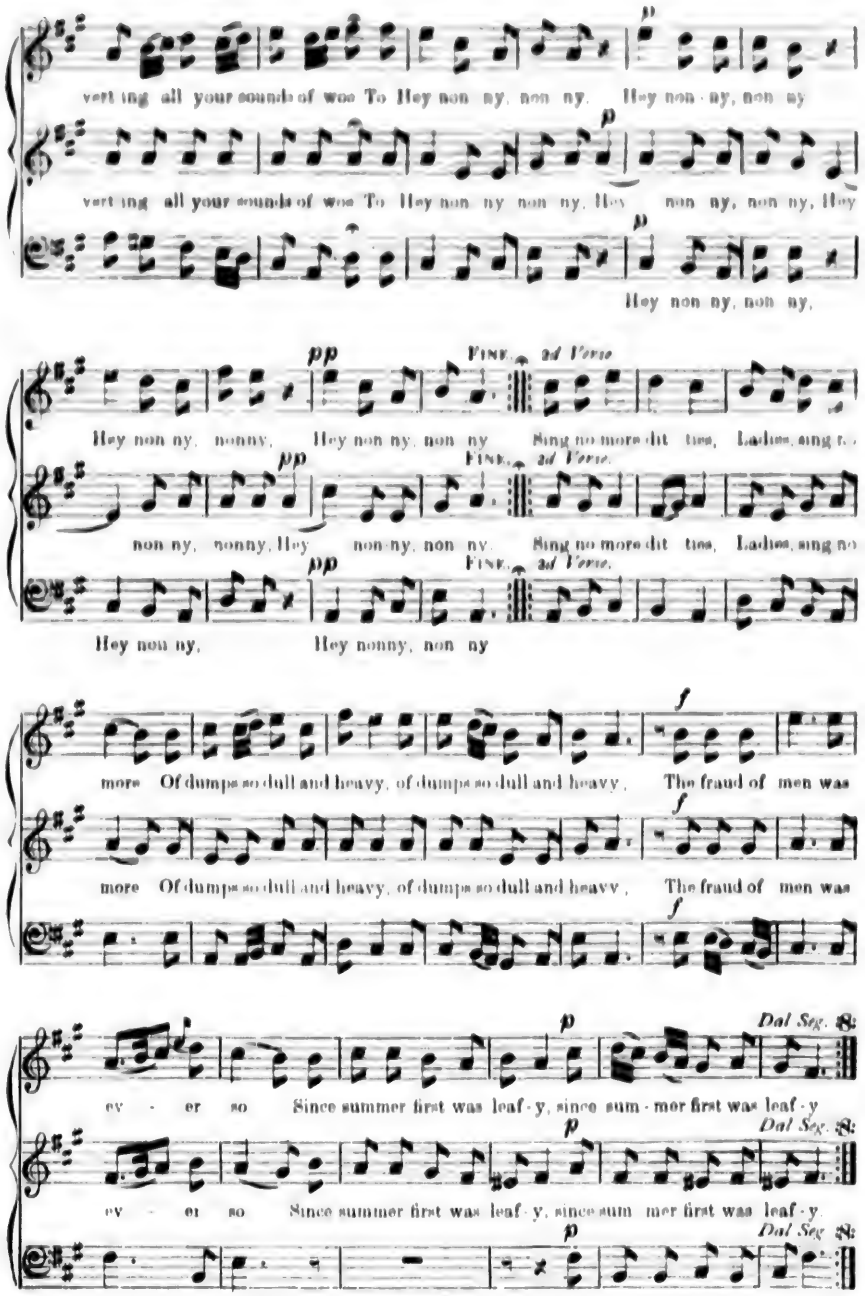
III.

I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
From Tipperary town I came;
My coat I bought from an old Jew shop
Way down in Maiden Lane;
My hat I got from a sailor lad,
Just eighteen years gone by,
And my shoes I picked from an old dust-heap
Which ev'ry one shunned but I. —*Chorus*

Sigh No More Ladies.

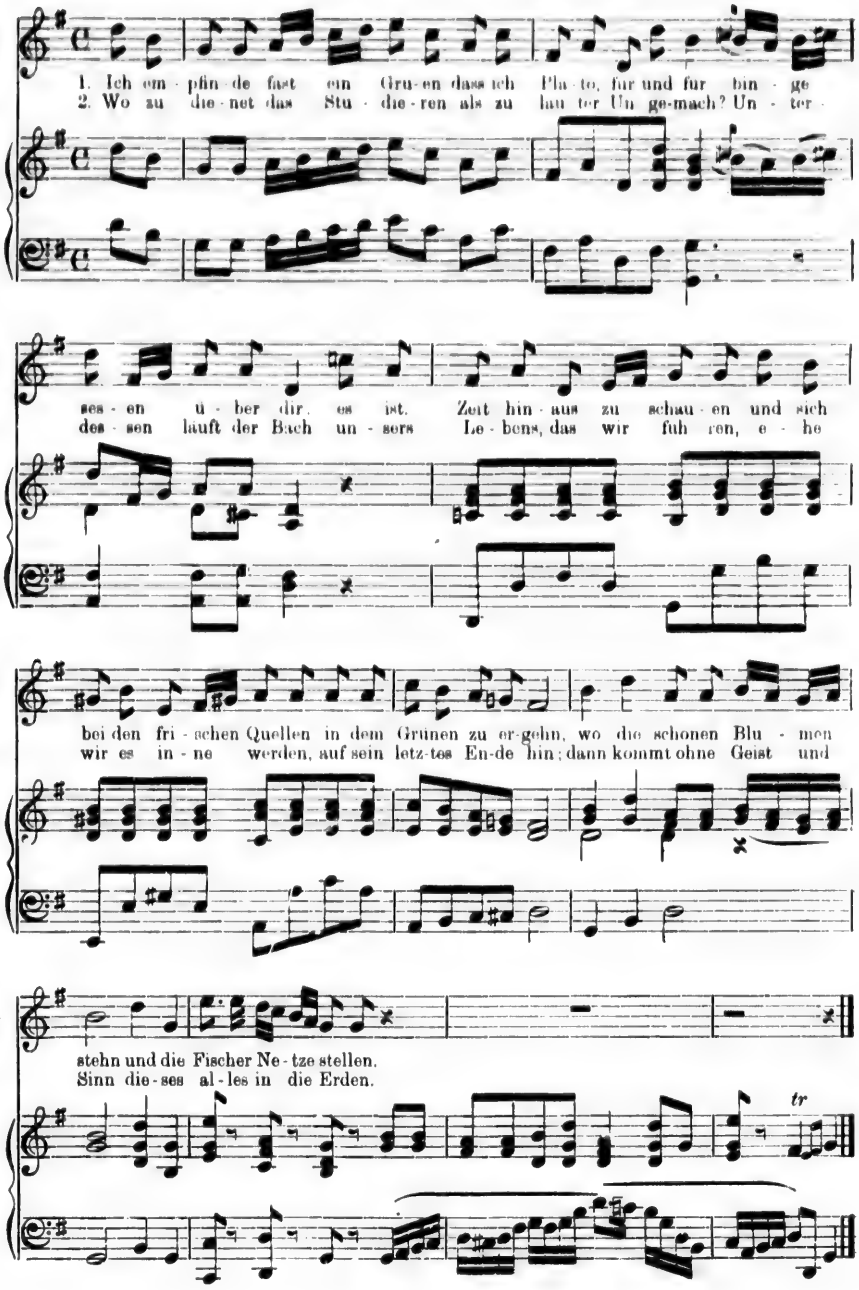
Arranged for Male Voices from R. J. S. STEVENS.




vert ing all your sounds of woe To Hey non ny, non ny. Hey non - ny, non ny
vert ing all your sounds of woe To Hey non ny non ny. Hey non ny, non ny, Hey
Hey non ny, non ny,
Hey non ny, nonny, Hey non ny, non ny Sing no more dit ties, Ladies, sing n
non ny, nonny, Hey non ny, non ny. Sing no more dit ties, Ladies, sing no
Hey non ny, Hey nonny, non ny
more Of dumps so dull and heavy, of dumps so dull and heavy. The fraud of men was
more Of dumps so dull and heavy, of dumps so dull and heavy. The fraud of men was
ev - er so Since summer first was leaf - y, since sum - mer first was leaf - y
ev - er so Since summer first was leaf - y, since sum - mer first was leaf - y.

Trinklied.

Carl Maria Von Weber, 1818.



Trinklied. Concluded.

III

Holla, Junge, geh' und frage, wo der beste Trunk mag sein, nimm den Krug und fulle Wein! Alles Trauren, Leid und Klage, wie wir Menschen taglich haben, eh'uns Clotho fortgerafft, will ich in den sussen Saft, den die Traube gibt, vergraben

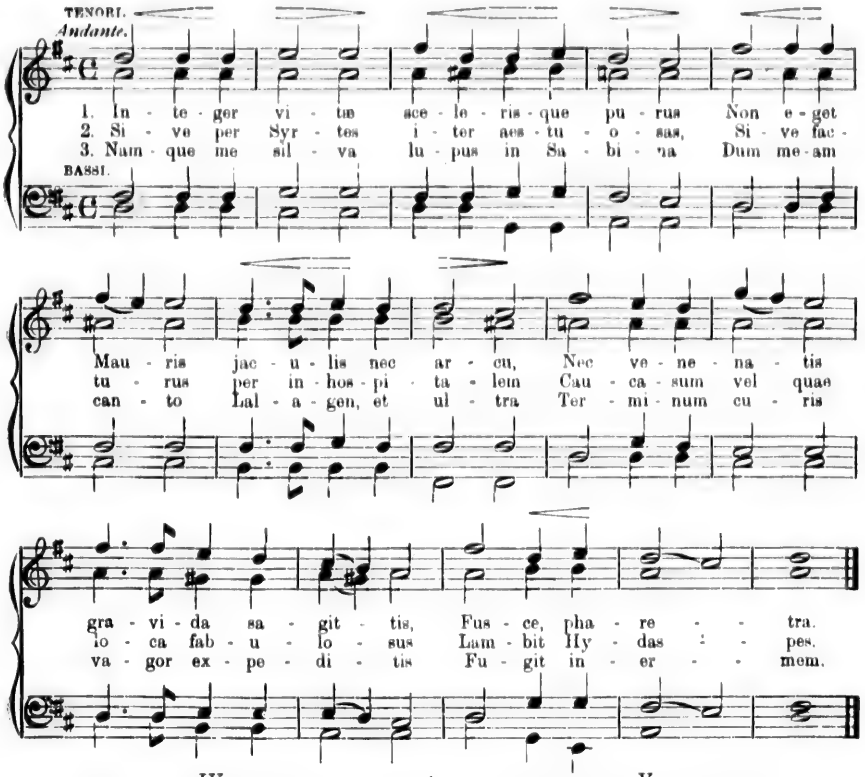
IV

Kaufe gleichfalls auch Melonen und vorguss des Zuckers nicht: schaue nur, dass nichts gebricht. Jener mag der Heller schonen, der bei seinen Geld und Schatzen tolle sich zu tranken pflegt, und und nicht satt zu Bette legt. ich will, weil ich kann, mich letzen

V.

Bitte meine guten Bruder auf Musik und auf ein Glas; Nichts schickt, dunkt mich, nicht sich bass als gut Trank und gute Lieder. Lass ich gleich nicht viel zu erben, ei so hab' ich edlen Wein: will mit andern lustig sein, muss ich gleich alleine sterben.

Integer Vitæ.



IV.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

V.

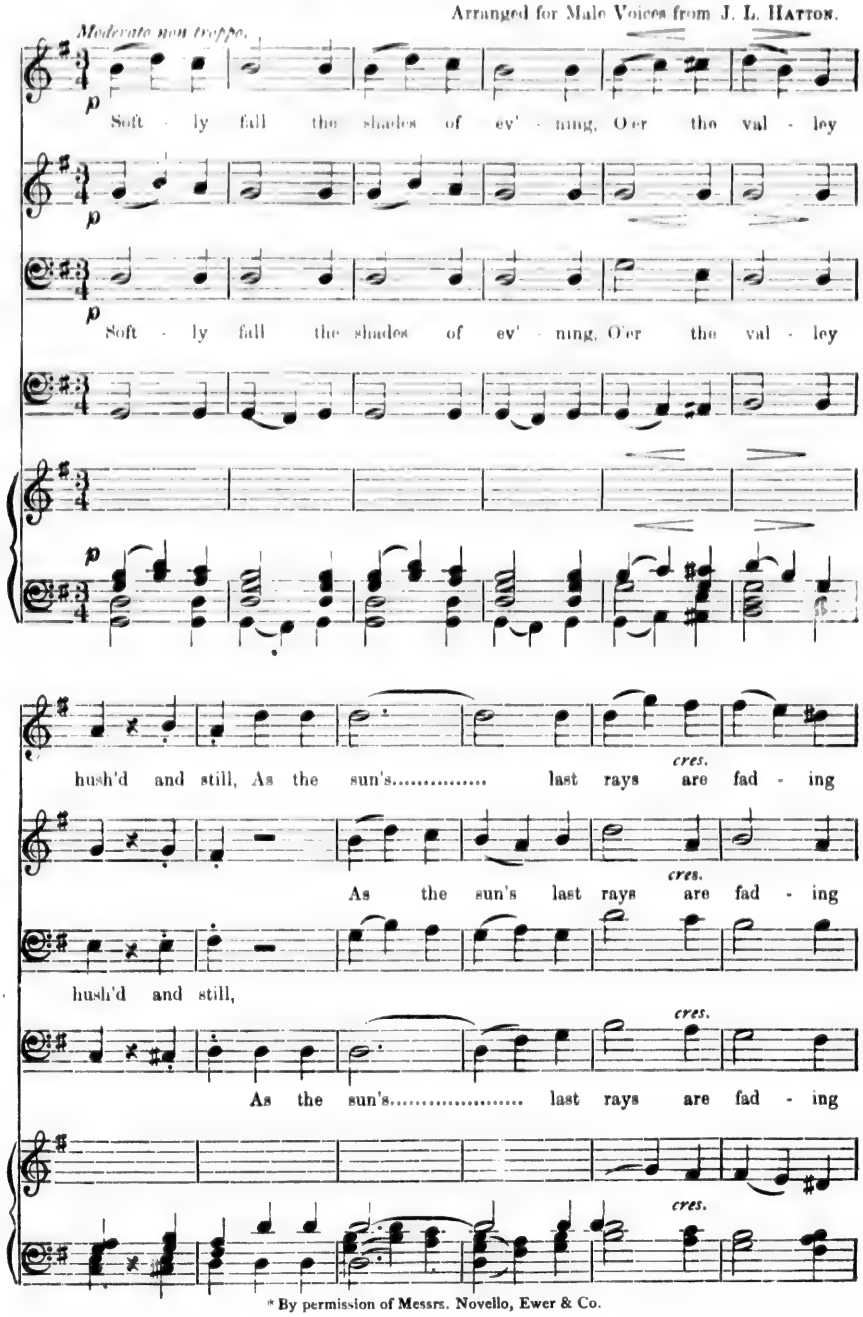
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget.

VI.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Softly Fall the Shades of Evening.*

Arranged for Male Voices from J. L. Hatton.



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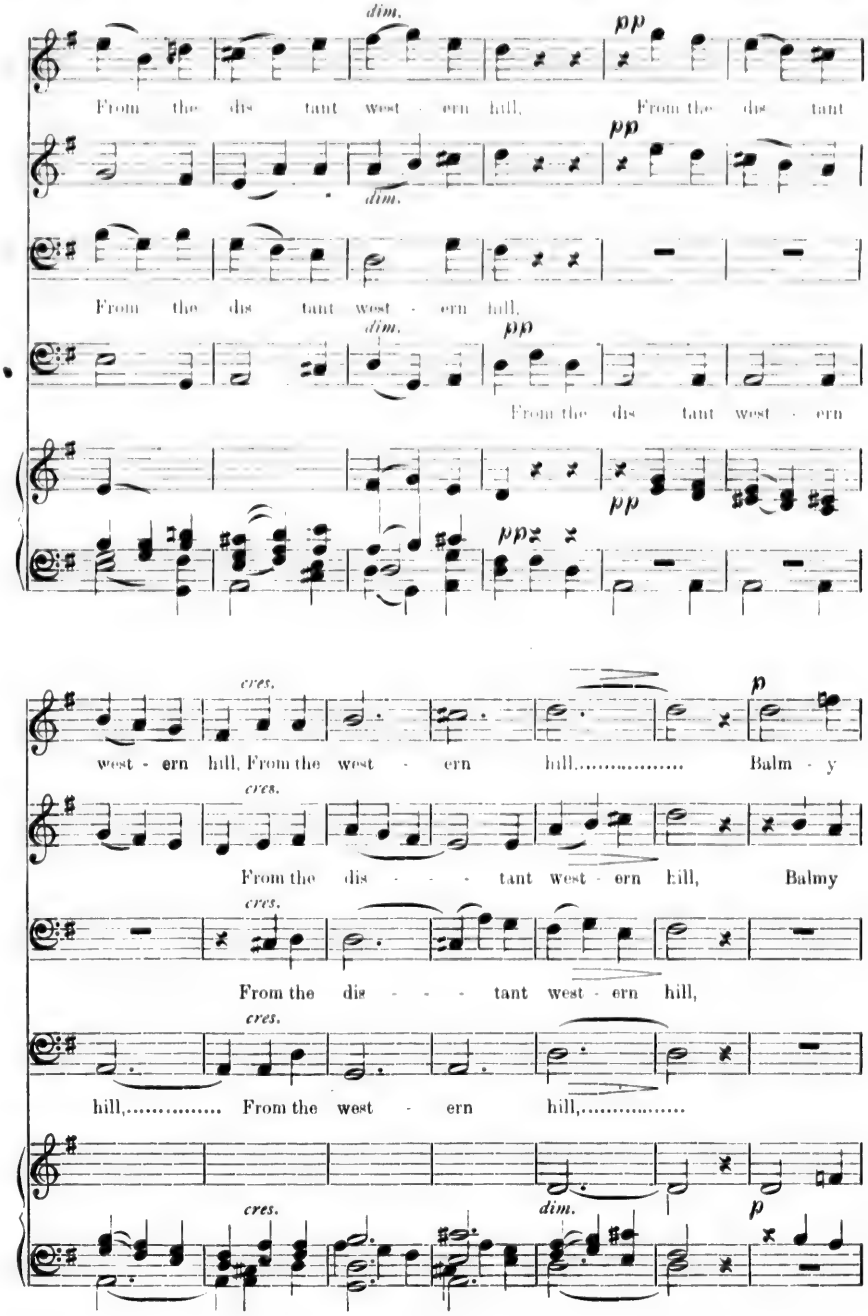
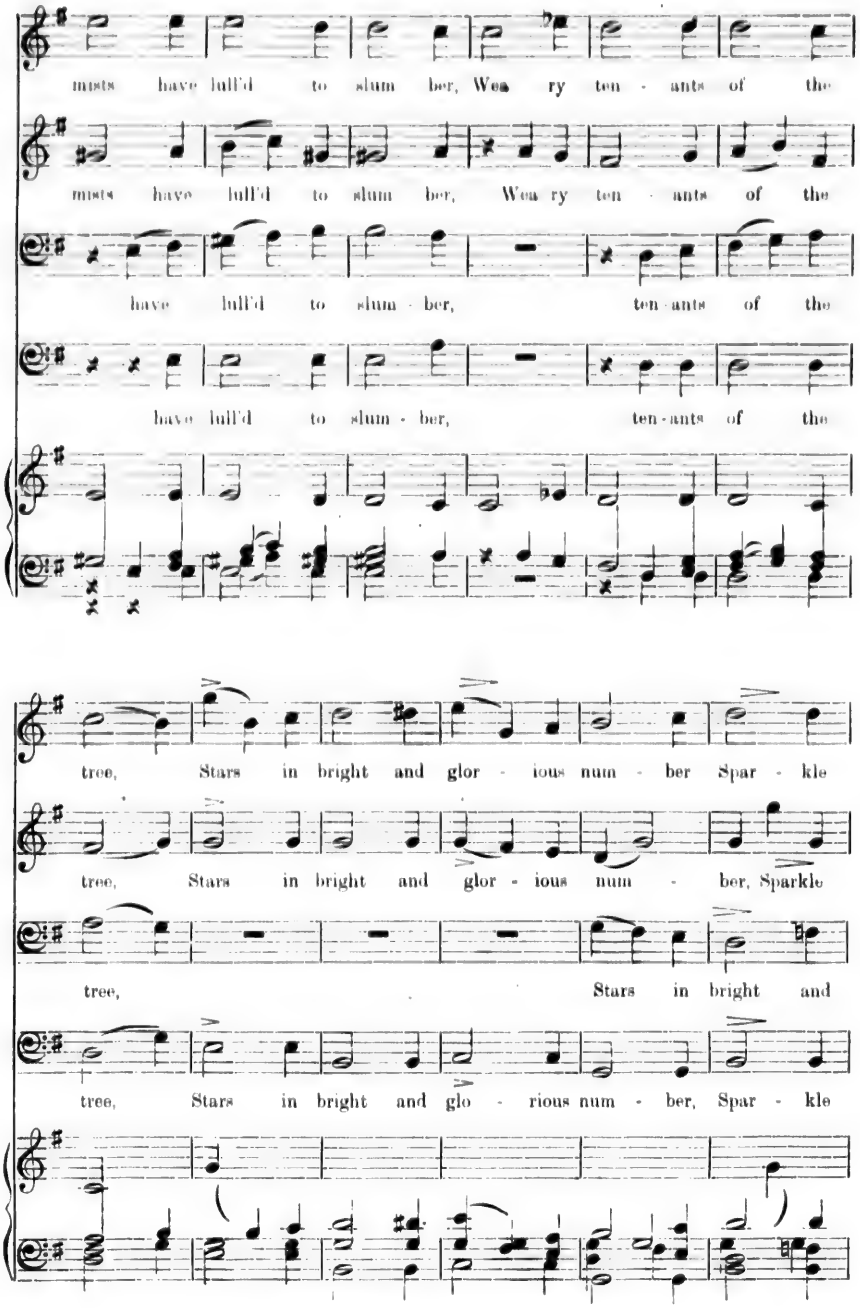
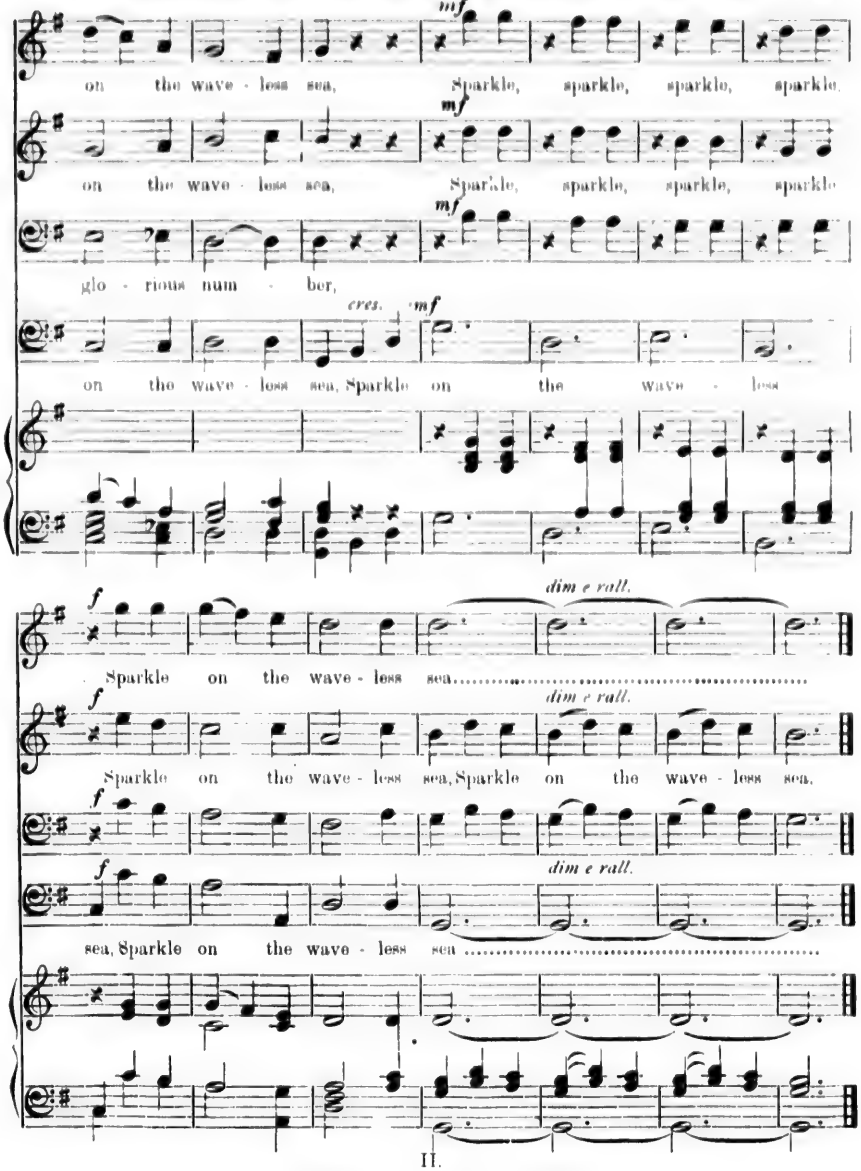

dim.
pp
From the dis tant west - ern hill, From the dis tant
dim.
pp
From the dis tant west - ern hill,
dim.
pp
From the dis tant west - ern
pp
pp
cres.
p
west - ern hill, From the west - ern hill..... Balm - y
cres.
From the dis - - - tant west - ern hill, Balmy
cres.
From the dis - - - tant west - ern hill,
cres.
hill,..... From the west - ern hill,.....
cres.
dim.
p


mists have lull'd to slum ber, Wea ry ten - ants of the
mists have lull'd to slum ber, Wea ry ten - ants of the
have lull'd to slum - ber, ten - ants of the
have lull'd to slum - ber, ten - ants of the
tree, Stars in bright and glor - ious num - ber Spar - kle
tree, Stars in bright and glor - ious num - ber, Sparkle
tree, Stars in bright and
tree, Stars in bright and glo - rious num - ber, Spar - kle

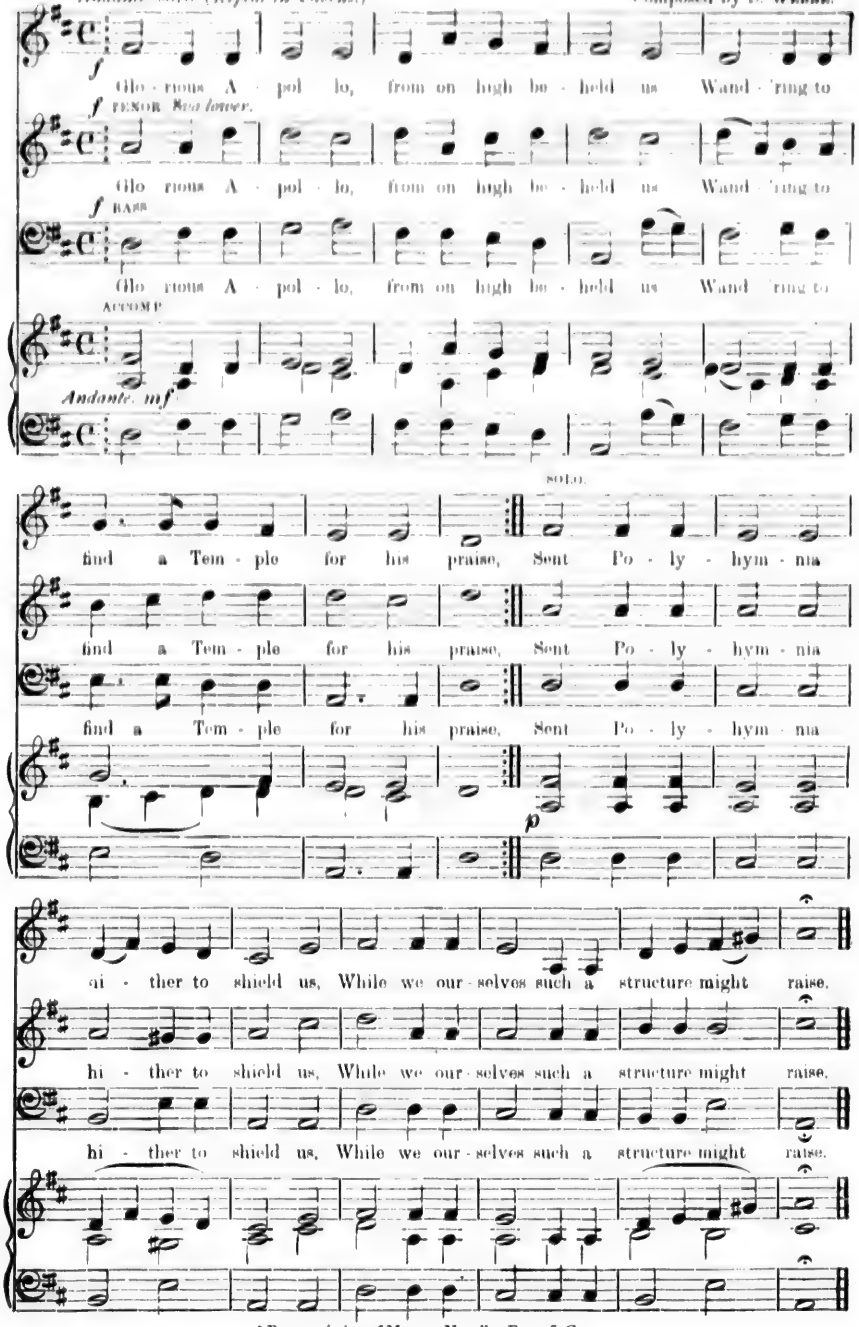


II.

Softly fall the shades of evening
On the bosom of the deep,
Winds in gentle whisp'ring murmurs,
Woo the sweet wild flow'rs to sleep.
Far on high the moon ascending
Sheds on all her peaceful beams;
From her silv'ry throne she smileth
Smileth on a world of dreams.

Glorious Apollo.*

ALTO *Andante* solo (*Repeat in Chorus.*) Composed by S. WEBBE.



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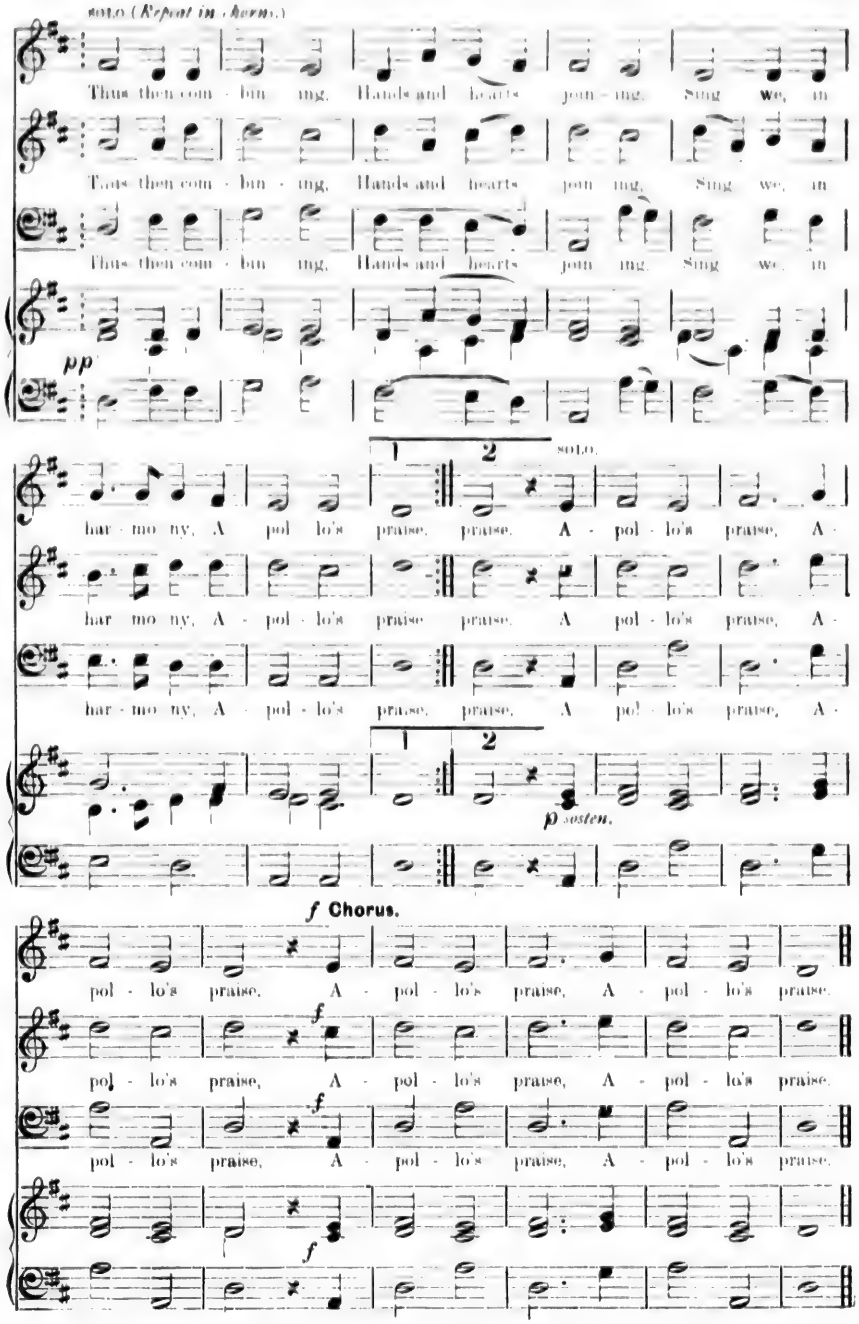
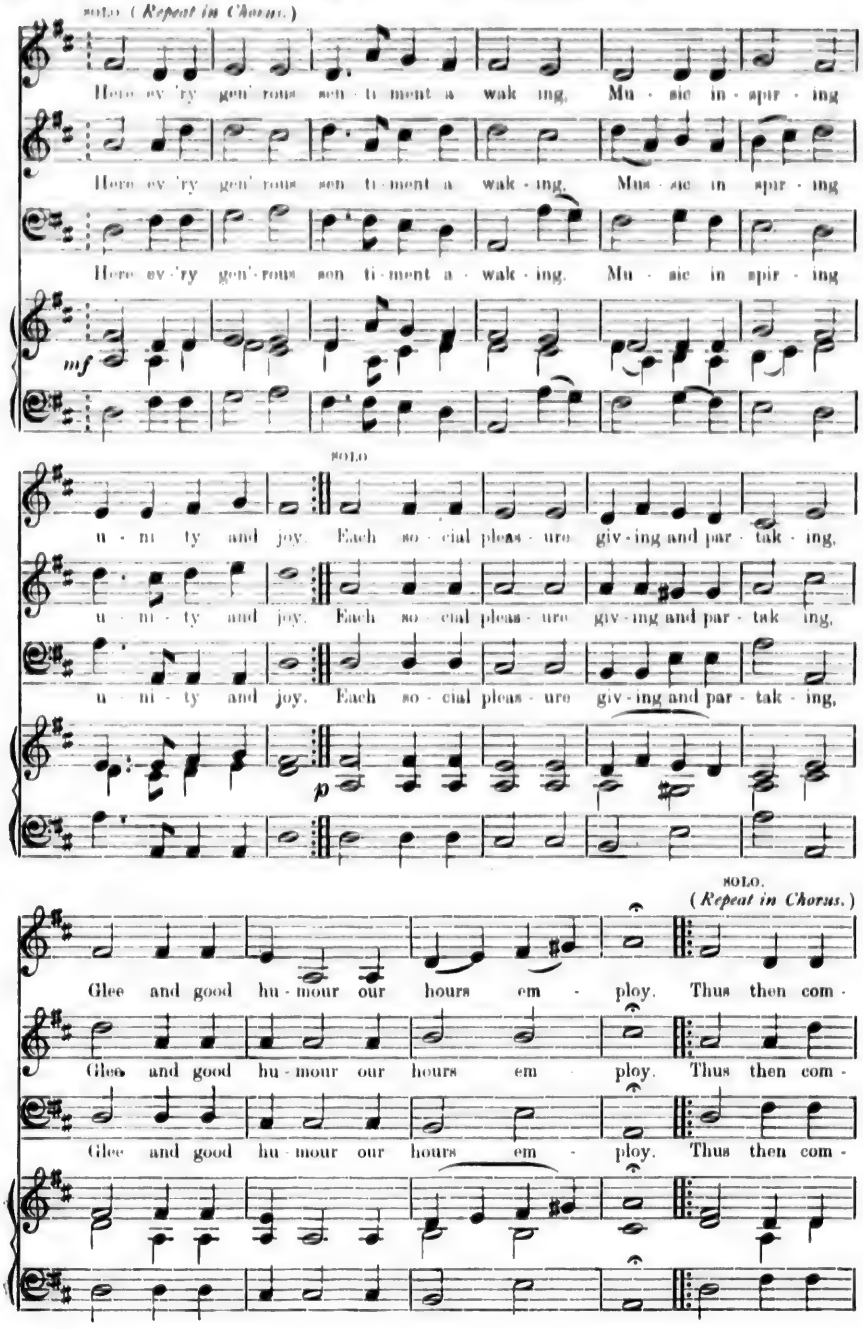
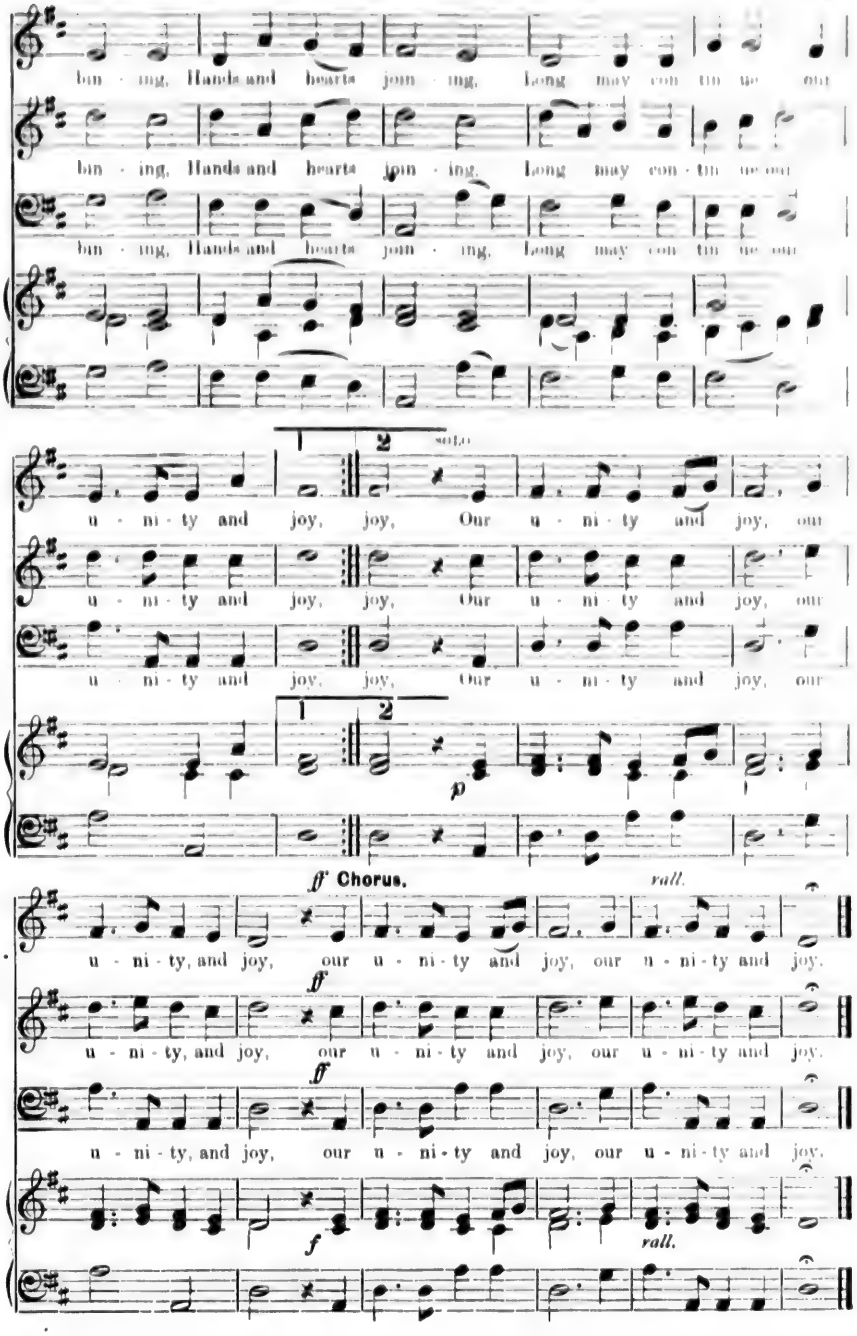
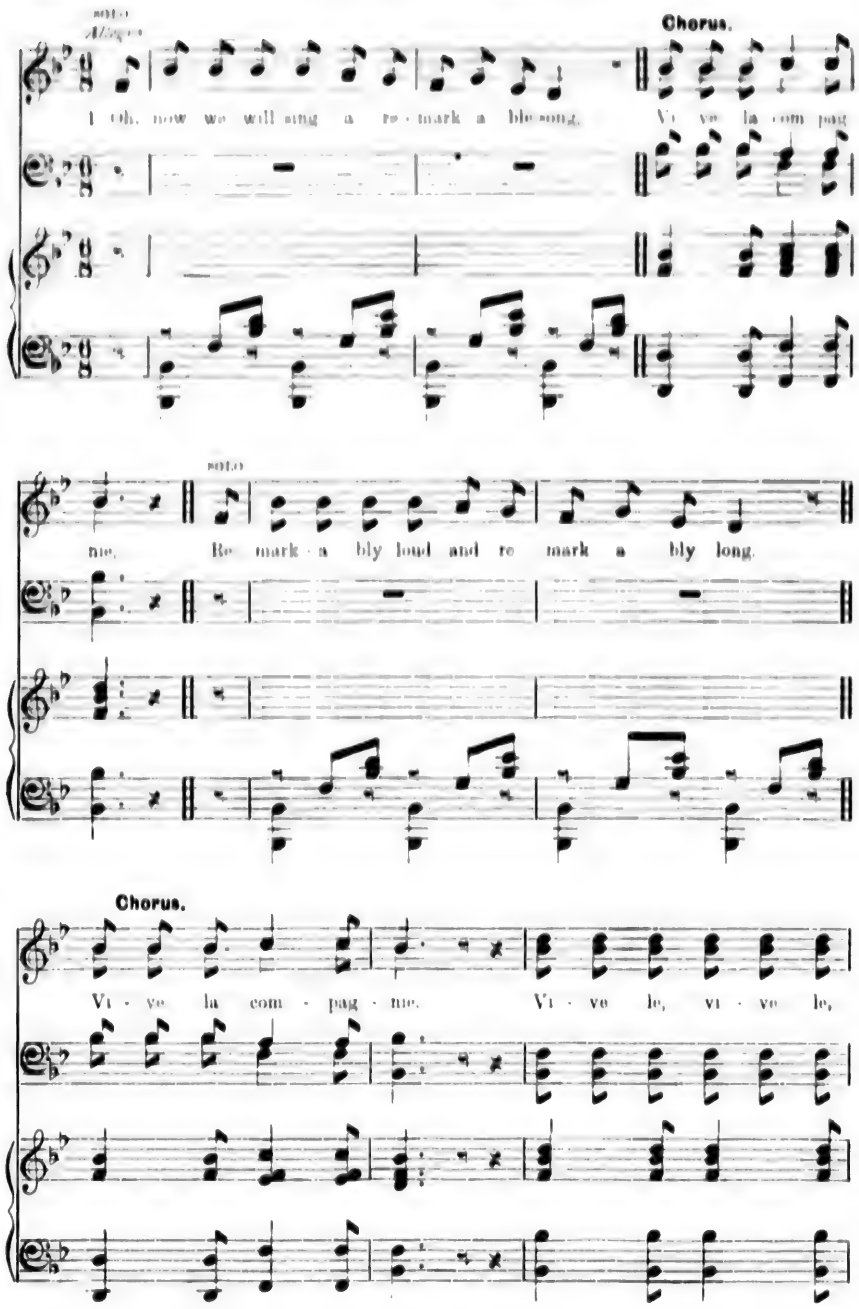
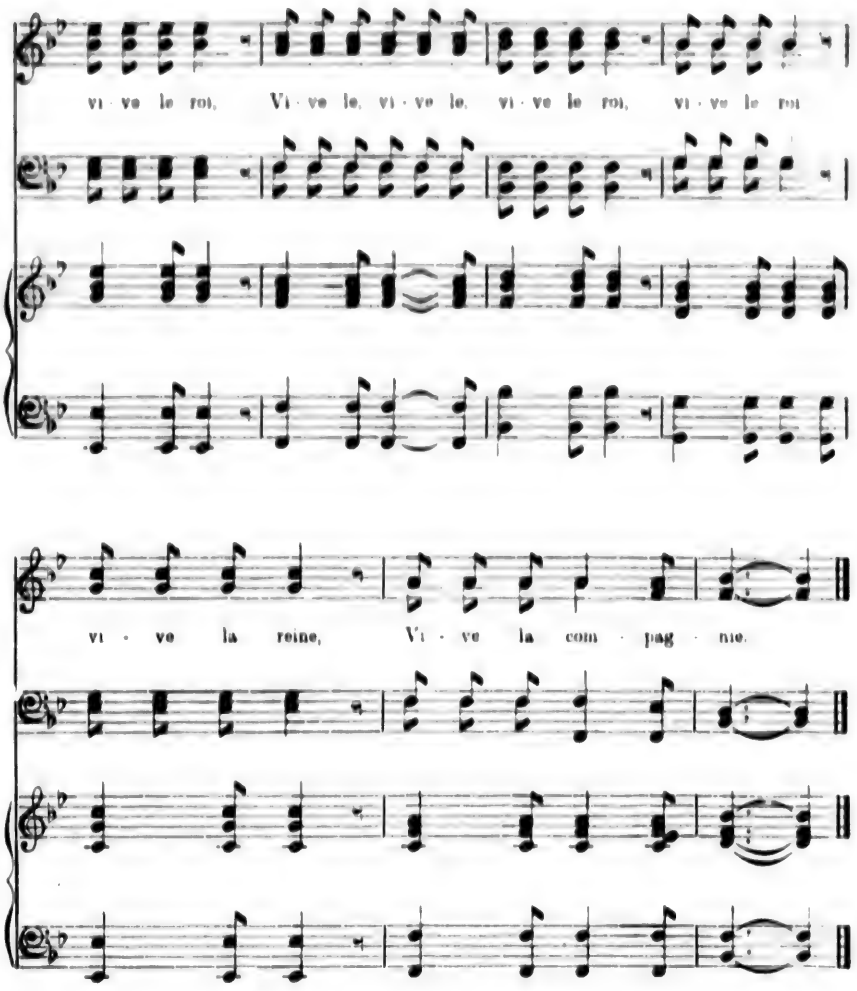

solo. (Repeat in chorus.)
Thus then com - bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Sing we, in
Thus then com - bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Sing we, in
Thus then com - bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Sing we, in
pp
1 2
solo.
har - mo - ny, A - pol - lo's praise, praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A -
har - mo - ny, A - pol - lo's praise, praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A -
har - mo - ny, A - pol - lo's praise, praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A -
1 2
p sosten.
f Chorus.
pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.
f
pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.
f
pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.
f

Glorious Apollo. Continued.




bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Long may con tin ue our
bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Long may con - tin ue our
bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Long may con tin ue our
1 2 solo
u - ni - ty and joy, joy, Our u - ni - ty and joy, our
u - ni - ty and joy, joy, Our u - ni - ty and joy, our
u - ni - ty and joy, joy, Our u - ni - ty and joy, our
1 2
p
ff Chorus.
rall.
u - ni - ty, and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy.
ff
u - ni - ty, and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy.
ff
u - ni - ty, and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy.
f
rall.


solo
Allegro
Chorus.
1 oh, now we will sing a re - mark a ble song. Vi ve la com pag
solo
nie. Re mark a bly loud and re mark a bly long.
Chorus.
Vi - ve la com - pag - nie. Vi - ve le, vi - ve le,



II.

Oh, A is for artery filled with injection,
Vive la compagnie.
Oh, B is for body laid out for dissection,
Vive la compagnie.—*Chorus.*

III.

C for old C——, who the subjects prepares,
Vive la compagnie.
D for our Dining Room, top of the stairs,
Vive la compagnie.—*Chorus.*

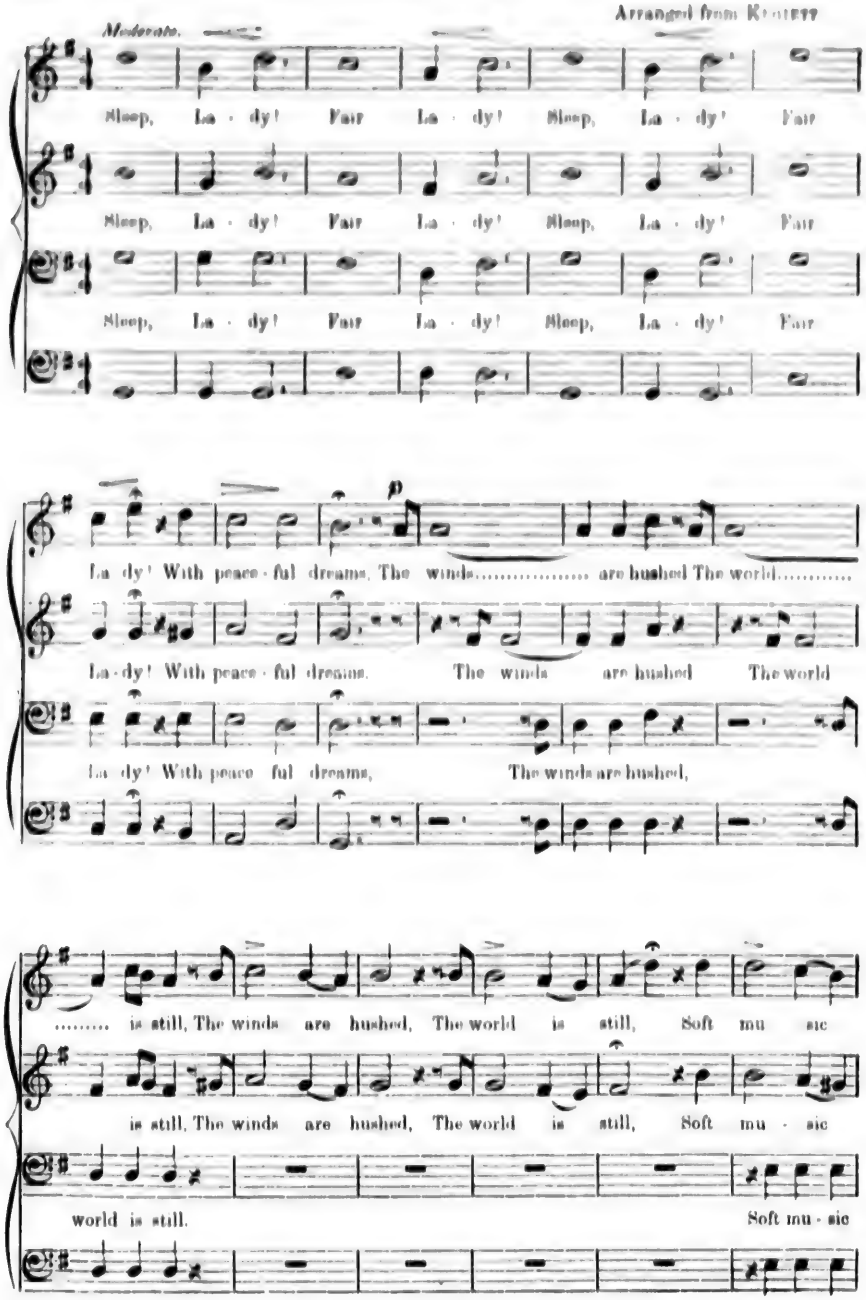
IV.

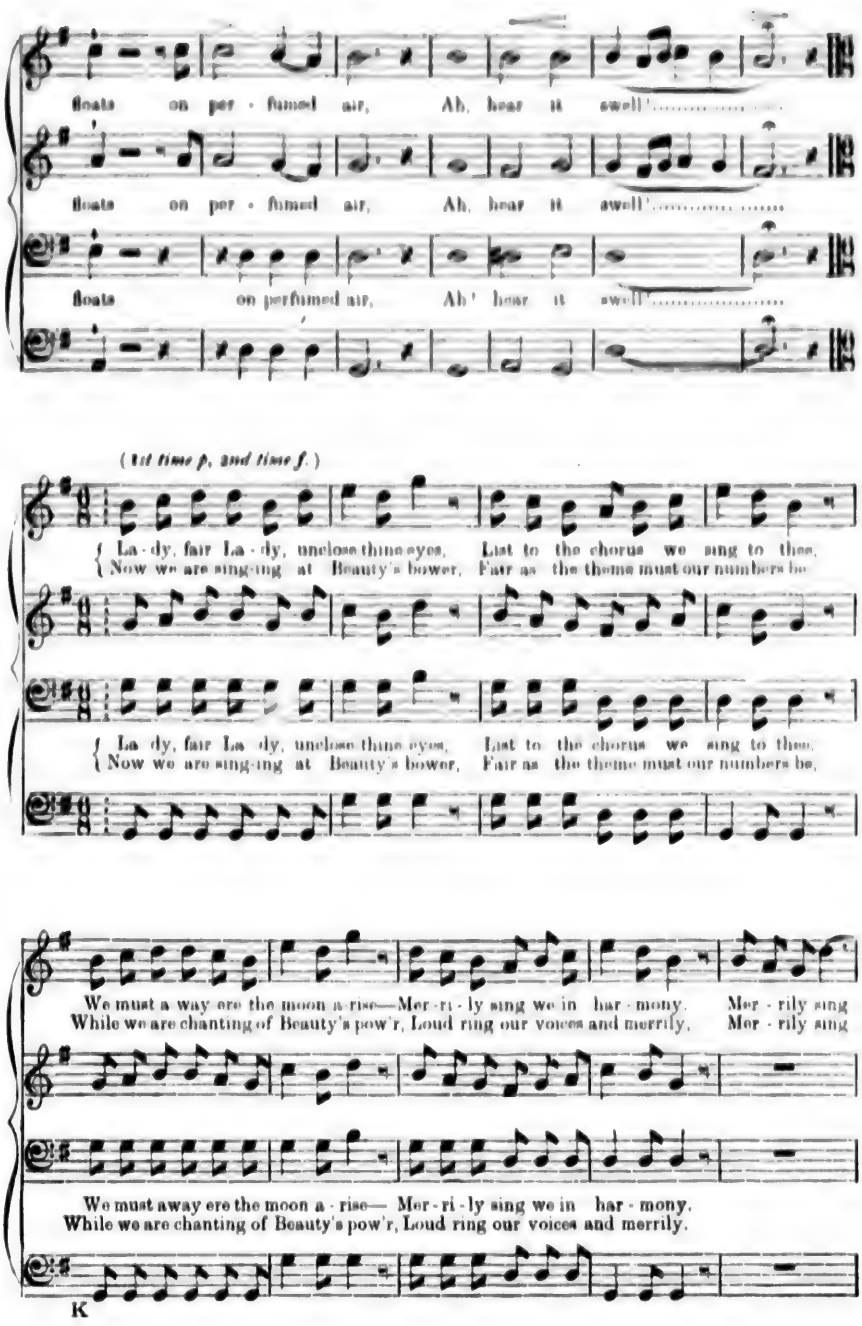
And now p'raps you think that we'll sing you some more,
**But we won't!*

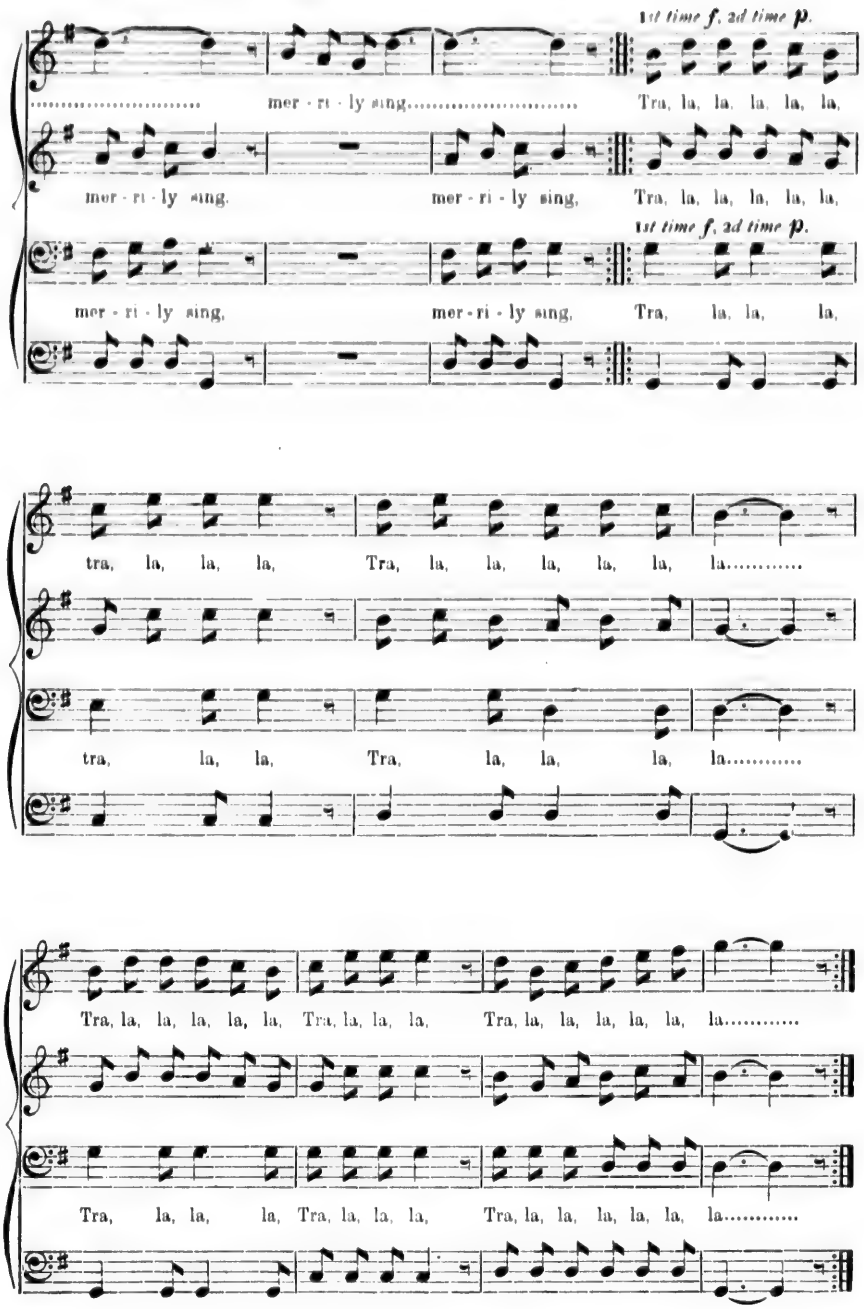
*Shouted.

Sleep, Lady!

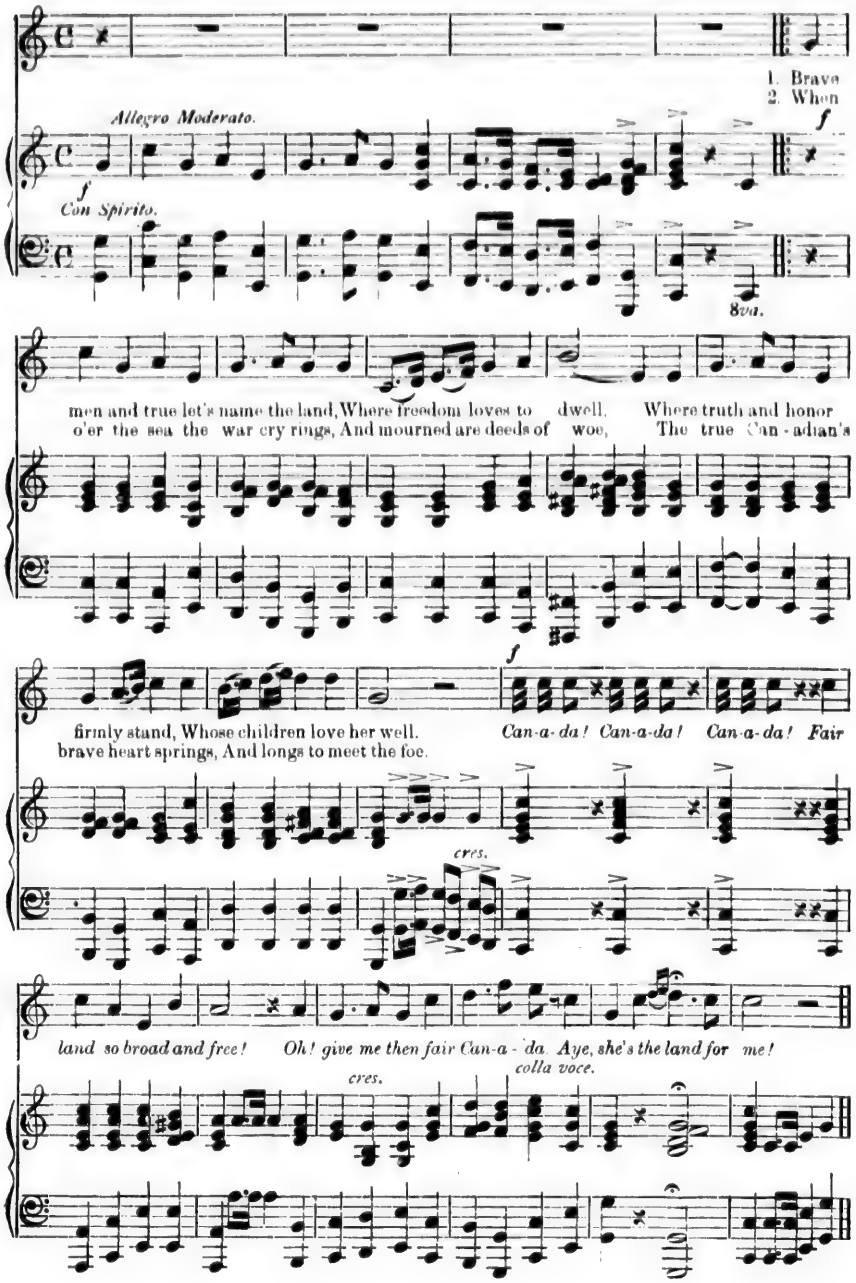
Arranged from Kinkel

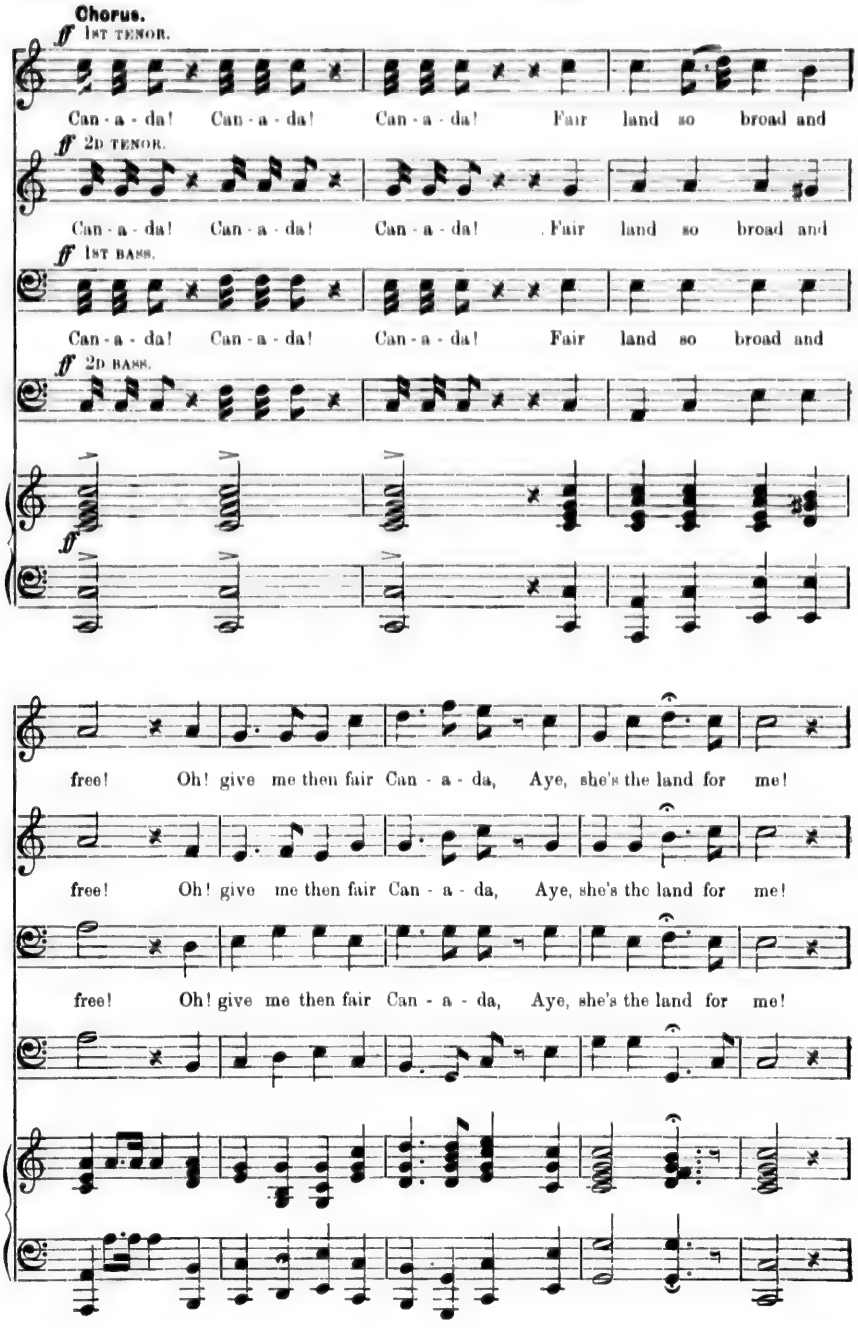


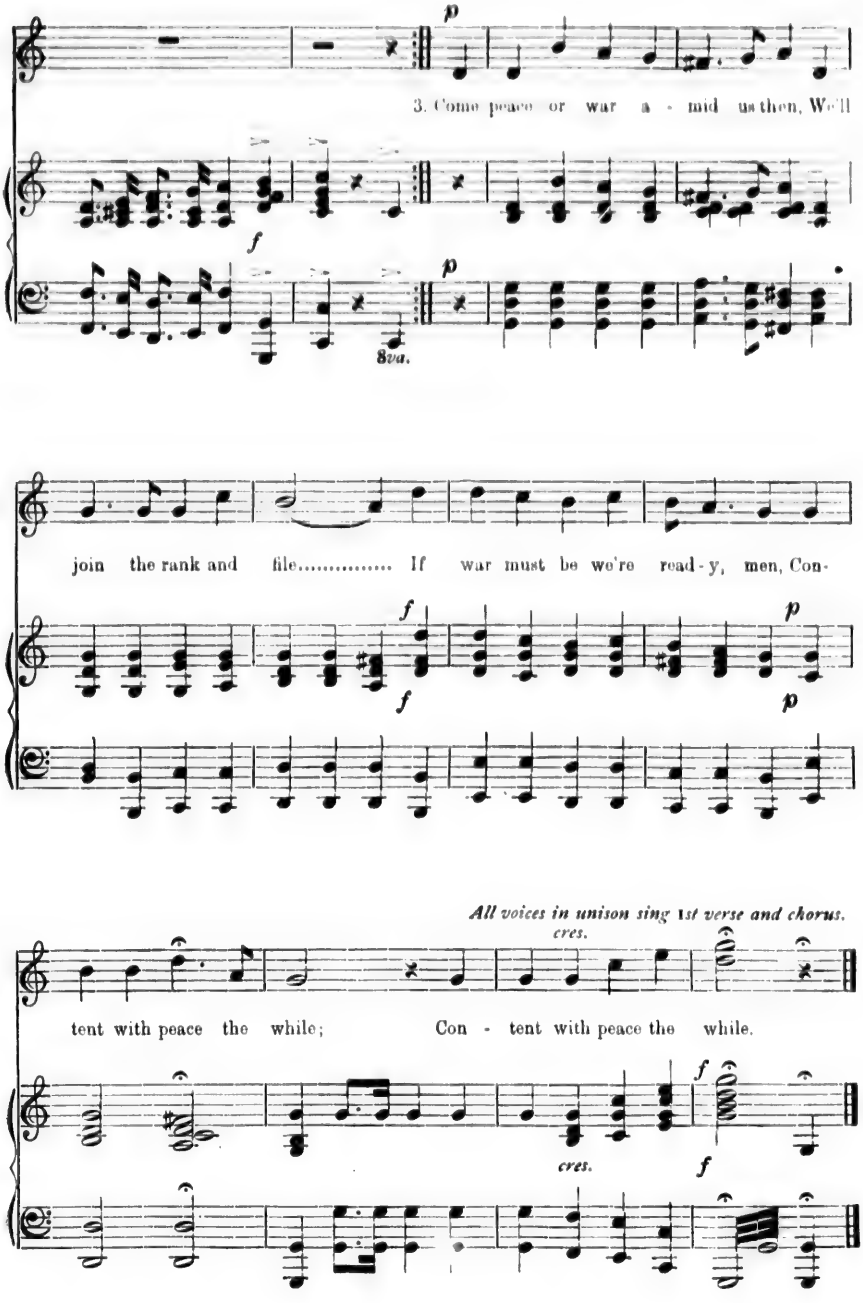

floats on per - fumed air, Ah, hear it swell'.....
floats on per - fumed air, Ah, hear it swell'.....
floats on perfumed air, Ah! hear it swell'.....
(1st time p, 2nd time f.)
{ La - dy, fair La - dy, unclose thine eyes, List to the chorus we sing to thee,
{ Now we are sing-ing at Beauty's bower, Fair as the theme must our numbers be,
{ La dy, fair La dy, unclose thine eyes, List to the chorus we sing to thee,
{ Now we are sing-ing at Beauty's bower, Fair as the theme must our numbers be,
We must a way ere the moon a-rise—Mer-ri-ly sing we in har-mony. Mer-rily sing
While we are chanting of Beauty's pow'r, Loud ring our voices and merrily, Mer-rily sing
We must away ere the moon a-rise— Mer-ri-ly sing we in har-mony.
While we are chanting of Beauty's pow'r, Loud ring our voices and merrily.


1st time f, 2d time p.
mer - ri - ly sing.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
mer - ri - ly sing,
mer - ri - ly sing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
1st time f, 2d time p.
mer - ri - ly sing,
mer - ri - ly sing,
Tra, la, la, la,
tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.....
tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.....
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.....
Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la.....

Words and Music by F. J. Hatton

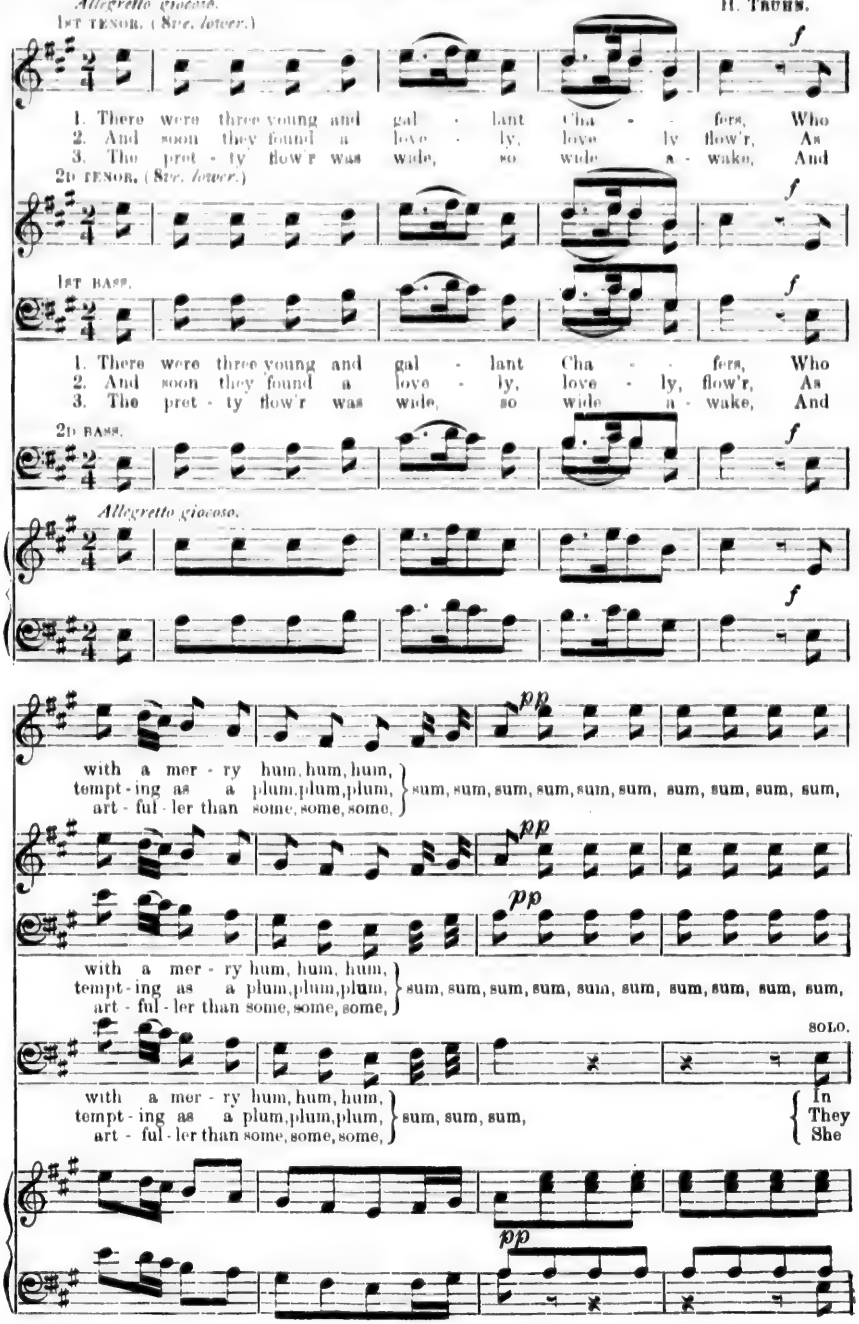



Chorus.
ff 1st TENOR.
Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Fair land so broad and
ff 2d TENOR.
Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Fair land so broad and
ff 1st BASS.
Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Can - a - da! Fair land so broad and
ff 2d BASS.
ff
free! Oh! give me then fair Can - a - da, Aye, she's the land for me!
free! Oh! give me then fair Can - a - da, Aye, she's the land for me!
free! Oh! give me then fair Can - a - da, Aye, she's the land for me!


p
3. Come peace or war a - mid us then, We'll
f
p
8va.
join the rank and file..... If war must be we're read-y, men, Con-
f
f
p
p
All voices in unison sing 1st verse and chorus.
cres.
tent with peace the while; Con - tent with peace the while.
f
cres.
f

The Three Chafers.*

H. Thuhs.



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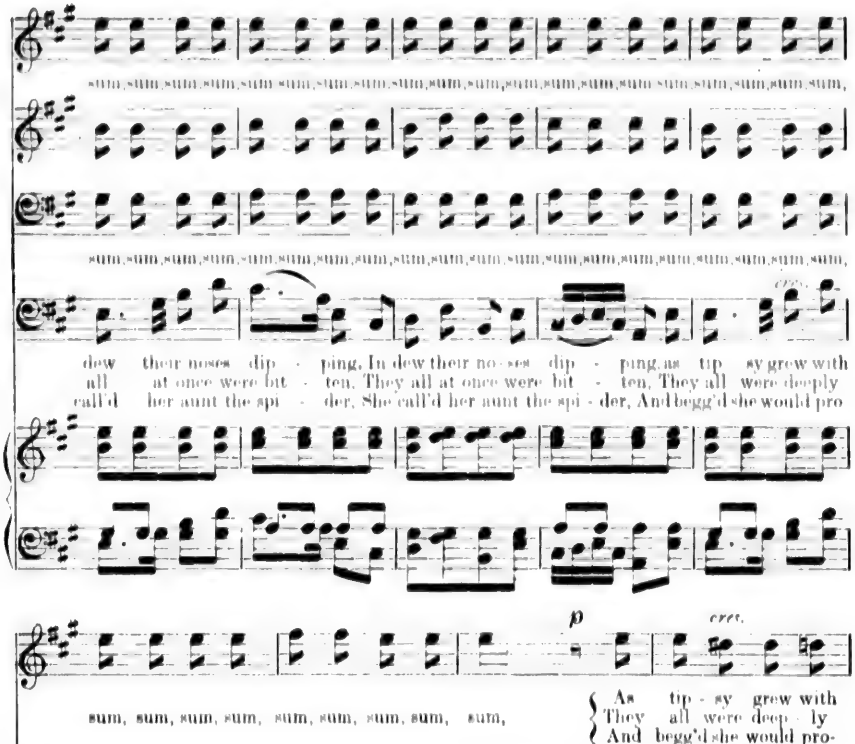
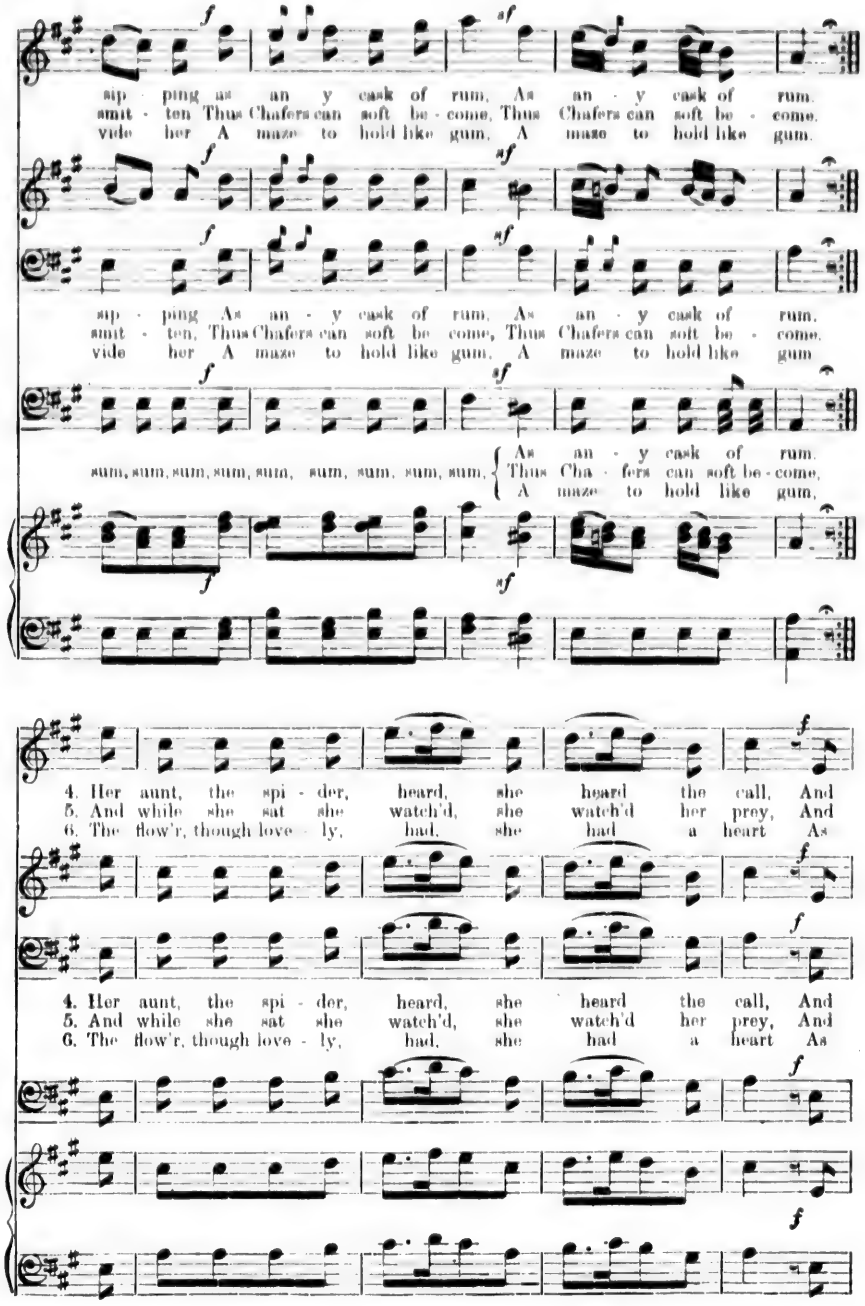
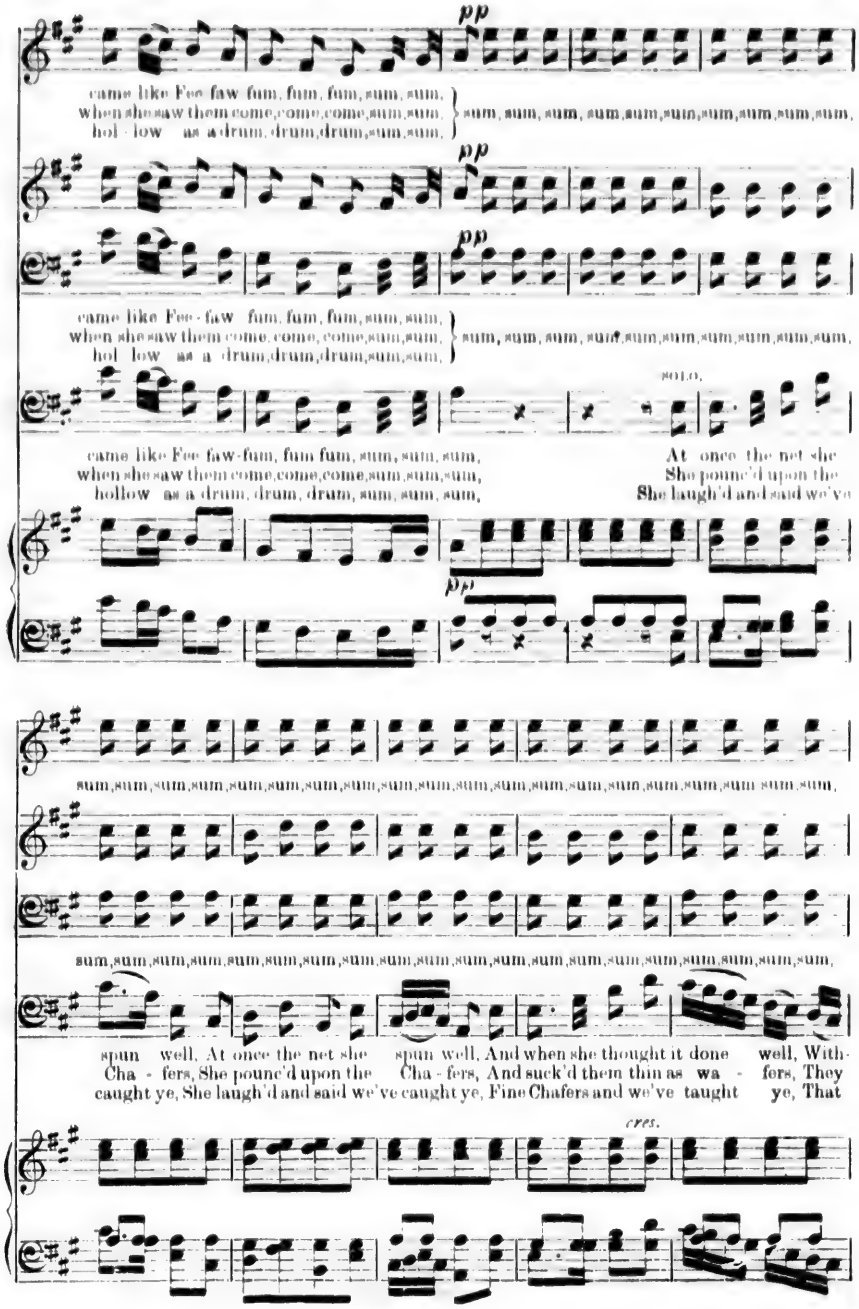
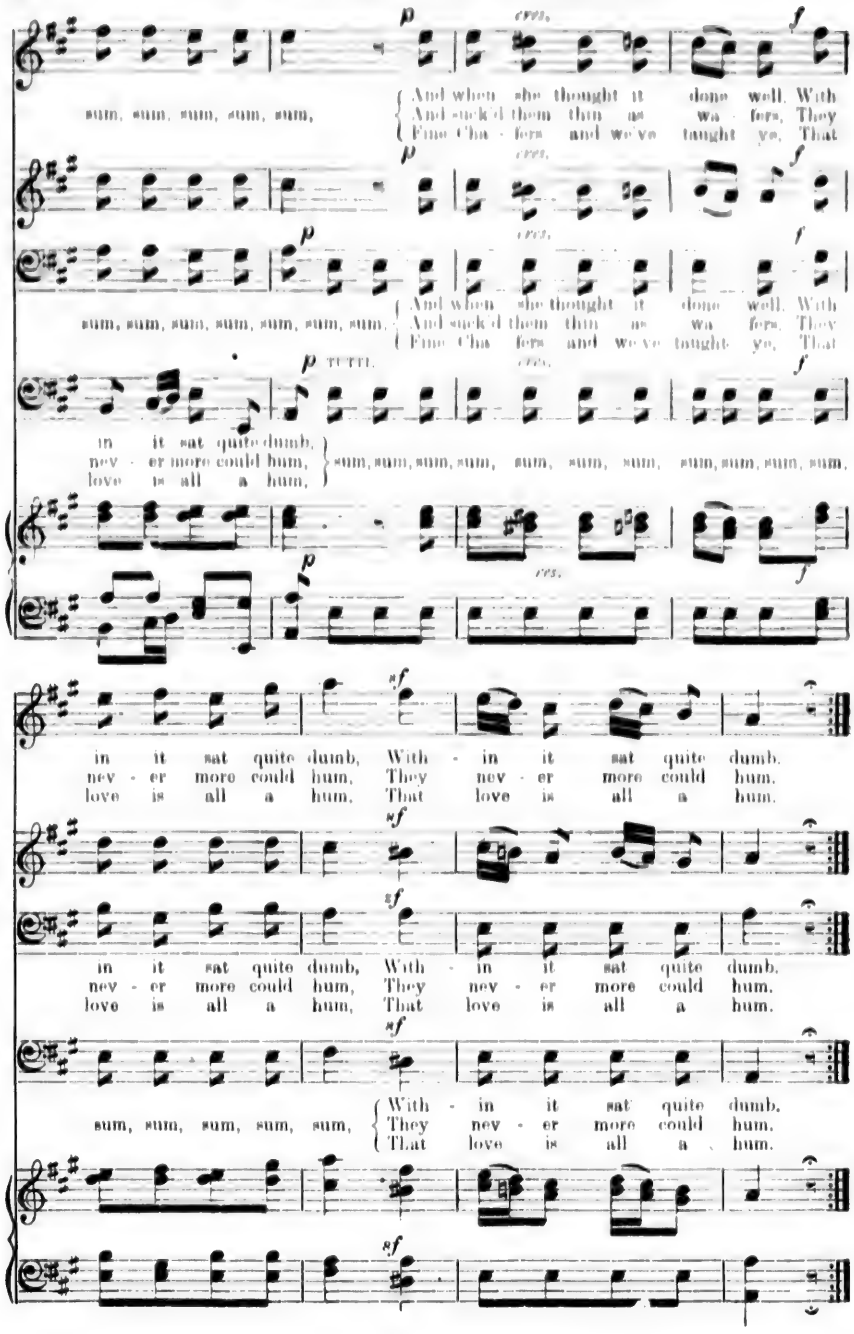

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
dew their noses dip - ping, In dew their no - ses dip - ping, as tip - sy grew with
all at once were bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deeply
call'd her aunt the spi - der, She call'd her aunt the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro
cres.
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
p
cres.
As tip - sy grew with
They all were deep - ly
And begg'd she would pro-
p
cres.
p
cres.
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
As tip - sy grew with
They all were deep - ly
And begg'd she would pro-
p TUTTI.
cres.
sip - ping As a - ny cask of rum,
smit - ten, Thus Chafers can soft be - come,
vide her A maze to hold like gum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
p
cres.

The Three Chafers. Continued.




pp
came like Fee faw fum, fum, fum, sum, sum,
when she saw them come, come, come, sum, sum,
hol low as a drum, drum, drum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
pp
pp
came like Fee - faw fum, fum, fum, sum, sum,
when she saw them come, come, come, sum, sum,
hol low as a drum, drum, drum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
solo.
came like Fee faw-fum, fum fum, sum, sum, sum,
when she saw them come, come, come, sum, sum, sum,
hollow as a drum, drum, drum, sum, sum, sum,
At once the net she
She pounc'd upon the
She laugh'd and said we've
pp
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
spun well, At once the net she
Cha - fers, She pounc'd upon the
caught ye, She laugh'd and said we've
spun well, And when she thought it done well, With-
Cha - fers, And suck'd them thin as wa - fers, They
caught ye, Fine Chafers and we've taught ye, That
cres.

The Three Chafers. Concluded.

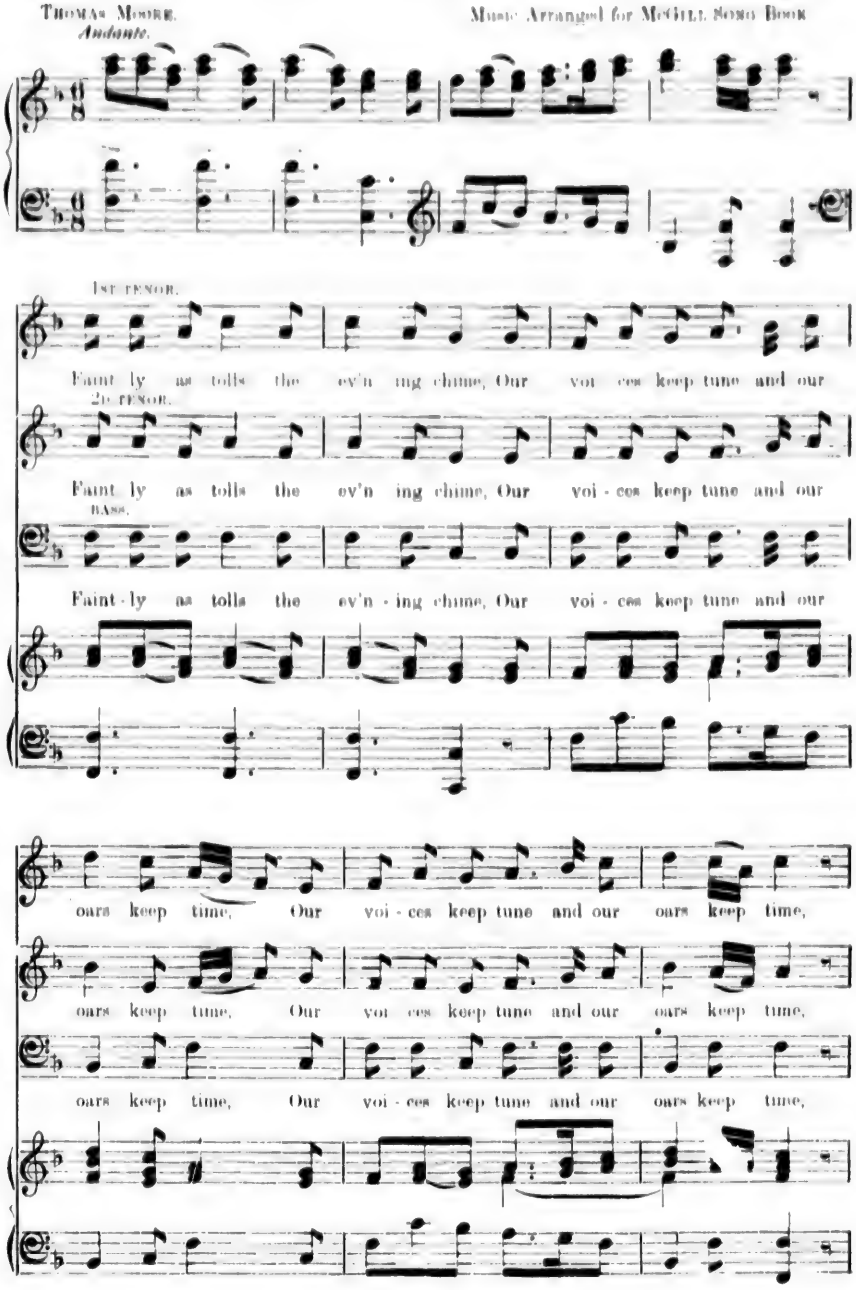


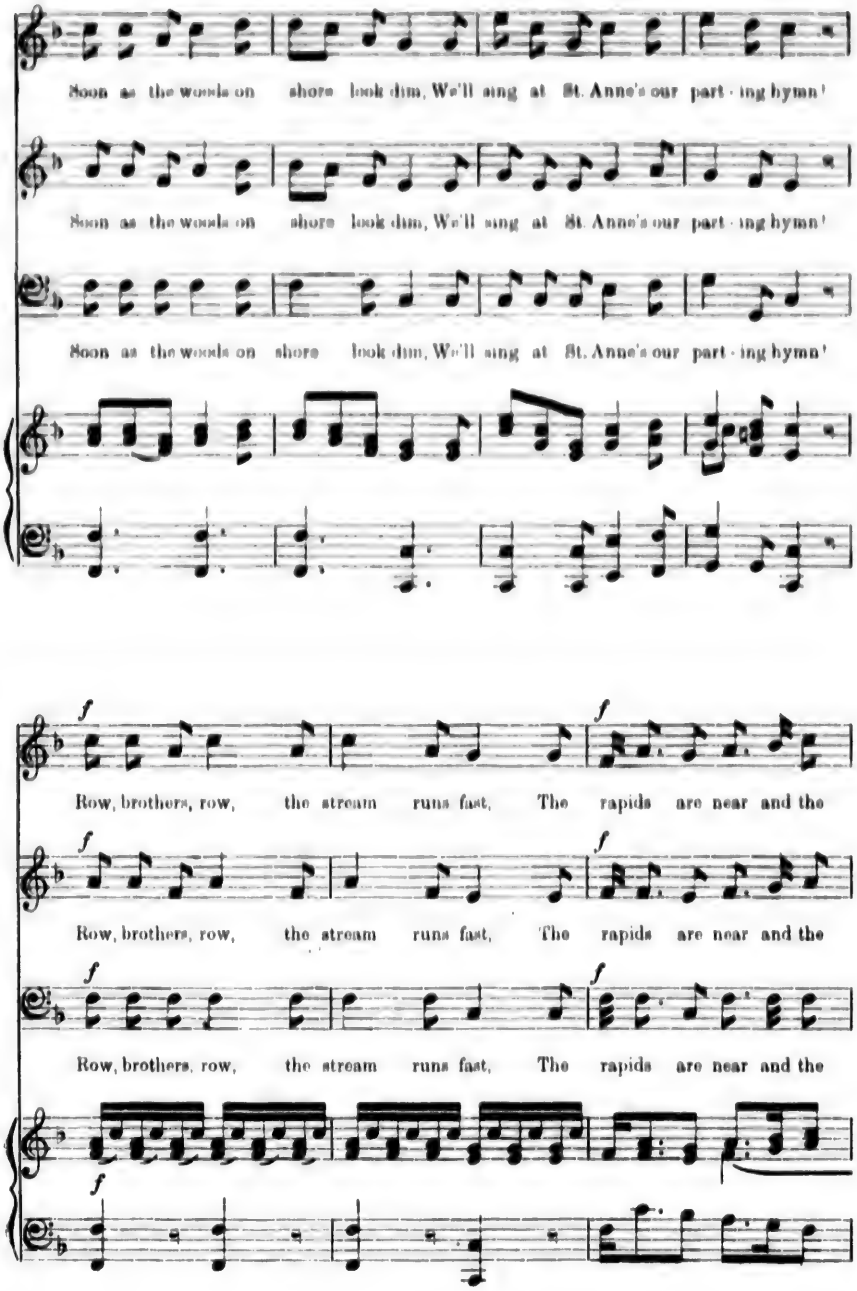
A Canadian Boat Song.

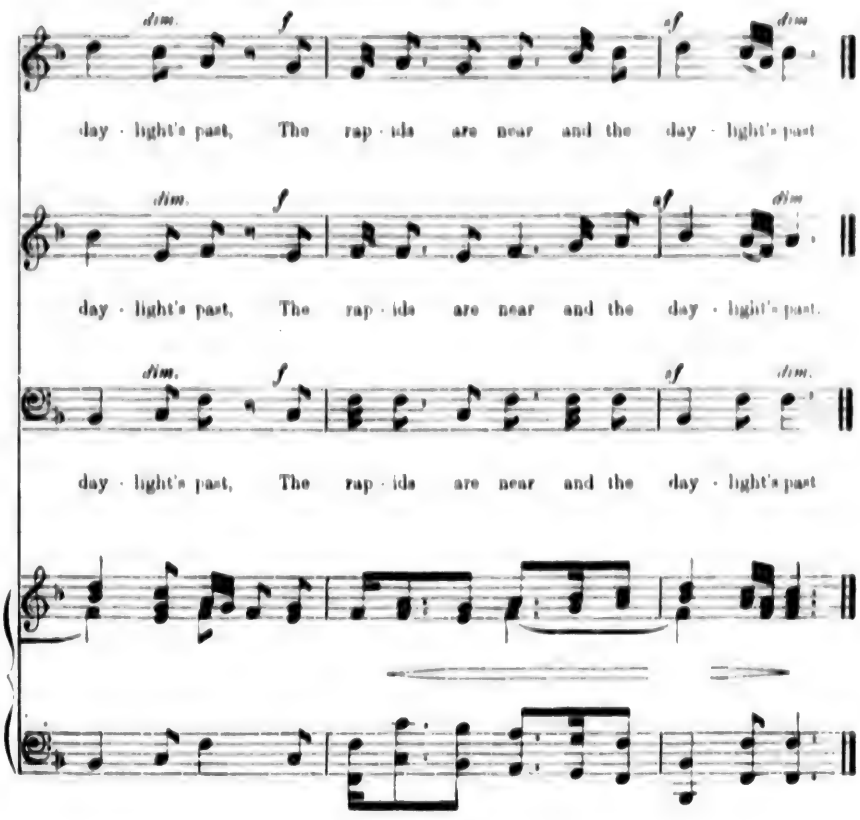
THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

Music Arranged for McGILL SONG BOOK




Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the



II.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.—(*bis.*)
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.—(*bis.*)

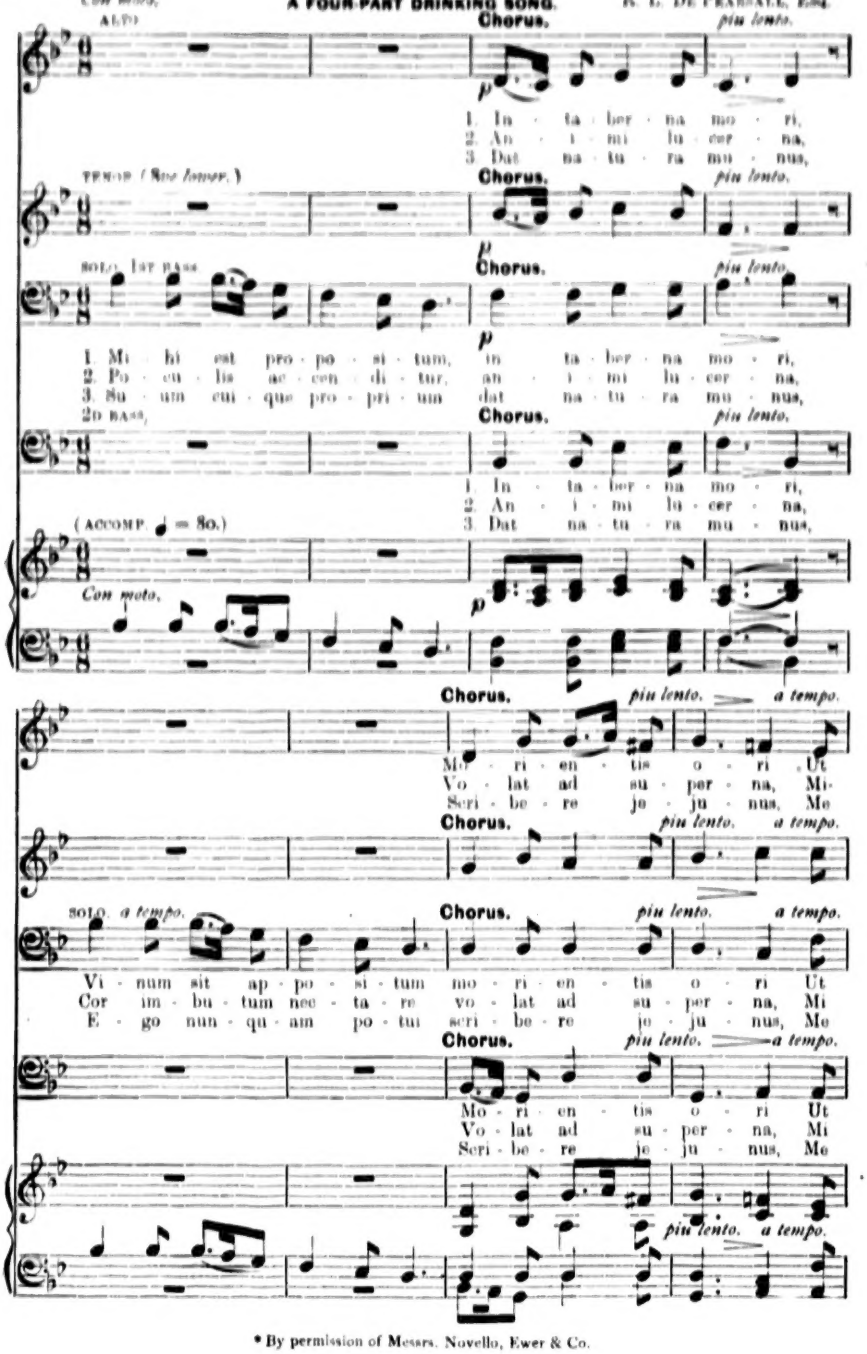
III.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.—(*bis.*)
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.—(*bis.*)

Mihi est Propositum.*

A FOUR-PART DRINKING SONG.

R. L. De Pearsall, Esq.



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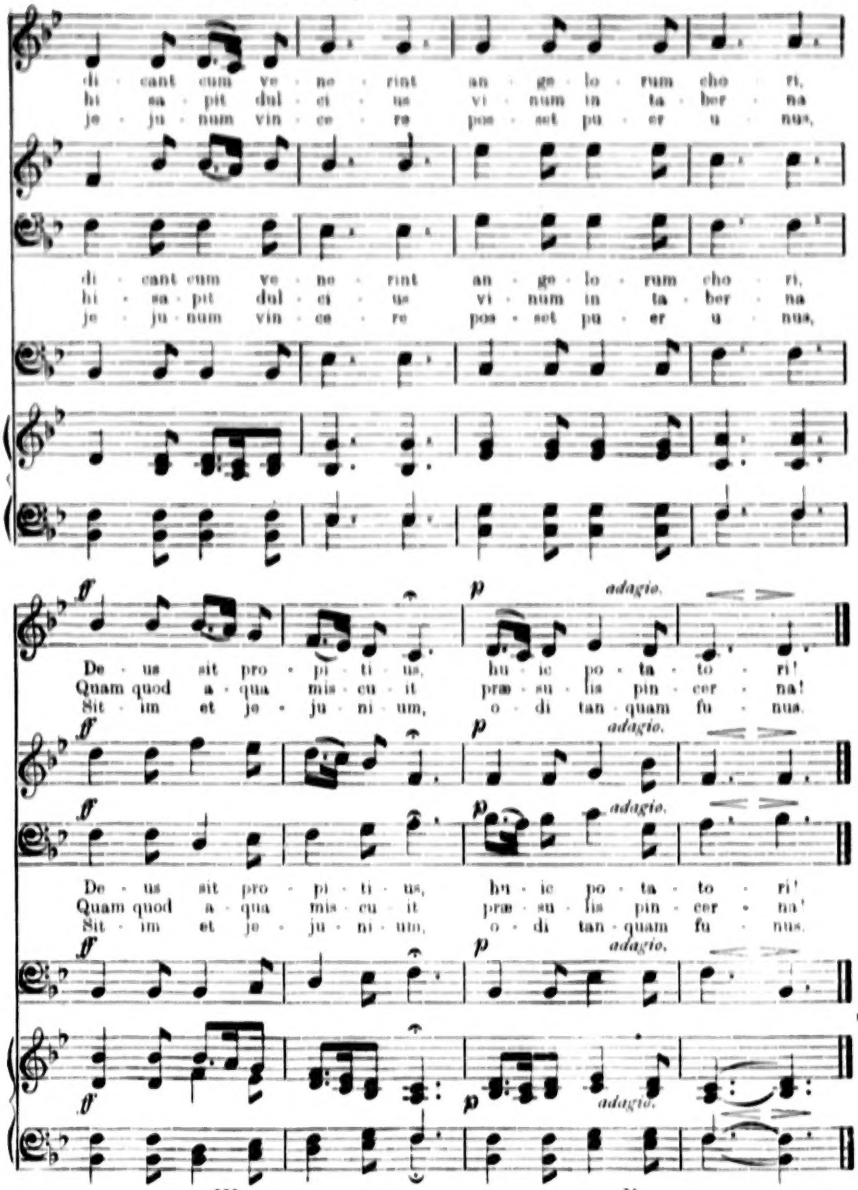

IV.

Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo,
Neque possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitus, quod jejunus scribo;
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

V.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,
Non nisi cum fuerit venter bene satur,
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda fatur.

The words of this Song are attributed to Walter de Mapes, who lived in the time of Henry II., A. D. 1183, at Oxford, of which Diocese he was an Archdeacon.

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